The Turning Point Of The Revolution

By Hoffman Nickerson

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THE TURNING POINT OF THE REVOLUTION

By Hoffman Nickerson

BURGOYNE'S campaign, the most dramatic episode of the American Revolution, is completely illuminated in this important book by the author of 'The Inquisition.' Mr. Nickerson has made a close study of the military aspects of the campaign, the strategies employed and the difficulties encountered, and the reasons for the outcome.

A unique feature of the book is its analysis — based on careful study of documents in the French foreign office — of the effect that American events had upon the European diplomatic situation.

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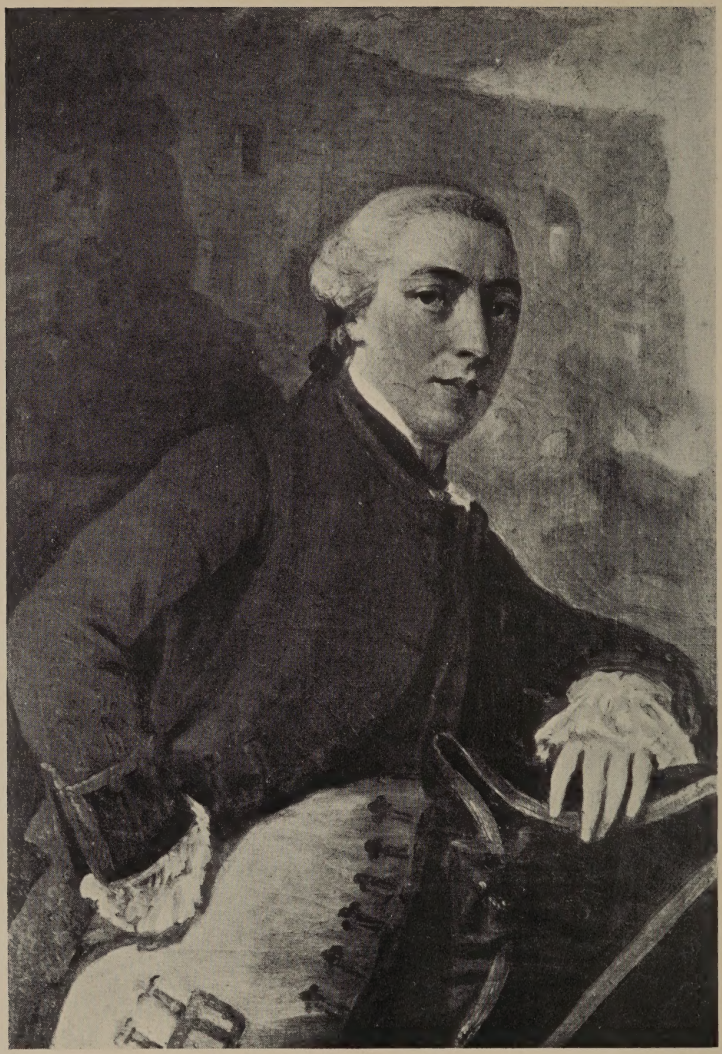

JOHN BURGOYNE
Painted by Ramsey, Rome, 1750

THE TURNING POINT OF THE REVOLUTION

Or Burgoyne in America

BY

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Author of 'The Inquisition' and Co-Author of 'Warfare'

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1928

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Dedicatory Letter

To COLONEL NEWBOLD MORRIS, U.S.R.

Dear Colonel Morris:

It is unusually fitting that this book, concerned as it is with the campaign decisive of the American Revolution, should be dedicated to you.

Your descent from Lewis Morris, Lord of the Manor of Morrisania and Signer of the Declaration of Independence, identifies you with those great gentlemen of New York State whose patriotism made victory possible in that strategically all-important theatre. That the Signer's brother, Major General Staats Long Morris, of the British army, supported throughout the Revolution that king whom he had so long served, reminds us of the tragic divisions of the time. That this same distant uncle of yours was drawn on the court-martial which was to have tried Burgoyne connects you with the latter.

Returning from the past to the present, your culture distinguishes you among those general readers to whom the historian, as distinguished from the unhappy pseudo-scientist, must make his chief appeal.

Most of all, since throughout 1918 at Chaumont-sur-Marne I served under you in the Second Section of the General Staff of the A.E.F., I welcome this opportunity of testifying to the loyalty, equally blended of respect and affection, felt for you by the officers and men fortunate enough to have been under your command.

Whether I have succeeded in filling a notorious gap in research, in producing a study of military value, and in writing a readable book, is for you and my other readers to determine. I shall value the verdict of none of them more than your own.

Sincerely

Hoffman Nickerson

New York, *January*, 1928

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For an author it is both a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge the kindness of those who have helped him in his work. My own debts of this sort are both many and heavy.

My wife has been tireless in correcting the typescript and proofs.

Space would forbid me to mention in detail the many courtesies I have received from Mr. Stephen H. Pell, in connection with the Potts papers, in helping me to obtain illustrations and rare books, and in advising with me on a number of difficult points. Not only Mr. Pell himself, but also his sons, Mr. Robert Pell and Mr. John Pell, have given freely of their time to assist me in field work.

At the New York Historical Society Mr. A. J. Wall, himself a Revolutionary and Burgoyne scholar of no mean ability, has been most helpful, not only in connection with the Gates papers, which are owned by the Society, but through his wide acquaintance in the learned world.

Mr. W. Pierrepont White, of Utica, New York, the president of the Oneida Historical Society, has most generously assisted me as to Oriskany both in the field and in the library and has called my attention to several other important points.

Mr. John A. Scott, of the Rome 'Sentinel,' the author of 'Fort Stanwix and Oriskany,' has increased my knowledge of the topography of Rome and has helpfully discussed with me the credibility of Willett's Narrative and of the evidence as to St. Leger's numbers.

Mr. William L. Clements, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the owner of Sir Henry Clinton's papers, and Dr. Randolph G. Adams, who is now working on these papers, have been most liberal in sending me photostats and copies of such parts of this valuable new source of Revolutionary material as bore on my subject.

Dr. John G. W. Dillin, of Media, Pennsylvania, author of 'The Kentucky Rifle,' and Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Peterboro, New Hampshire, have allowed me to draw freely

on their abundant stores of knowledge of eighteenth-century firearms.

Mr. Telfair Minton has advised me as to British and early American flags.

Mr. Roland Livingston, a descendant of the Livingston family, has cleared up for me Vaughan and Wallace's movements after the burning of Esopus, now Kingston.

The admirable Gilbert Stuart portrait of Gates is in the possession of Commander Edward E. Spafford, National Commander of the American Legion, to whom and to Miss Lelia Wittler, of Knoedler and Company, I owe the photograph in the book. It is surprising that so remarkable a picture is not better known.

My booksellers, Mr. Frank J. Scopes, of Pierce and Scopes, Albany, New York, and Mr. John E. Scopes, of John E. Scopes and Company, of the same city, both of whom specialize in Revolutionary and Burgoyne material, have long been tireless in hunting up books for me. To Mr. Frank Scopes I also owe the Milbert etching of the surrender ground.

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THE TURNING POINT OF THE REVOLUTION

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CHAPTER I

AMERICA, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE

FACE to face with the riddle of history, man takes refuge in metaphors. Unable to grasp the laws which govern the rise and fall of societies, he finds himself tempted to simplify these complex events by means of parallels drawn from the shorter and more obvious sequences of nature or even of his own handiwork. So he will sometimes compare the activity or the decline of a human group to the speeding-up or slowing-down of a machine. Such a simile may serve for an administrative department or other narrow cross-section of social life; to apply it to any complete and rounded community is to make one's self ridiculous. Again you will often see attempts to illustrate history by means of the lives of individuals or even of plants. So men will say that such and such a nation is young and growing, whereas another is old and therefore in decay. Here the absurdity is less, for in dealing with living things we begin to meet with intricate and subtle forces whose true nature escapes us. Nevertheless the comparison is still absurd. As a great man of our own generation has said, to say that Spain is growing old is like saying that Spain is losing all her teeth. The fact is that while some Spaniards are losing their teeth other little Spaniards are getting new ones! For great sweeps of history the least ambitious, and therefore perhaps the least unsatisfactory, metaphor is that of waves or tides.

The eighteenth century was a period of slack water and of calm. After the prolonged convulsions attendant upon the loss of religious unity in the West, men naturally desired order and repose. The constructive forces of our society

rallied to build up again the shaken structure of Christendom. Since the indecisive result of the Reformation forbade them the foundation of a common faith, they attempted to refound civilization upon a philosophy of measure and decorum, itself based upon the classic culture then common to all educated men. For a time they seemed to succeed. The men of the century, justly known to the French as the 'Grand Siècle,' may well be pardoned for their belief that the huge scar left by the Reform in the living body of Europe was in the way of healing. And in the great galleries of Versailles they have left us a memorial worthy of their achievement.

Nevertheless that achievement was not destined to endure. Putting aside the question as to whether any philosophy could have long replaced the old religious bond of union, it is certain that the neo-classical decorum was too regular, too artificial. It left too little scope to the imagination, and therefore attracted an insufficient loyalty. Before the century was old, new forces pregnant with change were already at work. The great wound of Christendom had healed only in part and on the surface.

Chief among the new forces was an increased (and at bottom an unreasonable) confidence in human nature. Here and there men talked of natural law and the rights of man. In that high-bred time which had forgotten the populace, great gentlemen were found who hopefully desired an increased measure of popular initiative in government. The first blow for these new lay creeds was struck not in Europe but in colonial America.

This is not the place to estimate the democratic movement. In this study of the decisive campaign of the American Revolution I am concerned only with the background necessary to my narrative. As to the Reformation, which has determined all subsequent history, I would ask the reader to remember only two points. First, the loss of religious unity intensified local loyalties so that Protestantism sometimes seems only an incident in the rise of nationalism. Second, between the populations which had, in varying degrees, broken with tradition, the partial success of the reforming movement created a certain sympathy. Both of these factors underlay the story which I am to tell.

America was discovered a generation before the outbreak of the religious quarrel. During the sixteenth century, while that quarrel raged, the Atlantic coast of the new continent was explored. The following century which, after seeing Protestantism nearly crushed, saw its final triumph in England, the northern Germanies, and Scandinavia, and the end of the religious wars, saw also the establishment by various European powers of permanent settlements beside the North American harbors.

During the first two generations of the eighteenth century, the population of the colonies increased rapidly in numbers. The rivalry of the European powers, less and less restrained by moral considerations, began to find America a pawn of increasing importance on the diplomatic and military chessboard. At bottom this rivalry was economic, and if you could grab a colony and monopolize its trade the advantage was worth having. Before 1700 the English had definitely possessed themselves of New York and the other Dutch posts along the Hudson. In 1760, after a far more considerable naval and military effort, they took Canada from the French and held it. It was true that national and religious differences kept the Canadians apart from their new masters. Nevertheless, from Florida northward the British colonists now stood alone face to face with the mother country. The Peace of Paris, in which the French monarchy reconciled itself to the loss of Canada, had been signed in 1763. Within a few years anger between the colonists and the British Government was already dangerously high over the question of how the costs of the French war should be paid.

The particular points in dispute have been so often rehearsed that they may here be rapidly passed over. At first sight the power to tax for which the British Government contended seems to us to-day a necessary accompaniment of sovereignty. The good mediæval notion of a tax had been that of an exceptional free grant on the part of the subjects of a prince whose ordinary expenses were supposed to be met from his private fortune. But this wholesome idea, although it had not altogether vanished as it has to-day, was already a shadow. It was no more than right that the colonies should help to pay for their own defense. While it

was true that they had no representation in Parliament, nevertheless their slogan of 'No taxation without representation' rings hollow enough in our own post-war years burdened with the crushing taxation imposed by representative assemblies. Furthermore, the colonists had representative assemblies of their own, and those assemblies had persistently refused to vote a penny for the support of the British army and fleet.

On the other hand, it could not be denied that the colonial assemblies had willingly '. . . raised, paid, and clothed nearly twenty-five thousand men during the last war — a number equal to those sent from Great Britain, and far beyond their proportion,' as their spokesman Benjamin Franklin maintained. It was equally undeniable that in so doing they had gone deeply into debt and mortgaged their taxes for years to come. Indeed, throughout the seven years of the war Parliament had several times acknowledged that the colonies had done so much more than their share as dangerously to strain their resources, and had followed up the acknowledgment by voting large sums to the colonies in partial compensation. The royal Treaty of Fort Stanwix with the Indian Tribes, signed in 1768, was bitterly resented by the colonists as cutting them off from what they considered their legitimate westward expansion. They felt — and with much reason — that their old charters bounding them only by the 'southern sea' or 'western sea' had been lawlessly violated by the crown. Finally America, like most colonies of the time, was all the while being systematically milked by the mother country's monopoly of her foreign trade.

The true bearing of the quarrel is to be found in the temper in which it was waged. It has been obvious to historians that the colonies had become conscious of their strength. Their population of three millions was a third that of Britain. The men of Massachusetts alone had taken the great French fortress of Louisburg. Alone a handful of Virginia militiamen, under a young colonel by the name of Washington, had held together and covered the rout of brave but pig-headed Braddock's command. What has not been obvious, especially in England and least of all in the England of to-day, with its keen hope of an American alliance, is that the colonists were no longer Englishmen.

They had undergone a subtle change. These former Europeans had been moulded by the life of the frontier. They had breathed the electric air of the American nor'wester. In them there sparkled a popular initiative that set them worlds apart from aristocratic England.

For England was an aristocracy. She was of those rare states which desire to be governed by the rich. Egalitarian societies, whether ruled by a democracy or by a true monarch, can hardly understand such a mood. To them it is detestable. The elaborate structure of subtle convention by which an aristocracy necessarily fortifies itself against its own want of logic moves the egalitarian only to laughter or even to fury. Conversely, in the citizen of an aristocratic state the sight of egalitarianism in action causes bewilderment and disdain. The Carthaginian and the Venetian gentlemen must have felt so.

Besides being an aristocracy, England was an island. Besides being an island, she was the metropolis whence most of the colonists had come. All these things furnished an infinite series of points for personal friction. Of all the colonies Virginia was probably least alien to the mother country, and yet in the light of the future one takes an ironic amusement in imagining the talk about Braddock's camp-fires between the redcoat officers who carried the King's commission and the young Virginian colonel of militia who was to beget a nation.

The inevitable conflict might have smouldered on had it not been blown into flame by the economic opposition of the two parties. I have already said that colonies were valued because they could be so managed as to increase the wealth of the mother country. Now the English aristocracy, while its members made a point of despising 'trade,' was closely connected with the business world. The thing that sharpened the controversy on both sides was that England thought of America chiefly as a possible source of profit, and America knew it.

It so happened that a moot point of English internal politics blurred the fundamental opposition between two such different societies. The colonial slogan of 'No taxation without representation' was not original with the Americans. It was a British party cry. Indeed, it touched the heart of

the repeated struggles in which the aristocracy had affirmed itself against the principle of true monarchy. Especially it recalled the Stuarts and thus raised the spectre of the great religious quarrel which had finally ruined that unhappy dynasty. To shout 'No taxation without representation' could hardly fail to rouse some sort of echo in the great Whig Party which had governed England almost without a break since 1688.

Finally, true monarchy, although already mortally stricken, was not yet dead and buried as it is in the England of to-day. Bolingbroke's book 'The Patriot King' was still read. His genius still helped to keep the principle of true kingship flickering here and there in the minds of Englishmen. Thanks to him the thought of a chief, set above parties and the rich, could even touch the great-grandson of the Hanoverian boor whom the great families had made their puppet king.

George III was the first of his house born on English soil and the fact encouraged him to react against the impotence his grandfather and great-grandfather had endured. In the nature of things his objective was strictly limited. He did not try to put himself in the place of the House of Commons as the chief organ of government. He never even carried the thing so far as to veto a single act of Parliament, but aimed merely to control (or at least to affect) the actions of the House. For this purpose he could use the considerable power of patronage which the titular monarch still possessed. He could still personally give out peerages, choose men for particular military commands, and dismiss them from these commands at his good pleasure.

His effort failed. Although he seemed for a moment to be succeeding, to work for long against the grain of aristocratic England would have required a man of genius. For such a man it might have been barely possible to have reënforced the loyalty of the country squires, of powerful elements in the national Church, and of the Tory Party generally, by making the people see in him their natural protector. Certainly in 1688 the great houses had felt it necessary to set up William of Orange and again in 1714 to set up George III's great-grandfather precisely because the name of king pleased the populace. George III, however, was anything

but a genius. Such were his own limitations and those of his advisers that he let the trump card of popular support slip through his fingers. Ironically enough, this prince, who so earnestly desired to rise above parties, is himself remembered as an active party organizer, who lost his American subjects not in defending his own kingly rights — which at the beginning of the quarrel they were eager not only to acknowledge but even to increase — but in maintaining over them the authority of Parliament, that organ of the new aristocratic England which had twice broken his predecessors and was to defeat himself. His blunders made it possible for his opponents to represent themselves as defenders of popular liberties against 'arbitrary power.' He died mad. Most ironical of all, the chief permanent result of his moment of partial success is the American distaste for the name of king. This active and logical people, who in an unmonarchical age have wisely and spontaneously set up powerful elective monarchies, not only in the presidency, but also in the governors of states and even in the mayors of cities, this people, I say, still seriously believes that 'Liberty' consists in the absence of an hereditary titular monarch. And this astonishing fact is the permanent legacy of George III.

Meanwhile the American patriots took the name of Whigs, and professed (sincerely enough, no doubt) to base themselves on English constitutional principles. When British troops were sent to America, it became the fashion in the party of resistance to speak of them not as the 'royal' but as the 'ministerial' troops. Washington himself spoke so. The buff and blue of the uniforms of the new American army had long been the electioneering colors of the English Whig Party, now the anti-ministerialists. The Declaration of Independence did not come for over a year after Lexington. So it was that, given the resistance of the English Whigs to George III, the embryo national resistance of the Americans became a British party question. If this surprises us to-day, we should remember that there are still many Englishmen (and even a few Americans) who can shut their eyes to the chasm that separates us from all Europeans and especially from Englishmen.

The first military move of the British Government, the occupation of Boston in 1768, was not an act of war but a

large-scale police operation. Boston was selected merely because in that city, then second only to Philadelphia in population, the feeling against the taxation of America had run highest and there the execution of the laws had broken down. The occupation formed a part of no strategic plan, for no state of war existed. It had gone on seven years when the news of Lexington and Concord provoked the sudden and everywhere successful uprising of the entire thirteen colonies, which wiped out in a moment all British authority within their borders outside of Boston itself and brought out an army which besieged the British garrison there. Not until then did the astonished home Government begin to realize that it might have a war on its hands. The stubborn American resistance at Bunker Hill made it clear that the war would be no promenade. The police operation, as such, had failed and it remained only to liquidate it either by sweeping concessions to the insurgents or by a reconquest of the continent. George III and his advisers chose war.

The military problem now began to outline itself. To the soldiers and statesmen of the time its dominant factor was that England possessed a standing army, whereas the forces the colonists must oppose to the British regulars would have to be improvised. Moreover, the British navy was the best in the world, and as long as the colonies lacked European allies, the control exercised by that navy over American waters would be limited only by the limitations of sailing ships and by the difficulty of supplying their crews when long stationed at great distances from any considerable source of foodstuffs.

It is true that those limitations were considerable. Given the westerly winds prevalent in the North Atlantic, the eighteenth-century sailing ship was making good time if she crossed from west to east in a month. The passage from east to west would probably take nearer two months. Allowing for calms and for storm which might drive her far from her course, a round trip of less than three months would be exceptional. Moreover, transports and supply ships had to keep together in fleets convoyed by men-of-war, for the Americans were a seafaring folk and their enterprising privateers soon swarmed everywhere. The speed of such a fleet must necessarily be reduced to that of the slowest sailers.

Finally, since the length of voyages was entirely dependent upon weather conditions, it was utterly impossible to calculate the time of arrival.

Besides the slowness, and still more the uncertainty, of sail navigation, the problem of supply was further complicated by the limited means then known for the preservation of food. There was as yet no foreshadowing of Liebig and the transformation in this regard which the increased chemical knowledge of the nineteenth century was to achieve. Canned food was undreamed of. Flour, or at most hardtack, and salt beef and pork were the least perishable sorts of foodstuffs known.

Naturally, when the sailing ship did manage to land her provisions in America, a large proportion of them might be hopelessly spoiled. Several cases are recorded in which shipload after shipload was wholly condemned. Even throughout the British men-of-war on the American station there was hardly a moment during the whole struggle when the generals had enough rations on hand to undertake a lengthy movement in any direction, while frequently, as with Howe at Halifax in the spring of '76, weeks would go by during which it was a daily struggle to find food for the men.

Nor was it possible to overcome the difficulties of overseas transportation by means of supplies obtained locally in America. The British generals did their best, but in the first place American supplies were seldom abundant. There were few large centres of population; the farms were widely scattered, and the farmer, with labor scarce and expensive, did little more than provide for his own needs. Furthermore, as we shall see in a moment, the eighteenth-century armies and their traditions of war were of such a nature as to discourage living off the country. Accordingly the greater part of the supplies for the British forces had to be transported overseas.

While thus impotent to assure to the King's armies in America more than a scanty and uncertain supply of provisions, British sea power was equally unable to shut off American trade by means of a blockade. To the modern scholar sitting with his map before him, especially if he be a landlubber, the operation may look easy enough. And in fact it would have been entirely possible to stop up a few of the

principal ports. But even under Civil-War conditions, with the enormous advantage of steam and the nearness of the home bases, to blockade the South cost the North an enormous effort. With sailing ships to blockade effectively two or three thousand miles of stormy coast, thickly studded with inlets, shoals, and islands, was out of the question. Moreover, a blockade was a two-edged sword. Whatever the issue of the quarrel, the English merchants looked forward hopefully to American trade at its close. An effective blockade would have wiped out this hope by stimulating home manufactures. For George III's Government so to provoke the hostility of the commercial interests might weigh heavily in the balance when it came to raising money for carrying on the war.

Nevertheless, when all the limitations of British sea power had been taken into account, the enormous fact remained that the colonists, lacking a navy, could not prevent the royal troops from striking secretly and at will against any point in the line of coast whose ports were the vertebræ of their whole social structure.

In order to understand the nature of the weapon to which naval superiority gave such wide scope, at this point it is necessary to give the reader some account of the armies of eighteenth-century Europe. For although here and there very old men who talked with their survivors may still be alive, and although their general tactical method survives in the close order drill familiar to all contemporary soldiers, nevertheless that method, together with their whole organization and conduct of war, are to-day not easy to understand.

In the first place, the typical instrument of eighteenth-century warfare was the professional standing army, its members enlisted for long terms. To us of the democratic and industrial era, in which the typical army is a huge horde of militarily low-grade conscripts, it is hard to grasp the characteristics of long-term professional troops. Without considering the causes which had strengthened the movement toward professional armies even during the religious wars, it is enough to note that they were the natural military development of the period of calm after that hurricane had blown itself out. Everywhere the strong national executives

into whose hands the government of Europe had fallen naturally accepted the principle of a standing army. No other system can satisfy a society determined upon repose. These armies were shaped by the necessary permanent conditions attaching to such troops. The minimum of social and political friction was achieved by recruiting their rank and file from the cheapest human material available. In a spirit not altogether alien to that of the ancient Roman enlisting barbarians, eighteenth-century English judges used to offer convicted criminals the alternative of enlistment or jail.

That the rank and file of the eighteenth-century armies were made up of such poor elements explains the fact already mentioned, that is, that the practice of the time discouraged living off the country. Quite apart from securing tactical efficiency, it was necessary to employ a drastic code of discipline to ensure order. In the Prussian army, which set the standard of the age, flogging was carried to the limit of brutality and torture. Nor was the British army far behind. General Gage, the British commander in Boston, did not hesitate to hang some of his men caught breaking and entering a colonist's shop. It would have subverted this system completely and, oddly enough, it would have offended the humanitarianism characteristic of the civilian life of the time, if troops had been allowed to live on the country. Under lax disciplinarians, or when in great straits, this might occur, but the scattering which it involved was always deplored and the practice was considered the most desperate of expedients.

On the other hand, no matter what the quality of its recruitment, any professional standing army worth its salt can achieve a discipline and especially a tactical training impossible to short-term or hastily raised troops. For infantry a hundred and fifty years ago this admirable discipline and high tactical training were concentrated upon a single point; the delivery of the so-called 'perfect volley.' Upon this all tactical theory and all the elaborate and endless training of the infantry soldier converged. The reasons for this would have been as obscure to the great-grandfathers of the men of 1775 as they are to us their great-grandchildren to-day. They were briefly these: During the seventeenth century,

the increasing power and handiness of the musket, together with the desire for greater tactical and strategical mobility, had gradually caused the disuse of armor. It could protect its wearer only at the cost of weighing him down too heavily. This increased power of musketry, together with the disuse of armor, combined to decrease the importance of the pike. About 1700 the invention of a type of bayonet, which when fixed would not prevent the musket from being fired, caused the pike to be abandoned altogether. The tactical problem then became that of developing the greatest possible concentration and effectiveness of infantry fire.

All tactics are conditioned by the weapon used. While there may be many ways of using the same material, nevertheless the power and limitations of that material must always condition that which can be done. The reader should therefore clearly understand the powers and limitations of the eighteenth-century musket. Without its bayonet it weighed about ten and a half pounds and was about four feet nine inches long. Accordingly, although longer and heavier than the modern service rifle, it was nevertheless a perfectly practicable infantry weapon. With its flintlock ignition a rainy day was apt to result in misfires, and indeed these would sometimes occur even in fine weather, but as long as the powder in the priming-pan was kept dry the percentage of misfires was not enough to destroy its effectiveness. With a calibre of about three fourths of an inch, it shot a big lead bullet weighing about an ounce, which ploughed through a man's body, smashed his bones, and usually knocked him out from the mere shock of its impact even when no vital part was touched. As to the rate of fire we are probably safe in rejecting the stories that Frederick the Great's infantry were able to fire six shots a minute; the thing seems impossible. Nevertheless it does seem that in good hands the eighteenth-century musket would fire three shots a minute.

To us the chief limitations of the arm were in accuracy and range. In the first place, many service muskets were hopelessly ill-bored. Assuming a reasonably well-bored weapon, at eighty yards a single man standing and fully exposed could be hit. At a hundred yards under favorable conditions such a target might be hit with forty per cent of

the shots fired; thus a commander exposing himself was almost certain to be picked off by persistent firing. At a hundred and fifty yards to hit a single man was practically impossible; a target twice as high and twice as broad as a man, with most careful shooting under peace-time conditions, could be hit only three times out of four. In battle it was therefore out of the question to fire even at a formed body of troops a hundred and fifty yards off. At two hundred yards one might as well shoot at the moon.

With such a weapon — possessed of high shocking power and fair rapidity of fire but drastically limited as to accuracy and range — and with that weapon in the hands of men of low average intelligence, the long-term professional armies of the eighteenth century worked out the system known as 'linear tactics.' The name sprang from the new formation in line and the importance of regularity in that formation. Given the increased rapidity of musket fire and the short reach of the bayonet as compared with the now discarded pike, the old deep formations lost their meaning. Instead you formed your infantry in line no more than three deep, and marched them toward the enemy with the measured cadenced step still seen on the modern parade ground. The pace of this slow approach was often reduced still more by halts to rectify the alignment, for if this was not done the men in any sharp little bulge forward, when the command to fire finally came, would have their ears blown in by the detonation of the muskets of their comrades close beside and a little behind them. All the time, and here comes in the essential point, the men were forbidden to fire before the command. The original calculation undoubtedly was that the strain of seeing one's enemy gradually coming nearer and nearer would break the nerve of insufficiently disciplined men. Either they would disobey orders and deliver a scattering, and therefore ineffective, fire, or else their officers, fearing such a fiasco, would give the command for a volley too soon. In either case, while those who had fired too soon were reloading, the better troops would continue to advance and would deliver their volley at a murderously close range. Even if both sides stood the fearful strain and held their fire until well inside effective range, say fifty yards, it became the *ne plus ultra* of the art to take, not to give, the first fire; to

stand the losses and to put in your own volley so close that every shot went home. Thus at Fontenoy the English officer who tauntingly invited the French to fire first was by no means playing the fool. Behind his bravado was the soundest of tactical principles. Of course, once committed to the action, it was impossible to get men to go on firing by command and not individually and at will. Nevertheless, every effort, and apparently with a good deal of success, was made to keep the men in alignment and under control, so that any pause might be followed by renewed volleying. Moreover, a first 'perfect volley' like Wolfe's at Quebec might decide a general action.

This system of close-range volleys was the distinguishing mark of eighteenth-century tactics. Artillery we may neglect, for in the war of movement guns were handled only as an auxiliary infantry weapon. As compared with the old dense masses, the linear formations reduced the number of casualties a single cannon shot could inflict. Cavalry tactics also we need not consider, since the campaign we are to follow shows no instance of mounted action. Their infantry tactics alone are enough to show us the astonishingly high standard of drill and discipline achieved by the eighteenth-century professional armies. If they were proud it was not without reason. Burgoyne himself was stating no more than the obvious fact when he wrote to Germaine after Bunker Hill that '. . . in most states of the world, as well as our own, the respect and control and subordination of government at this day in great measure depends upon the idea that trained troops are invincible against any number or any position of undisciplined rabble. . . .' Disposing of an army of the highest quality, even as compared with the other regulars of the time, the British Government might fairly expect to have the better of any improvised rebel troops whatsoever.

It was true that there were a number of factors in the situation which came in to modify what seemed to contemporary Europe the all-important point of the superiority of regular troops. Paradox though it appear, the armies of the time, with their extraordinary power of self-sacrifice in enduring the heavy losses attendant upon their tactical method, were accustomed to campaign in a leisurely manner. This seeming contradiction is explained by the nature of the

wars they were accustomed to wage, which were of the sort known as 'limited' war. Of course almost no wars are absolutely unlimited. Even in the recent World War, neither side went so far as to eat its prisoners! But at all times when men as a whole are stirred by no great passion, and when the wars typical of an age do not involve the political existence of the states which wage them, they tend to resemble an adventurous sport and are surrounded by rules and conventions respected by both sides. If you were an eighteenth-century Government, you practically never expected to conquer an opponent altogether, to destroy his whole power of armed resistance and occupy his capital. Usually you hoped merely to 'score points' upon him by taking fortresses or an occasional important town. Accordingly you mobilized slowly, operated with constant care for your communications and dépôts of supply, and looked upon the whole affair as a sort of gigantic game of skill.

Besides this point, unnoticed by the men of the time inasmuch as they took it for granted like the air they breathed, there were a number of other points in favor of the colonists which could be grasped by a contemporary. There were, for instance, the general considerations of space and of terrain in America itself. In outline, the rebellion presented to the British Government a military problem much like that which the same Government successfully solved over a hundred years later against the South African Boers; that is, the conquest of a vast overseas theatre, possessed of bad internal communications and of much terrain difficult for an invader and at the same time suitable to the special tactics of its defenders. The American rebels numbered about three million strung out along a coast line extending through fifteen degrees of latitude and no less than fifteen hundred miles long as the crow flies. The population of England was three times as numerous, but regular armies must always be comparatively few in numbers because of their cost, and the British army of 1775 numbered less than fifty thousand, out of which must be spared garrisons for home defense, for Ireland, and for exposed points like Gibraltar, Minorca, and the West Indies. The troops sent to America, their replacements, and their supplies must cross three thousand miles of sea in sailing ships subject, as we have seen, to delay from calms, gales, and head winds.

What I now wish to emphasize is that besides the long ocean voyage there were grave difficulties of land communication and terrain. Throughout the huge American theatre of war metalled roads were few. Most of the highways were mere tracks, 'dirt roads' as they are called to-day, impassable for guns or wheeled traffic in early spring when the snow is melting and the frost coming out of the ground, during a winter thaw, or at any time after a few days' rain. Except close by the older settlements on the coast, nearly the whole country was forested, not with the tame and neatly kept woods of Europe, but with primeval forest full of thorny jungles of tangled undergrowth and cluttered with fallen logs often interlaced in great windfalls.

On such ground the colonist naturally copied the tactics of his enemy the Indian. Instead of standing elbow to elbow in regular formation, he took open order, crouched behind a tree or lay down behind a fallen log, and tried to show as little of himself as he could while watching for a shot at some individual opponent. In advance or retreat he darted from cover to cover. In thick woods this was the only game to play. Even had our ancestors possessed the high discipline and training required for linear tactics, which they did not, they would still have been fools to have tried to practice them in forest warfare. The classical instance of such folly on the part of European soldiers is the bloody defeat of Braddock, one of whose officers has recorded that during the five or six hours which accounted for more than two thirds of the British he never saw a single one of the Indians whose bullets were whistling about his ears!

The fact was that linear tactics had been developed with reference to the unfenced, open-field agriculture of Continental Europe. Only there could its precise formations and nicely calculated movements be put in practice at all. On the rare occasions when eighteenth-century European armies did try to fight in woods, as at Wynendaele and Malplaquet, the result was the wildest confusion. Their highly specialized tactical system could not adapt itself to the unfamiliar conditions.

Furthermore, even in cleared land the American skirmishing tactics had their uses. The skirmisher could not hope to break a regular formation. He could not so much as venture

to approach too near without disaster, and when the regular advanced upon him he must run for it. Still he had a considerable power of worrying. Had the standard of marksmanship been equal, he would still have had in his favor his superior mobility and the small target he and his comrades offered, particularly at middle and long range. Moreover, standards of marksmanship were not equal. Whereas the colonist was trained in aimed fire by constant practice in shooting game, the European regular was not expected to aim his piece at all! Except for a few select bodies, the latter was trained merely to level his musket toward a hostile formation and at command fire 'into the brown of them.'

Finally, besides the superior marksmanship of the Americans as a whole, a number of them from the backwoods of Pennsylvania and Virginia possessed the finest firearm then known in the world — the so-called Kentucky rifle.

Although this piece was unknown throughout most of the colonies before '75, and throughout the war was carried only by comparatively small special bodies of men, yet so great was its superiority in skirmishing or sniping and such was its influence upon the events I am to narrate that it deserves description here. The principle of rifling had long been known and rifles were in use in Switzerland and the western Germanies — we shall find them in the hands of some of Burgoyne's Germans; but the early European rifles had the serious defect of a slow rate of fire. Any bullet which must be loaded from the muzzle and seated upon the powder must be smaller in diameter than the calibre of the piece. Once seated, the bullet must then be expanded so as to catch the rifling grooves. Accordingly the eighteenth-century European rifleman was provided with a little mallet with which he rapped on the head of his heavy iron ramrod until he had flattened out his bullet! The process not only took time, but also by deforming the spherical bullet made it irregular in resistance to air pressure and therefore inaccurate in flight. For the Kentucky rifle, on the other hand, some unknown genius had discovered the 'greased patch.' In a little box set into the stock of his weapon the rifleman kept a number of circular bits of greased linen or leather. When he had poured the powder charge down into the bore he laid one of the patches

over the muzzle and upon that placed the bullet, pressing it down with his thumb. A few strokes with a light wooden ramrod then seated the bullet with the patch wrapped about it and when the piece was fired the patch (together with the slight expansion of the bullet due to the explosion) gripped the rifling grooves and also acted as a 'gas check,' detaching itself from the bullet when the latter left the muzzle. Here for the first time in history was a real weapon of precision. With it good shots could hit a man regularly at two hundred yards, twice the range at which a man with a smoothbore could count on hitting such a target. At a hundred yards the smoothbore could count on only forty per cent of hits, whereas at three hundred the rifle would make fifty per cent. There were even stories that at the siege of Boston a rifleman hit half of a man's head at two hundred and fifty yards; and another, by persistent firing, finally killed off a group of Britishers on a scow half a mile away! At all events, the feats of the Kentucky rifle astonished and terrified contemporaries.

At the same time, in spite of the different factors of the purely military problem which told in favor of the rebels, any intelligent contemporary would probably have said that the British regular army would dominate the situation. The small numbers of that army, the leisurely methods usual in eighteenth-century war, the enormous extent of the theatre, together with its great distance overseas from the advanced English bases on the Irish coast, the difficult terrain and bad internal communications of that theatre, the skill of the colonists in skirmishing, all these things seemed to promise — at most — that the British Government would not quickly get a decision. In strictly military terms the idea that the rebels, unaided, could conquer regular troops was out of all reason.

Of course no war is ever a purely military proposition. All wars are undertaken for political ends and are conditioned by political factors. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, however, the result of a political survey of America and of England would have been to confirm the military estimate just given.

The colonists were not unanimous in their opposition to British measures. Indeed the notion of theoretical demo-

crats that any definite political act — still less a revolution — is brought about by the spontaneous uprising of a majority of the community affected — that notion I say is possible only to those ignorant of all history and blind to the political facts about them. The active American patriots were a minority strong enough to get the better of the still smaller number actively loyal to the British Crown, but nevertheless a minority. Although more amenable to the patriots than to the Tories, the majority of the people cared little about the contest and in the long run wanted chiefly to be let alone. They had no great love for England and they were willing enough to let the active patriots stamp out the active Tories, which was done with a vigor, zest, and completeness characteristic of the suppression of unpopular American minorities from that day to this. Also they could see the point about taxation. But they could not be persuaded to any sustained effort or sacrifice, and unless their own homes were actually threatened they would not move at all.

While the colonists were divided in their opposition to British rule, the mother country herself was in no way disposed to crush the rebellion severely. In England only the opinion of the governing class really counted. The populace were negligible; even when they rioted it was only through some passing fit of ill humor — without plan and without result. Those of the gentry who supported the King were secure in their control of the machinery of government. The leaders of the opposition had no power to do more than make eloquent speeches in behalf of 'Liberty.' On the other hand, even the most warlike of the English gentry could not think of putting down savagely with fire and sword a population of whom many — perhaps more than half — were of English blood and of whom almost all were Protestant in religion. This last point has perhaps had less attention than it deserves. Historians have been too apt to insist exclusively upon the agreement of particular Englishmen with the specific points made by the Americans or with the slogans used. Our economic age has dwelt upon the American profits so dear to the British merchants. Those profits were an important reason for reconciliation. But after all the crux of the whole matter was that the gentry thought of the

colonists as Englishmen and felt for them the deep sympathy of a common religion.

A survey of the political position both in America and in England therefore confirmed that of the purely military factors. Without European aid the colonial rebels would be unable to drive out the British armies. At the same time, the war promised to be a long tiresome business.

However — and here came in the capital point of the whole matter — there was the chance that the rebellion might attract European support. The reader will remember that, on the political side, the sixteenth-century religious revolt had brought about nationalism. Instead of thinking of each other as members of a single Christian commonwealth, the provinces of Europe began eagerly to compete for power and wealth. In this competition the weakening of a rival was a relative gain. Such a feeling would have been strange to the Middle Ages, and if Christendom is to survive it may again become strange to our descendants, but to the eighteenth century it was as obvious as it is to us to-day. The embarrassment of England by the American revolt gave opportunity to her rivals of whom the chief was France.

In dealing with the France of the middle eighteenth century, historians have naturally dwelt upon the stronger and stronger smouldering of the forces which were to blaze out in the Revolution. Moreover, that Revolution was so violent, of such profound effect throughout Christendom, and in particular the direct source of the political formulæ of our own day, that the time spent in its analysis has been well employed. Nevertheless, to think of the France of '75 as already in the shadow of '89 is to lend her an insecurity she did not possess. It is reading history backwards, and for the historian there is no graver error. In all Vergennes' endless correspondence there is but a single reference to the fermentation of the time: in February of '76, writing to his King with reference merely to a court intrigue in favor of an unworthy ambassador deservedly recalled, we find him characterizing his period as '. . . un tems, où les têtes ne sont malheureusement que trop portées à s'exalter, et où la chaleur des esprits semble acquérir chaque jour plus d'activité et de force.' Already in '75 destructive theories of society had gained ground, the institutions of the State creaked

with an increasing friction and the distress of the Government for money was a serious thing. At the same time all this was an embarrassment easy to exaggerate.

France was the first power in Europe. If her navy and her commercial wealth were second to those of England, on the other hand, her population numbered between twenty-four and twenty-six millions — nearly three times that of her rival. The diplomatic position of the Bourbon monarchy was exceedingly strong. The Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, was an Austrian Archduchess and symbolized the new alliance with France's old enemy the House of Hapsburg. That alliance assured peace on the Continent. The King of Spain was a Bourbon prince. In consequence his country was — so to speak — in the French diplomatic orbit and could bring to the support of France a considerable navy, enormous colonial wealth, and a great, even though somewhat faded, prestige.

In the matter of prestige France herself, until her defeat in the Seven Years' War, had been supreme. She was the oldest power in Europe. There had been a King of the Franks ever since Clovis back in the mists of the fifth century. It has been well said that the Kings of France inherited an authority older than Islam. No other state could pretend to such a tradition of continued power. Her language was that of diplomacy and was everywhere the second language of educated men. Her arts and letters everywhere set the fashion. She was formidable not only by numbers, by her unrivalled diplomatic position, and by her prestige, but by the energy, industry, and high military aptitude of her people.

In 1756, at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, her Foreign Office could instruct its ambassadors that 'The diplomatic object of this crown has been and will always be to enjoy in Europe that rôle of leadership which accords with its antiquity, its worth, and its greatness, to abase every power which shall attempt to become superior to it. . . .'

Her defeats in the war thus grandiloquently ushered in had by no means lowered French spirit. Her losses in continental North America and in India, enormous though their final results were to be, lessened her immediate power very little. For the time being what she had chiefly lost was

prestige. And that lost prestige the Court of Versailles was determined to recover. To this end the Bourbon monarchy knitted alliances and strengthened its navy. To this end French statesmen watched England narrowly. Already in 1768, in the heat of the quarrel between England and the colonies over the Stamp Act, a French agent had visited America to estimate the opportunity for intervention. The agent — his name was de Kalb and he was later to serve as a major-general under Washington — reported that the remote Americans were 'free and enterprising' in spirit, but that they were little inclined to rid themselves of England by foreign aid. At the same time Franklin was writing of France, 'That intriguing nation would like very well to blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies,' and then (ironically enough in view of the future), 'but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.' That the time was not ripe caused disappointment, but no softening of the fixed French determination. Upon such a mood came the news of Lexington and the immediate and everywhere successful revolt of the thirteen colonies.

When that news reached Versailles, Louis XVI had just passed his twenty-first birthday and completed the first year of his reign. He was both patriotic and conscientious, had a deep sense of the greatness of his House, and later achieved (as even his Girondin ministry were surprised to acknowledge) a good working knowledge of the dynastic diplomacy of Europe. Where neither military affairs nor insight into individual character was concerned, his leisurely judgment was not to be despised. Indeed in the most important act of his life, the calling of the States General, it is quite possible that he had the insight to see that one of the chief ills from which his country suffered was the overcentralization which oppresses it to this day. But he was hopelessly slow-witted, and this quality (together with his diffidence and the very conscientiousness which impressed him with his own inexperience) made him surrender his judgment into the hands of more vivacious men. Wherever his intimate personal convictions were not concerned, he could be managed. Such a character, together with the great age of the Prime Minister Maurepas, made it certain that the initiative in diplomacy and all but the weightiest diplomatic decisions would be those of the Foreign Minister Vergennes.

Charles Gravier
Comte de Vergennes
Conseiller d'Etat Ordinaire,
Ministre et Secrétaire d'Etat
et Chef du Conseil
Royal des Finances

Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes, was everything that Louis XVI was not. Born in Burgundy (that rich province deep with full-bodied vineyards), a gentleman, although of no great lineage, he had spent his life in an active diplomatic career which had carried him from end to end of Europe. Beginning his profession at twenty-three in Lisbon, his first independent post and his first success had been at the court of the Prince-Bishop of Treves in the Rhineland. Thence he had been promoted first to be Minister, then Ambassador, at Constantinople. After fourteen years' service in that important post, he had been for a few years in retirement, but in 1771 he had been reëmployed as Ambassador to Sweden. While there he had accomplished the most difficult and dangerous task possible to an ambassador by staging a successful revolution which transferred power from the corrupt Parliament to the King and thereby strengthened Sweden, France's ally. Now at fifty-eight years in the full maturity of mind and of experience, he found himself Foreign Minister. He was persistent, and industrious, not only in acquainting himself with every smallest detail of his difficult trade, but even to the point of writing out a great part of his enormously detailed despatches in his own crabbed hand. At the same time — with a lucidity typically Gallic — he continually discerned the relative importance of each detail with reference to the great problems of statecraft. For his King and country he had a great ambition. Never did the uncouth Scotch peasant in Carlyle, his utter inability to grasp the French genius, come out more clearly than when that writer called Vergennes 'a mere clerk.' When it was a question of carrying a point with the King and the Ministry, he was not above using sophistical reasoning, and of course he was at all times capable of the dissimulation necessary to his trade. At the same time he had his point of honor. Force, he wrote, could never vest a title; and his King's word once pledged must be held sacred. Such was the man who watched closely and hopefully the American revolt.

The mood in which Vergennes acted, although most typical of the French temper, is often missed by observers foreign to that nation. Such an observer will usually be dazzled by the occasional great outbursts of the intense Gallic energy

such as the great Revolutionary-Napoleonic crusade which established contemporary Europe, or the Crusades of the Middle Ages — so predominantly French these last that in the Arabic of to-day the word for a European is still 'firenghi,' a Frank. He will note that these vast movements are ideal and ecumenical in motive — not definitely national and still less acquisitive — and that, although they are of immense effect upon society, they achieve no lasting enlargement of French power. He may go even farther back in history and discover the Gauls colonizing Asia Minor, raiding the Balkans, and once penetrating to Rome. Seeing the lack of tangible result from all these great marches and from so much valor, seeing also the disillusion and despair which follow upon the failure of such efforts, the foreigner too often takes the French for an unstable and unpractical people.

The fact is otherwise. The normal and permanent expression of the high French activity is not to be found in these rare volcanic eruptions. It is far more like the steady pressure of steam in the boiler of an engine. Over against their moments of financial speculation and of great adventure in arms, the French can show centuries of rigorous economy and of cautious, persistent, political advance. This normal mood of theirs is akin to their sense of measure and proportion in the arts with its corresponding hatred of extravagance and excess.

For a thousand years their history is full of examples. The thing is to be seen in the patient caution which first gave the crown to the Capetian family. Once crowned, that family built up their holdings tirelessly, bit by bit, exactly as the immemorial French peasant scrimps and saves. The same quality comes out strongly in such a great King as Philip Augustus. It dominates Richelieu. It appears in the restraint which held back even Louis XIV from attempting the conquest of the Indies to the rounding-out of his northeastern frontier, and in our own time something of it can still be seen in the steady French penetration of Mediterranean Africa.

The dour and stubborn vitality which underlies the fantasy and sparkle of the French appears most of all after their defeats. No matter how wounded, France has always refused to perish, and nothing is more native to the Gallic blood than the grim determination by which she gradually

retrieves her position. This dogged business of recovery appears with Charles V and Duguesclin after the first Plantagenet triumphs in the long Hundred Years' War, and in the cynical but wise and patient intrigues of Louis XI after the close of that struggle. It flashes under Henry IV after the failure of the Valois in Italy and the long agony of the religious wars. There is something of it from 1815 to 1848, although hampered by the parliamentary institution neither native to the French blood nor consonant to their character. After 1871, hampered now not only by parliamentarism but also by incessant changes of ministry, the age-old French determination to survive shows in the conscription so promptly voted, and in the diplomacy which first brought Russia to the side of France and bound her firmly by great loans, then wisely renounced rivalry with England in Africa, thereby removing the chief obstacle to coöperation with that power, assured the neutrality of Italy in 1914, helped to bring that country into the war in 1915, and played a large part in bringing about the intervention of the United States which finally decided the issue against Prussia.

This mood of audacity, capable of great enterprise but nevertheless tempered by caution, and by a canny determination not to play trumps until late in the game, was that of Vergennes.

Louis XVI and his Cabinet had taken office determined to put aside the frivolity and indifference typical of the later years of Louis XV. The young King and his advisers proposed to take the tasks of government seriously. I have said that they were resolved to restore to their country the prestige lost by her late defeats.

Vergennes has himself clearly outlined his own point of view on coming to power. The restoration of French prestige meant the abasement of England. Moreover, the unprovoked aggression of England in the last war, together with the recent partition of Poland, showed clearly that the time was one of political brigandage in which the most peaceable of powers must be strong in order to be secure and must lose no opportunity of crippling a rival likely to endanger that security. Since England was the rival chiefly to be feared, from the beginning of his ministry Vergennes preferred to draw closer to Spain rather than to France's other

great ally Austria, precisely because Spain had a fleet which could be useful against England. The alliance with Austria he would maintain, for it assured peace on the Continent and would therefore protect France in the rear should she be engaged with England in front. Nevertheless the connection with Austria must be held second to the 'Family Compact' which united the two Bourbon Crowns.

That England was France's chief enemy and therefore that Spain rather than Austria should be her chief ally was obvious enough. Moreover, it had been the accepted thesis of the French Foreign Office ever since Choiseul's time. In his consideration, however, of the chances of a revolution in the British colonies in America and of the advantages to France of American independence, Choiseul had gone far beyond what was then obvious. He had accustomed French official opinion to two new, startling, and somewhat unpalatable propositions. The first of these was that, since France had lost Canada chiefly through the action of the British colonies, therefore to promote the independence of these last would make it necessary to give up forever the cherished hope of regaining that province. Otherwise the fear of Canada again in French power would throw the colonies back into the arms of Great Britain. Choiseul's second proposition was that, in helping to bring about American independence, it would be well for France not to aim at a monopoly of American commerce such as that now enjoyed by England, since it was exactly this monopoly which the colonists resented. Although the renunciation of Canada was a severe blow both to French sentiment and national pride, and although for the benefit of the mother country (or protecting country as France conceived that she would be should she bring about American independence) the idea of a monopoly of colonial trade then everywhere prevailed, nevertheless Choiseul had been able to persuade. He had made it clear that the weakening of England through the loss of America would so increase the relative power of France that all lesser considerations must be made to give place to that single aim. All this doctrine of Choiseul's was an old story to Vergennes. He saw its wisdom and he made it his own.

But if the policy which Vergennes proposed to follow was

altogether that of Choiseul, the personal touch with which he followed it was utterly different from that of his predecessor. For where Choiseul had been eager and dashing, always apt to take for granted the truth of that which he himself desired, Vergennes on the contrary rode himself rigidly on the curb. Infinitely prudent and methodical, his lack of fantasy suited him exactly to the time and to the low morale of the French Government — angry and yet still somewhat timid as the men who composed that Government were at the memory of their recent defeats. To men in such a mood he was exactly the leader to inspire confidence and lead them patiently step by step to bold and fruitful decision.

Although for a decade the French had so eagerly looked for a revolt of the British colonies, nevertheless when that revolt came Vergennes was slow to believe its importance. Before he would risk French aid to the rebels, he must first be convinced that they aimed at independence and were prepared for a long hard struggle to obtain it. Precisely because he desired this to be so, he would wait until fully convinced by evidence of the fact. Moreover, as the servant of the oldest crown in Europe he was naturally a little slow to befriend men who were after all in rebellion against a lawful sovereign. Even as late as October, '75, there may have still been something of real sincerity behind his words to Stormont, the British Ambassador in Paris, that France ought rather to fear than to welcome such a revolt, more especially as the colonies once independent might build such a fleet as to endanger the remaining French possessions in the Caribbean. Finally, as against so remote a danger he was quick to perceive the immediate peril to both French and Spanish possessions in America threatened by the continually increasing number of English ships and soldiers in that continent.

But if the hard-headed Frenchman refused to anticipate facts, he was equally careful to keep abreast of them. The news of Lexington and of the universal revolt which followed it showed him at once that the rebellion was far more than a side issue to the internal strife of English parties. As early as July, three months before his talk with Stormont, he had seen clearly that the mere extent of so vast a continent would

forbid its being permanently held down by armed force. Moreover, he undoubtedly realized that such oppression of a people so near to England both in religion and in blood was not likely long to commend itself to the English governing class. He judged that henceforward the Americans would at most be allies rather than subjects of the mother country. Accordingly he thought it probable that the British Ministry would have sense enough to end the quarrel by negotiation no matter what concessions the success of their negotiations might require. When it began to appear that George III and his Ministers had no such intention, but were, on the contrary, determined to crush the revolt, he thought their attempt folly. Only late in August with the proclamation of the Americans to be rebels did he consent to believe that the English would persist in unwisdom. However, with the autumn of '75, when it was clear that George III and his Government were preparing a general reconquest, did he begin formally to consider what should be the attitude of France with reference to what was no longer an insurrection but a serious war.

The State paper in which he set forth his 'Reflections' on the situation in the English colonies and on the course for France to pursue seems to have been shown only to the King and to Maurepas. Its thesis was that the American revolt tended toward independence, but that this tendency would not be realized when, as seemed probable, the rebels, if unaided, were beaten in the field. In that case Vergennes seems to have anticipated for them an alliance with England — a sort of 'Dominion status' of no advantage to France. Accordingly the interest of France was to support them, at first secretly and without compromising herself with England. This support should take the form of supplying the rebels with war material and to some extent with specie. Even ships of war might perhaps be furnished them via San Domingo and by means of fake sales. Meanwhile they were to be encouraged by the promise of full and open French aid to be given when the time was ripe.

The 'Reflections' end with a passage difficult to estimate. As against the obvious risks of aiding the rebels it is argued that even the most perfect French neutrality will by no means assure peace to that country. Victorious, England

will be in a position to revenge herself for the aid which she will inevitably suppose the French to have lent to the revolt. Defeated, the British Ministry will be tempted to recover their lost prestige by the easy conquest of the rich and lightly defended French colonies in the Caribbean. Now it is obvious that a Frenchman of 1775 could not help thinking of England except as itching to attack his country. Hence even Vergennes may have been the dupe of his own reasoning. On the other hand, it seems far more probable that he wrote thus with the deliberate intention of duping his young King — for the ultimate good of the latter, of course. So acute and experienced a mind can hardly have failed to see that the chances were heavily on the other side, for a victorious England would have more than enough to do in policing the discontented colonies, and a defeat at the hands of the rebels would offer little encouragement to provoke a great power such as France.

At all events Vergennes' line was now fixed. Henceforward he will not lose sight of his chosen goal of war with England in alliance with the American rebels, and the rest of his action will be but the long, intricate, and often postponed march to that goal.

It only remains to glance at some of the factors conditioning the first stages of his effort. If he had in his favor the natural French and Spanish desire to avenge recent losses and humiliations, on the other hand he had against him in both countries fear of the power and especially of the vast and immediately available wealth of England. Moreover, in Spain there was a resentment by no means negligible at the new position of that proud country as the satellite of France. And in France herself there was the crying need to restore the national finances run down by the extravagance and unwisdom which had marked the reign of Louis XV. Finally no matter how secret he might keep the details of his action, the chance of the two Bourbon Crowns supporting the tempting rebellion against their rival England was so obvious in the logic of the situation itself that there was no missing it. Before the French Foreign Office had decided that the American revolt was more than a mere matter of British internal policy, rumors of a French alliance with the rebels were already flying about England. Already a British ad-

venturer in the rebel service, Charles Lee, had written to a British general, Burgoyne, in Boston, 'pledging his honor' — for what that was worth — that France and Spain were prepared to recognize the rebels, and his words had been thought important enough to draw an official denial from Versailles. Accordingly Vergennes had on his hands a watchful enemy, a difficult ally, and strongly based opponents at home.

It is the supreme interest of the story to be told in this book that each incident in the straggling campaigns on the edge of the American wilderness either checked or pushed forward the wary but determined man perpetually at his desk amid the magnificence and the amazing etiquette of Versailles until at last Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga gave to the indefatigable Frenchman his opportunity.

CHAPTER II

THE HUDSON AND THE BRITISH PLAN

ALREADY I have described the British occupation at Boston as a police operation upon a large scale and have said that during the summer of '75 (while the siege or rather blockade of Boston dragged on) both sides began to think of the war in terms, not of that city, but of the entire continent. To the British plan of reconquest, together with the men responsible for that plan, I now turn.

In America the British commander-in-chief was Gage — a man of no great energy, much experienced in military routine, knowing the colonies well and perhaps sympathizing with them too much for the success of his task. To him there had been sent out no less than three major-generals; Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. They had sailed from England in May on a ship called the Cerberus — a voyage lampooned by a Boston wit:

> 'Behold the Cerberus the Atlantic plough,
> Her precious cargo, Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe,
> Bow, wow, wow!'

All three stood high with the Government in London and had been selected in order to make up 'a triumvirate of reputation.' For the moment, however, we may neglect Howe and Clinton and consider only Burgoyne.

John Burgoyne was a picturesque personality. His name, Burgoyne, that is, Bourgogne or Burgundy, recalled that proud French-speaking aristocracy which had ruled for generations in Sicily, Palestine, and Byzantium, and for centuries from the Grampians to the Pyrenees. It is true there was grave doubt as to whether he was really entitled to that name. At all events, he was born in 1722, received the education of a gentleman at Westminster School, and there became intimate with one of the young Stanleys, son and heir of the Earl of Derby. Probably a bastard, certainly a penniless captain of dragoons just turned twenty-one, Burgoyne was gallant enough to elope with his school friend's

sister, Lady Charlotte Stanley. At first the great House of Stanley resented the match, and poverty forced Burgoyne to resign his commission and take his young wife to the Continent. Not until he had been nine years in retirement did the Stanleys come around, but when they did they more than made amends. By their influence he was in 1756 returned to active duty — an almost unheard-of step even in those days of irresponsible patronage, considering the length of time since he had left the service. In 1759 he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel to organize a recently authorized regiment of a new arm of the service, light dragoons.

From this point he rose rapidly. With the Earl of Derby at his back any one but a nincompoop could have achieved a career, and Burgoyne was a highly talented man. He made a success of his regiment, handling his enlisted men in a fashion very different from that customary in those flogging days. In his written 'Instructions' to his subordinate officers he insisted that 'English soldiers are to be treated as thinking beings' and forbade swearing at the men. George II (himself a good soldier) repeatedly favored him, and George III on coming to the throne took particular pleasure in reviewing 'Burgoyne's Light Horse.' In 1761 the Stanley influence brought about his election to Parliament. In 1762 his chance for distinction came. The King of Portugal asked his ally Great Britain for troops to help defend his kingdom against the Spanish Bourbons allied with the Bourbons of France under the Family Compact, and Burgoyne and his regiment were sent out.

In Portugal, Burgoyne had the good fortune to serve under a great soldier, the Count of Schaumburg-Lippe. Wilhelm La Lippe, the admired of Gneisenau, and the tutor of Scharnhorst, was the anticipator even to the smallest details of the universal-service national army by which Prussia was to recover from her collapse before Napoleon. He made Burgoyne a temporary brigadier-general and Burgoyne more than justified the promotion. A true cavalryman, his success was due to dash. By a forced march of over fifty miles and a cavalry charge at dawn, he successfully rushed the walled town of Valencia d'Alcantara, the enemy's advanced base; cut to pieces a Spanish regiment and returned with three captured flags, numerous prisoners, and a

handsome money contribution for having spared the place. Soon afterward Colonel Charles Lee, of Burgoyne's command and acting under instructions from him, surprised an important Spanish post and dépôt of stores at Villa Velha. These two strokes delayed the advance of the superior Spanish army until the end of the campaigning season, and the war ended with the general Peace of Paris early in 1763.

The King of Portugal gave him the captured standards and a diamond ring, all England sang his praises, and with the prestige of his Portuguese exploits the Stanleys were able to get him commissioned a full colonel in the English army — a grade then as now almost entirely honorary in that service, in which the effective hierarchy of command is from lieutenant-colonel to brigadier-general. He made a military tour of the Continent, and reported to the Prime Minister Lord Chatham on the armies of Prussia, Austria, and France, correctly estimating the excellent but mechanical Prussian service, and justly remarking that such a system was formidable chiefly because commanded by Frederick and his brother, Prince Henry. He was equally correct in his judgment upon the folly of the French, given their national character, in introducing the Prussian practice of flogging. On the other hand, he says not a word of the French artillery, in which the epoch-making reforms of Gribeauval were already being discussed, and he was taken in by the energetic emptiness of Joseph II of Austria.

In 1772 he was commissioned major-general in the army. From the Peace of Paris until the beginning of the American war, however, his activities were chiefly non-military. He was active in Parliament and, although at first he spoke but rarely, when he did speak he was eloquent. In politics he was a moderate Tory, generally supporting the Government. As such he was important enough for the King in 1768 to appoint him Governor of Fort William — a highly salaried sinecure seldom held by an officer under the rank of general. At the same time he had a mind of his own and voted with the opposition when he felt like it. This surprised and annoyed George III, of whom it is typical that, when Lord North called the royal attention to the fact that Burgoyne had voted in favor of a certain bill which the King strongly desired, the latter promptly replied '. . . had he failed to do

so, I should have felt myself obliged to name a new Governor for Fort William.'

Besides his political activity Burgoyne had talent as an author. He wrote graceful trifles in verse, and comedies so good that one of his later plays, produced anonymously, was taken for the work of Sheridan. Another of his plays went through ten editions, was translated into four foreign languages, and played both in France and Germany. Still another was such a favorite in England that it was occasionally revived, after more than a quarter of a century. Even to-day there are flashes of life in his plays as one reads them and his prefaces to them show real critical ability. In State papers, despatches, and letters, his style is not so good. Even after generous allowance for the formal fashion of the time, they are still high-flown and stilted — Horace Walpole, who did not love him, belabors him with 'Pomposo,' 'Hurlothrumbo,' and other bombastic epithets. Nevertheless, the power to express one's self lucidly and gracefully as he does is certainly a proof of high intelligence.

With the Stanley influence, his own Portuguese glories, his favor at Court, his place in Parliament, and literary talent, Burgoyne was well equipped for success. In addition to all this he had a handsome person and a winning personality hard for either man or woman to resist. It is no wonder, then, that in middle life he was the spoiled darling of good fortune. With all this it is typical of the day that he seems to have thought of himself more as a man of fashion than an author. Guided by a wise instinct, the English aristocracy both ornamented and solidified its economic and political power by making much of the arts and of letters. Political, literary, and artistic society were closely intertwined with the world of mere fashion. With all his varied gifts, there seemed no heights to which Burgoyne, dandy and 'macaroni' as he was, might not climb.

On the other hand, Burgoyne's type of mind was uncongenial to that of his countrymen whose boast has become that of 'muddling through.' Shaw, in a note to 'The Devil's Disciple' — a note, by the way, as full of errors as most of that lively Irishman's uneven work — justly remarks that '. . . his peculiar critical temperament and talent, artistic, satirical, rather histrionic, and his fastidious delicacy of

sentiment, his fine spirit and humanity, were just the qualities to make him disliked by stupid people because of their dread of ironic criticism. Long after his death, Thackeray, who had an intense sense of human character, but was typically stupid in valuing and interpreting it, instinctively sneered at him.... ("Four Georges": "Burgoyne tripping down St. James' St. on his way to beat the Americans, and slinking back to his club crest-fallen after his defeat.") That sneer represents the common English attitude towards the Burgoyne type.'

At the same time, so un-English a character was not entirely free from a defect which enemies of his country have described as the typical national vice. In this dashing cavalryman, with all his enlightenment and his talents, there was not only something of the actor, even of the *poseur*. There was also just a touch of the canting hypocrite. Here again we must not exaggerate. It is only a personal judgment; in part based upon long reading of his despatches and his intimate letters in which a man is most himself. It has something to do with the false glitter of his prose — compare, for instance, the manner of his contemporary Dr. Johnson, even heavier, but unmistakably straightforward and downright. There is also in his will a telltale sentence with which at the end of this book I shall take my leave of him.

Finally there was in Burgoyne's way of life a doubtful spot. It was not in itself the fact that he was a confirmed gambler, for gambling was a passion of the rich throughout all that elegant world that took its tone from Versailles. But about Burgoyne's gambling there seems to have been a suspicion of something shady. The political pamphleteer who hid his true name under that of Junius wrote of him: 'No man is more tender of his reputation. If any man, for example, were to accuse him of taking his hand at a gaming table, and watching with the soberest attention for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at picquet, he would undoubtedly consider it an infamous aspersion upon his character, and resent it like a man of honor. Acquitting him, therefore, of drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from any unworthy practices either in his own house or elsewhere . . .' and so on. It would be easy and entirely unjust to a brave soldier like Burgoyne to stress too

much an insinuation thrown out by an anonymous, and therefore base and cowardly, political opponent. Moreover, even his enemy Horace Walpole, while admitting that he was 'a fortunate gamester,' goes on to say 'Junius was thought unjust, as he was never supposed to do more than play very well.' Nevertheless it remains true that even an anonymous writer throwing mud at a man, if he is as clever as Junius, will throw the kind of mud which he hopes will stick. The least that one can say then is that there were ugly rumors about his extraordinary success at play.

Burgoyne went unwillingly to America. It was not because the war was against his political principles. He was no turncoat. Unlike Howe, and unlike another unfortunate British commander, Cornwallis, he did not have to eat his words. On the contrary, as early as April 19 of '74 — exactly a year before Lexington — while expressing in the House a hope that the colonists could be persuaded and would not need to be coerced — he had called America '. . . our child, which we have already spoilt by too much indulgence.' Again, not long before sailing he reminded the Commons that although ' . . . there is a charm in the very wanderings and dreams of liberty that disarms an Englishman; nevertheless . . . while we remember that we are contending against brothers and fellow subjects, we must also remember that we are contending in this crisis for the fate of the British Empire.'

His hesitation was partly professional. For a soldier there was no fun and no glory to be got out of policing discontented civilians. But chiefly he hated to leave London. When he had been told that it was the King's particular wish that he should go, it is typical of the man that in one breath he consented like a good soldier and in the next he put himself forward as a candidate for the governorship of New York — which province, as he wrote later from Boston, '. . . is lost for want of management. . . .' In this suit, after coming near success, he failed; although the King read with pleasure a copy of his speech in the House and smiled upon him both at his levee and in a private talk.

The three major-generals reached Boston in May, and from that time until he sailed for home in November, Burgoyne, as he had foreseen, found time hanging heavy on his

hands. He composed some letters for Gage, the commander-in-chief. He tried — unsuccessfully — to start an intrigue with his old subordinate in Portugal, Charles Lee, now a major-general in the American army. He wrote a prologue and an epilogue for some private theatricals given by the garrison, poking fun at the prudery of the Bostonians and ending with a little sermon against rebellion in which he made his heroine say (one hopes the burlesque rhyme was intended by its author),

> 'Duty in female breasts should give the law,
> And make e'en love obedient to Papa . . .'

But for the most part he spent his time in writing letters home. It casts a light upon the easy-going military routine of the day, and upon the anomaly of having generals for M.P.'s to find him — Gage's subordinate — writing not through military channels, but over the head of his commander to Lord North, to Germaine, to Thurlow, the Attorney-General, to other ministers, and to the Adjutant-General of the army. His letters again and again point out Gage's shortcomings with a mildness so studied that one wonders whether he meant it to be taken for intentional understatement. They rail at the corruption of the War Department in London, and at the deficiencies of the garrison of Boston — especially the lack of transport. They still fondle his idea of acting as negotiator — he once suggests his being given leave to tour the colonies in the character of individual member of Parliament and 'a friend to human nature.' They correctly judge that the rebellion was already tending toward independence and, as we shall presently see, they propose future plans of campaign. As to the fighting power of the Americans they vary, for in one written shortly after Bunker Hill he says, 'The defence was well conceived and obstinately maintained; the retreat was no flight; it was even covered with bravery and military skill, and proceeded no farther than to the next hill, where a new post was taken, new intrenchments instantly begun. . . .' And again in August to Germaine, '. . . nothing happened . . . that raises them in my opinion one jot above the level of all men expert in the use of firearms; Corsicans, Miquelets, Croats, Tartars,

Mountaineers, and borderers, in almost all countries, have . . . done much more hardy things.'

I pause for a moment to note a phrase of Burgoyne's showing how extraordinary was the toughness in resisting losses expected and obtained from the eighteenth-century professional armies. At Bunker Hill there were from two thousand to twenty-five hundred British engaged. Their losses in killed and wounded were one thousand and fifty-four — over two fifths or over half of the whole, according to one's estimate of their original numbers. Although twice bloodily repulsed, they came on again and captured the position in a third frontal attack. And yet Burgoyne, in the letter in which he praised the American defense, speaks of the British troops engaged as ' . . . ill grounded in the great points of discipline,' and goes on to say, ' . . . it will require some training under such generals as Howe and Clinton before they can be prudently intrusted in many exploits . . .'! True, some of the men in the confusion had unintentionally wounded their own officers, but to a man of to-day (even after 1914–18) the amazing thing is that the third attack could be made at all.

Now that the British generals in Boston were beginning to think not of policing but of war and of war in terms of the whole continent, three points began to stand out: First, for a reconquest of the continent vast armies must be raised. Second, for the starting-point of such a reconquest Boston was neither politically nor geographically suited. Politically, because the American tories were weaker in that city and throughout New England in general than anywhere else in the thirteen colonies — except perhaps in South Carolina. Geographically, because no natural avenue of communication led inland from the capital of Massachusetts. Third, that far greater advantages were offered by the city and province of New York with their magnificent tidal estuary the Hudson.

All three points are made by Burgoyne in the course of a long letter to Lord Rochford, Secretary of State for the Colonies:

'Look, my Lord, upon the country near Boston — it is all fortification. Driven from one hill, you will see the enemy continually retrenched upon the next; and every step we move must be the slow step of a siege.' Thus, even were the

army not 'totally unprovided' with horses and wheeled transport, it would still be useless to advance.

'If the continent is to be subdued by arms, his Majesty's councils will find, I am persuaded, the proper expedients; but I speak confidently as a soldier, because I speak the sentiments of those who know America best, that you can have no probable prospect of bringing the war to a speedy conclusion with any force that Great Britain and Ireland can supply. A large army of such foreign troops as might be hired, to begin their operations up the Hudson river; another army composed partly of old disciplined troops and partly of Canadians, to act from Canada; a large levy of Indians, and a supply of arms for the blacks, to awe the southern provinces, conjointly with detachments of regulars; and a numerous fleet to sweep the whole coast, might possibly do the business in one campaign.'

In so writing, Burgoyne was saying nothing startling or original. The Hudson–Champlain line was familiar ground. Ever since the coming of European civilization had made it possible to raise armies in America, that line had been the chief strategic highway of the continent. Up and down it had gone the tides of war for almost a century. Moreover, there was among the British commanders in America a strong consensus of opinion in favor of using it once more. As early as February 15, 1767, at the beginning of the Stamp Act troubles, Carleton, the Governor of Canada, had written to Gage, recommending '. . . a place of arms' near New York (that is, New York city), 'a citadel at Quebec, and the strengthening of the forts on the main line of communication' (that is, the Hudson–Champlain line) as the best means of holding down a possible revolt. On August 28, 1775, Carleton's civilian colleague Hey, Chief Justice of Canada, had gone so far as to write: 'From this country they are more accessible, I mean the New England people (paradoxical as it may seem) than even from Boston itself.' On June 12, five days before Bunker Hill, Gage had reported that thirty-two thousand men would be required to suppress the rebellion; fifteen thousand at Boston, ten thousand at New York, and seven thousand in Canada. As early as July there is reason to believe that he had reached the point of advocating the evacuation of Boston. Burgoyne's letter quoted above was

written after Bunker Hill and therefore either late in June or early in July. Certainly Howe, writing to his brother on August 28, takes it for granted that '. . . the theatre of the now inevitable war [must be changed] to the Province of New York.' In August, and again in October, writing from Boston to the Colonial Secretary Lord Dartmouth, Clinton suggests an evacuation of that city and 'an immediate removal' to New York and 'Rhodes' Island.

Meanwhile, although in a hesitating manner more like uncertainty than a wise reliance upon the judgment of the commanders on the spot, responsible opinion in England had also been turning toward New York. In a letter, written on August 2 to Gage in Boston, Dartmouth had suggested that New York be occupied in addition to Boston, or even that the whole force be moved to Halifax or Quebec — thus leaving next season's plan of campaign to future determination. On November 9 Gage's successor, Howe (who had on October 9 written to Dartmouth arguing against opening the next campaign from Boston), received a letter, written by the latter on September 5, ordering him '. . . to abandon that town before winter, and to move the army to New York, or to some other place to the southward. . . .'

What is notable about Burgoyne's letter is to find him so early and so completely anticipating every leading idea of the plan of reconquest afterward actually adopted. With reference to Burgoyne's own character the first thing that will strike the reader is that it had not taken much more than a month of the air of Boston to convert to a policy of 'frightfulness' the man who had left England telling the House of Commons that there was '. . . a charm in the very wanderings and dreams of liberty that disarms an Englishman.'

The only one of his suggestions not taken up was the genial idea of an insurrection of the negro slaves. All the others (including the equally genial idea of employing Indians) were built into the foundations of the British plan.

Meanwhile during the summer the American rebels blockading the British in Boston still possessed the initiative, and inasmuch as it was their best game to increase the British difficulties by extending the area of the revolt, they determined upon an invasion of Canada.

In 1775 the British settlers in Canada were a mere hand-

ful. Virtually the entire population was French; in the St. Lawrence Valley after a century and a half the majority is still French to-day. In the previous year Parliament by the Quebec Act had assured to the inhabitants the French civil law, and what was even more important the toleration, almost the establishment, of Roman Catholicism. Even with this concession it was doubtful what the Canadians would do, for if the anti-Romanism of Calvinist New England was notorious, on the other hand, the local representative of Protestantism was the British Governor, and revolt might make Canada either independent or once more a province of Catholic France. Accordingly, it was not unreasonable for the thirteen colonies to hope that Canada might come over bodily, and (as the event proved), while a few of the Canadian leaders took arms for England, most of the people would aid neither side, and some even joined the rebels.

With Canadian feeling as it was, Carleton, the Governor of Canada, was paralyzed for want of troops. The main body of the invaders took Montreal and was joined before Quebec by a smaller force under a Connecticut man named Benedict Arnold whose fiery spirit had inspired his men to the astonishing feat of straining through the Maine wilderness to the headwaters of the Kennebec and thence descending the Chaudière. I anticipate events to say that an attack on the last day of the year was repulsed with loss, but Arnold, although wounded, held his position in front of the town and Montreal remained in American hands.

In the autumn, while the British (although resolved upon the evacuation of Boston) were still held blockaded in that city and while the rebel attack upon Canada was developing, there occurred important changes in the command of the expeditionary force and also in the British Cabinet. In October, Gage was recalled. The personality of this 'mild general' does not, therefore, enter into my narrative; although one of the reasons why he lost his command is too typical of the time to be passed over. His wife was American, and it was whispered that he told her all his plans and that she promptly passed them along to the rebel leaders!

Gage was succeeded by William Howe. Meanwhile Burgoyne had been pressing for leave to return to England and in November he sailed from Boston. Upon his arrival in

London he found as Secretary of State for the Colonies a new figure, Lord George Germaine.

George Sackville, for Germaine was a name he had assumed on inheriting property under a will, was a younger son of one of the greatest families in England, whose head was Duke of Dorset. His father had been intimate with George III's father, who had died Prince of Wales. He himself was energetic and ambitious, had some gift for parliamentary management and passed among his contemporaries for an able man. Having entered the army very young, family influence gave him quick promotion. A colonel before he was thirty, he served creditably and was wounded at the desperate battle of Fontenoy. The Seven Years' War (1756–63) found him a major-general. In 1758, when second in command of a futile and inglorious expedition against the French coast, came the first attack upon his good name — a newspaper squib as follows:

> 'All pale and trembling on the Gallic shore,
> His lordship gave the word and nothing more!
> 'Twixt life and scandal, honor and the grave,
> Back to the ship he ploughed the swelling wave.'

His next difficulty was more serious than lampoons. The following year, while commanding the English contingent in the army of Ferdinand of Brunswick, he was already on bad terms with that commander when at Minden he deliberately disobeyed repeated orders to bring his cavalry into action in order to complete the success of the day. George II deprived him of his rank and dismissed him from the army. He demanded a court-martial and, though he bullied every one during the trial, the court not only convicted him of disobedience, but also (on the evidence of his own staff and friends) left him under grave suspicion of personal cowardice. An English admiral had recently been shot for much less. As it was, the enormous Sackville influence saved Germaine's life, and in his sentence the set form which would have barred him from both civil or military employment under the Crown was changed so as to prohibit only military employment. Even so his disgrace was complete. The sentence of degradation and dismissal was ordered read on parade to every regiment in the service, together with a

moral lecture, and George II struck his name off the list of Privy Councillors. 'Lord George's fall,' Walpole wrote, 'is prodigious; nobody stood higher; nobody has more ambition or more sense.'

Now comes the surprising part of Germaine's story. One would naturally expect a man so disgraced to drop out of sight. Not at all. Masters of the England of the day, the great families seem to have felt that George II had 'gone too far' in his attack upon one of their number. A certain reaction of opinion in his favor began to appear and he himself persisted doggedly in his ambition. He reëstablished his reputation for courage by behaving well in a duel. He was restored to the Privy Council. In Parliament he allied himself to the rising star of Lord North. And now in November of '75, not quite sixty, he found himself Colonial Secretary and the only Cabinet member of military experience.

This fact, together with his own self-confidence and ambition, put in Germaine's hands the conduct of the war. The King who of course had the final voice in all decisions, had never seen service, and, although he kept a close watch even upon petty details, seems (very reasonably) to have felt that his place was to decide rather than to propose. Still less did the Prime Minister, Lord North, put himself forward in planning operations. Such talent as he had was entirely parliamentary and like George III he had never smelled powder.

Following the custom of the times Lord Barrington, the 'Secretary at War,' was not even a member of the Cabinet. Moreover, although a capable administrator of the cumbrous machinery of the War Office, he was out of sympathy with the American policy of the Government of which he formed a part. Accordingly as far as war plans were concerned he was a cipher.

There was no commander-in-chief of the army, therefore Harvey, the Adjutant-General, was the highest military official in the kingdom. In a negative sense his views were sound and he expressed them vigorously. As early as June 30, before the news of Bunker Hill could have reached England, we find him writing to another general, 'taking America as it at present stands, it is impossible to conquer it with our British army. . . . To attempt to conquer it internally by our

land force is as wild an idea as ever controverted common sense.' And again on the same date to Howe: 'Unless a settled plan of operation be agreed upon for next spring, our army will be destroyed by damned driblets. . . . America is an ugly job . . . a damned affair indeed.' Nevertheless he seems to have had little influence with the Cabinet.

Curiously enough, Germaine's predecessor as Minister of the Colonies, Lord Dartmouth, had also been the chief military adviser of the Government.

Germaine's leading trait was pride. Out of the mask of his composed, thin face, his cold eyes looked evenly upon a world to which he never failed to feel himself superior. It was characteristic of him that later when the North Ministry (having lost America) was about to retire and George III offered him a peerage, he carried his point that the reward of his ill success should be at least a viscounty! So in his industrious despatch of business he pompously made a sort of god of routine. In the language of his contemporaries he had '. . . a particular aversion to be put out of his way on any account.' With an abler man such a trait might have been serviceable. It is not unlike Talleyrand's famous advice to his young diplomats not to spoil their affairs by showing zeal! In Germaine it was to cost his country dear. His second trait was his gift for quarrelling — a characteristic running into treachery and meanness of a sort unusual even among politicians. His treatment of his unsuccessful generals was such as to lend color to the gossip that, when a colonel, the officers of his regiment had often found him snooping outside their tents to listen to their talk with one another. As time went on, this meanness of his went far to nullify his entirely proper preference for active commanders. Had he backed his men as loyally as Chatham had done against France, there might have been a different story to tell.

The body of my narrative will bring out clearly enough the limitations of Lord George's mind. Therefore let it here suffice that he was always falling out of one error only to come into another exactly contrary to the first. On the one hand, he never seems to have lost the extraordinary idea that he in London could direct affairs better than the generals on the spot. Accordingly at times he fettered his field com-

manders by limiting their freedom to use their own judgment, even prescribing the minute details of their operations. And on the other hand, we shall find him allowing them to lose sight altogether of the main purpose on which his plans had been based.

Such was the man with whom Burgoyne was now closeted in London.

Under Germaine's leadership, George III and his Cabinet (having proclaimed the American insurgents to be rebels, and having determined to crush them) were under the necessity of increasing the number of their armed forces. Given the mere area of the rebellion, the British troops in America were far too few. I have already said in the last chapter that throughout the entire British Empire, including Ireland, Gibraltar, and Minorca, the standing army numbered less than fifty thousand.

The obvious first step was to recruit more British regulars. Accordingly in August an army increase of eighteen thousand had been voted, and to raise them intensive recruiting, especially in such promising areas as Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, had already been begun. From his electorate of Hanover, the King was sending troops to Gibraltar to relieve the British regiments there for service in America. It is said that in England itself the astonishing marksmanship of an America rifleman captured by Howe and sent home to England as an exhibit, rifle and all, discouraged enlistments. Furthermore, for four centuries, ever since Edward III, the national military tradition had been one of small armies. Let the recruiting officers do what they might, after all possible efforts had been made, no more than thirty-three thousand British regulars could be made available for service in the colonies — a number clearly insufficient for the work in hand, as Burgoyne (and others) had already foreseen.

It was therefore decided not only to recruit in America auxiliaries of every sort — Tories, Canadians, and even Indians — but also to try to hire foreign regular troops in Europe. To this end Catherine the Great of Russia was approached late in the summer. She judged it beneath her dignity to consent, and it is amusing to note that King George complained to North of the tone of her refusal as

'. . . not . . . so genteel . . . as I should have thought might have been expected of her.' On the other hand, the little Protestant princes of northwestern Germany showed themselves ready to do business. For the campaign of '76 the British Government was able to hire from Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Hanau, Brunswick, Anhalt, Anspach, and Waldeck about seventeen thousand men.

For the moment I pass over the morals of hiring foreign troops and still more of enlisting Indians, together with the consequent political disadvantages attaching to their employment.

What I desire to insist upon at this point is the military value of the German contingents. Naturally their endurance especially under misfortune was not equal to that of Englishmen and loyal subjects of King George. Furthermore, we shall see, when we come to consider the army later commanded by Burgoyne, that the Germans were even less adapted to campaigning in the forests of the American frontier than were the British regulars. Nevertheless they were steady troops whose discipline and *esprit de corps*, combined with the professional spirit of their officers, were enough to make them fight bravely on many fields. Moreover, from their mere numbers they were indispensable to the carrying-out of the British plan.

What with the increase in the British regular army, the hard bargains driven by the German princelings, and the lucrative army contracts, the reconquest of America promised to be an expensive business. England was rich. Indeed her enormous financial strength, and in particular its immediate availability for war, distinguished her above all European rivals. Nevertheless, even in the wealthy and unembarrassed England of the time the ministry did not see fit to raise more than three million pounds of increased revenue, but preferred to meet the greater part of the costs by increasing the national debt. By the end of the war that debt had risen by what was then the enormous figure of ninety-four million pounds. It was a great effort.

Having raised the considerable force of fifty thousand regular troops, about one third German and two thirds British, the British Government had next to decide how that force should be used. What then did Germaine's cold

eyes see as he bent over his maps with Burgoyne, Howe's letters before them, and Burgoyne talking fluently?

Germaine's knowledge of American geography has been belittled, chiefly it would seem because he wrongly believed Ticonderoga to be a part of Canada. But that error, heavily though it weighed upon the northern campaign of '77, was in itself entirely natural and excusable. Under the French Ticonderoga had always been Canadian, and there is some reason to believe that even in the early months of '75 the little British garrison of the fortress took its orders from the British Governor in Quebec. Moreover, the competent maps contained in the 'Holster Atlas,' which was issued to all British general and field officers of the expeditionary force, are enough to discourage the idea that the Minister of the Colonies did not have as good a map knowledge of America as the best topographical science of the time could teach him.

In outline the problem was simple. Despite the vast area of the colonies upon the map, what the British Government was really contending for was the control of a coast line. For to the colonies the ports were, as I have already called them, the vertebræ of their social structure. In a military sense the interior was negligible — inhabited only by wild beasts, savages, and tiny handfuls of white settlers. The loosely organized forces of the rebels moved to and fro along the strip of cultivated coast land which linked up the harbors. Nor was the coastal plain itself populated throughout with an equal density. By far the greater part (certainly three quarters, perhaps seven eighths) of the three million colonists lived in a central strip about five hundred miles long from the northern boundary of Massachusetts to the southern boundary of Virginia, a strip nowhere extending more than a hundred and fifty miles westward from the Atlantic, and throughout most of its length ending less than a hundred miles from salt water. It was still so in 1790 when the first federal census was taken.

Of course, in planning the campaign it was neither possible nor necessary to calculate population so minutely. At the same time American conditions in general were well known in England — consider only the scores of officers who had served in the colonies during the Seven Years' War.

Indeed, the particular point of the emptiness of the frontier districts seems to have been if anything overemphasized. Burgoyne's words in his private letter to Germaine of August 20, '77, as to conditions in what was to be Vermont: 'The Hampshire Grants . . . a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and rebellious race of the continent . . .' — these words, I say, show that the rapid push of American population westward was not sufficiently allowed for — a mistake natural to the more static societies of Europe.

With such a theatre of war it was clear enough that the correct strategy for Great Britain was to cut the long, narrow band of rebellion in two. The setting-up of a chain of posts to hold a line which will hinder and limit an enemy's movements or split his territory in two is the natural device to use in quelling revolt or in dealing with irregular opposition over a large area. The vast Roman frontiers were so held. So King John of England confined the wealthy rebels of 1215 and cut them off from their Scotch ally. So the Spaniards acted by means of their '*trochas*' against the Cuban rebels, and so did the British hem in the Boers toward the end of the South African War.

In the present case, if the forces of the Crown could establish a barrier which could be held against the impoverished rebel armies, the severed halves of the revolt could then be dealt with separately and at leisure. For such a barrier Nature had admirably provided in the shape of the Hudson–Champlain line.

Before considering the ill-understood subject of the military significance of such lines or barriers and of the way in which the Government of George III could reasonably hope to use that of the Hudson, it is first necessary to impress upon the reader the intimate connection between geography and war.

Those unacquainted with the action of armies are astonished to find them so much affected by geographical features — often by slight accidents of terrain hardly noticeable to the civilian. They tend to think it mere pedantry. Accordingly, before considering the importance of the Hudson–Champlain line, I will first explain why bodies of armed men are tied to natural avenues of com-

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES
1775
FROM 2 TO 18 PERSONS PER SQ. MILE
OVER 18 PERSONS PER SQ. MILE
(POPULATION APPROXIMATED FROM THE CENSUS OF 1790)
SCALE IN MILES
0 25 50 100
N
QUEBEC
CANADA
MOUNTAINS
BOSTON
To Cork
3000 Miles
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS
WILDERNESS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CHARLESTON
FLORIDA

munication, and find themselves compelled to notice even the slightest of natural obstacles.

In the first place, an army can seldom if ever find its own food in the place where it happens to be. Its mere numbers forbid. It must therefore carry with it supplies of food and these supplies must from time to time be replenished. Furthermore, an army must provide for its men a minimum of shelter usually in the form of tents, blankets, etc. The amount of shelter to be carried will vary with the climate, the degree of culture, and especially the density of population in the theatre of war. In temperate climates and in districts highly civilized and densely populated, it will be less than in others. But it must always be present. Otherwise the physical efficiency of the men will rapidly decline. Besides food and shelter, a modern army intended for serious fighting takes with it considerable supplies of ammunition and usually of artillery. In all forces composed of civilized men there must always be some provision of medical stores for those taken sick or wounded in action. Otherwise the rate of permanent loss from sickness and wounds will rise rapidly and the morale of the entire force will suffer. These necessities compel armies to carry with them a mass of such weight and bulk that it can be transported only in boats or on wheeled vehicles requiring roads.

At the same time armies are always striving for the greatest possible degree of mobility. If of two forces one can arrive swiftly in condition for fighting at the decisive points in the theatre of war, while the other must move more slowly, then the first has over the second exactly the same advantage possessed by a boxer whose action in striking or parrying is quicker than that of his opponent. Accordingly all the great captains and all wise organizers of armies have studied continually to reduce as far as possible (within the limits of efficiency) the bulk and weight of military transport, and in planning a campaign have sought for the lines of least resistance along which such transport shall move.

Besides the necessity for transport there is also that of tactical organization. When an army moves or fights, its commander must know in a general way where its chief subdivisions may be found. From time to time his subordinate commanders must be able to reach him with reports and he

must reach them with orders. This in turn requires definite and strongly marked roads or paths. The truth of such a statement can easily be tested by experiment even upon the smallest scale. Take four bodies of fifty men each and order them to advance on parallel lines, but out of sight of one another and without previously known roads or paths to follow, for, say, half a mile. Even after long practice the tendency of your groups either to huddle together or to stray off and become lost will be almost impossible to control. Think, then, how much more the necessities of distant march or of combat compel reliance upon known, firm, and clearly marked roads.

All told, then, transport and the need for tactical coherence tie armies to roads. And where the roads are bad or even insufficient in number, water transport must be available if the 'friction of the machine' is not to increase so that nothing can be done.

Conversely with the importance of communications is that of obstacles. A small stream, a moderate escarpment, even a muddy ploughed field as at Valmy — all of them difficulties scarcely to be felt by single men or small parties — become serious to numbers of men acting together and against opposition. So important is the smallest obstacle that can at all delay an attacker under the fire of a defender that in 1918, when hastily organizing a defensive position, the first requirement was to throw out even a single strand of barbed wire on the side toward the enemy.

It is this importance of natural avenues for transport, together with its corollary the necessity for avoiding natural obstacles, which since the beginning of time has compelled armies to march along set geographical lines. In northeastern Gaul for two thousand years no considerable force has ever tried to cross the Vosges or even the lower tangle of the Ardennes. All the innumerable invasions have ebbed and flowed over the Belgian plain and through the gaps of Lorraine and Belfort. A less familiar but a very striking example is the valley which leads westward from Hamadan (the ancient Ecbatana of the Medes) to the valley of the Diala, then follows that stream southeastward past the modern town of Khanikin to the middle Tigris and the triangle Bagdad–Ctesiphon–Babylon. Armies moving back and forth

between central Mesopotamia and the Iranian plateau are bound to follow it. Harun-Al-Raschid, the Caliph of the Arabian Nights, has marked it with the name of the town of Harunabad, and it was used a few years ago by that Cossack force which coöperated with the British advancing northwestward from the Persian Gulf. In North America all invaders of Mexico from the east, from Cortez to Winfield Scott in 1847, have moved upon Mexico City by way of Vera Cruz.

So in what is to-day the northeastern United States all military effort has always been and will always be conditioned by the line of the Hudson. Throughout most of its length that so-called river is not a river but a tidal estuary. The tides are faintly felt as far up as Albany, a hundred and fifty miles from the sea. Even to-day a single-track railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie and the new road bridge at Bear Mountain are our only military means of crossing it between Albany and the city of New York. Even to-day, despite our abundance of railroads, it determines the main lines of civilian traffic as well. Along its banks and those of its northern neighbor, Lake Champlain, runs to-day the chief railroad line to Canada. Together with its tributary, the Mohawk, it furnishes the low-grade route to the west which has made New York the largest of American cities, the route followed first by the epoch-making Erie Canal, to-day by the Barge Canal and by one of the greatest of American railroads.

While in the near future it is fortunately improbable that the northeastern United States will again become a theatre of war, nevertheless while man remains man (for we may safely neglect the nonsense of 'uplifters' and 'progressives' about a 'change in human nature') it is probable that sooner or later those States will again see active military operations. If so, then as an avenue of water travel between south and north, as well as an obstacle to land travel east and west, the Hudson will again determine the campaign.

In Revolutionary times the Hudson seems to have had no permanent bridges. Its importance as an avenue of water traffic was then even greater, compared with the land traffic of the day, than now — indeed in all undeveloped countries, which lack an elaborately engineered network of land com-

munication, water traffic is preëminent. So when the Roman roads decayed in the Dark Ages the water traffic available to Paris, upon the navigable Seine, and at its confluence with its lesser tributaries, the Marne and the Oise, helped enormously to make that city the metropolis of northern Gaul. The importance of the Hudson to colonial America has recently been summarized as follows: Pennsylvania, although not so populous as either Massachusetts or Virginia (those two foci of the rebellion), was nevertheless a populous colony possessing in Philadelphia the largest American city, and in Pennsylvania it cost no less than six times as much to transport a given weight of merchandise a hundred miles overland as it would cost to transport the same merchandise an equal distance on the waters of the Hudson. The town of Albany, the nodal point of the Hudson's northward extension by Lake Champlain and its westward extension by the Mohawk, was larger than any other centre of population so far inland. It has been estimated to have had eight hundred houses.

Having thus considered the general point of the enormous influence of geography upon war and the importance of the Hudson both as an avenue of water traffic and as an obstacle to land traffic, I now turn to the military meaning of such lines or barriers together with the use which the British Government — had its effort succeeded — might have made of the Hudson.

The words 'line' and 'barrier' suggest a position continuously held like the works of a fortress or the entrenched western front of 1914–18 — not to be crossed with impunity by small parties of the enemy or even by individuals. Seeing that the total numbers available to George III's Government could not have continuously held even a small part of the Hudson, certain unmilitary historians have concluded that the British could not possibly have made of the river an effective barrier dividing the rebellion. That this conclusion of theirs makes out both the British and American commands to have been unanimously composed of fools has not troubled these wiseacres in the least.

The fact of the matter is best to be explained to the unmilitary reader by the metaphor of a fence. The British were not thinking of making the Hudson 'hog-tight,' but

only of making it 'bull-strong.' To return from metaphor to fact, the passage of the river by individuals and occasional small parties of rebels was to them of no importance. What they were after was to prevent the movement across it of military supplies in considerable quantities and of armed bodies sufficient in numbers to menace the rear of British armies offensively engaged at some distance from the river line. This could be easily done merely by controlling the navigation of the river.

The largest ships of the time, drawing from fourteen to twenty feet, could ascend the Hudson for more than a hundred miles and approach Albany within less than fifty — to be accurate, forty-six — miles. Thus, in the lower two thirds of the river the British navy alone could do most of the work of holding it as a barrier. If in such waters the square-rigged men-of-war of the time might find themselves too cramped for sea room to beat up against possible head winds, on the other hand, they might be supported by row galleys. Against such patrolling for any quantity of rebel supplies or troops to try to cross would be madness. Any large accumulation of small boats for such a purpose would almost certainly be discovered long before it could be used, and with a few boats the crossing would drag on interminably.

The British army could easily hold a few entrenched strong points along the banks of the river and could furnish a flying column prepared to move up and down the river line. Besides Albany and New York, a post to cover the trans-shipment point at the head of seagoing navigation and another in the Highlands to prevent the blocking of that formidable pass by the rebels would have done the job.

The improvised forces of the rebels would then have been compelled to take the offensive against the British regulars at a heavy disadvantage to themselves, or else to permit the forces of the Crown to operate against either of the severed parts of the rebellion without the other part being able to intervene. New England would have been exposed on all sides.

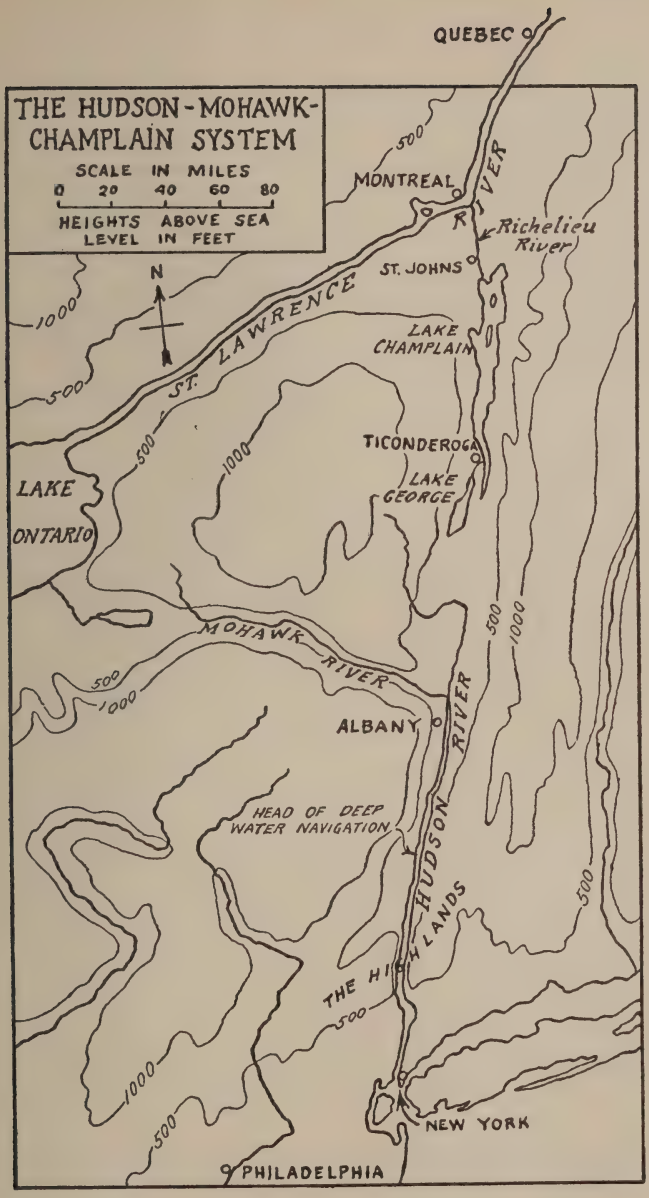
Still another capital point of geography could be urged in favor of the Hudson operation. Behind the Atlantic seaboard and almost parallel to it at a distance of between two and three hundred miles ran the great waterway of the

St. Lawrence. Into the St. Lawrence flowed the Richelieu River, the outlet of Lake Champlain. A force based upon the St. Lawrence could ascend the Richelieu, cross Lake Champlain from north to south (using perhaps the alternative route by way of Lake George for the last stage of its journey), and find itself within less than twenty miles of the Upper Hudson, having enjoyed all along the way the inestimable advantage in undeveloped country of almost unbroken water carriage.

As if the geographical advantages of the Hudson–Champlain line were not enough, that line offered political advantages as well. I have already said that the people of the St. Lawrence Valley were French. Had the difference in language between the French Canadians and the colonists to the south been the only obstacle to amalgamation, it is barely possible that it might have been got over. As matters stood, this difference in language and national origin was dug deeper by the great gulf which separated the devout Roman Catholicism of the Canadians from the Protestantism of the thirteen colonies and especially from the intense Calvinism of New England. While the Canadians cared little for British Government, they felt themselves so apart from the revolted colonies that it would be difficult for the two to act in concert. Therefore, although in the winter of '75–'76 it was known in London that Montreal was in the hands of the rebels, and although it was even wrongly believed that Quebec also had fallen, nevertheless it was judged (correctly as the event was to prove) that the royal troops, aided by the admirable communications of the great river, could easily expel the insecurely based rebel force and recover all Canada for Great Britain.

When this should have been done, it would then become possible, should it be so desired, to use Canada as a base for an advance by way of Lake Champlain upon the Upper Hudson.

Moreover, political conditions on the banks of the Hudson itself were favorable to the British plan. Nowhere in the colonies was toryism stronger. The basis of society was there not English, but Dutch, and to the Hollanders (who still in great part retained their own language after a century of British rule) there had been added a motley collec-


THE HUDSON-MOHAWK-CHAMPLAIN SYSTEM
SCALE IN MILES
0 20 40 60 80
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
N
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
RIVER
Richelieu River
ST. JOHNS
ST. LAWRENCE
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
TICONDEROGA
LAKE GEORGE
LAKE ONTARIO
MOHAWK RIVER
ALBANY
HUDSON RIVER
HEAD OF DEEP WATER NAVIGATION
THE HIGHLANDS
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
500
1000

tion in which English were mingled not only with numbers of Scotch and Scotch-Irish, but with French Huguenots, Swedes, considerable numbers of Germans, and groups of other nationalities as well. Alone of the northern provinces New York was dominated by a landed aristocracy, chiefly of Dutch descent, including more Scotchmen then Englishmen in its British minority. This aristocracy it might reasonably be hoped would be disposed to sympathize with aristocratic England. The cosmopolitan merchants of New York City lacked both the unity and the intense political principle which stiffened the merchants of Boston and the great tobacco planters of Virginia to bear the heavy losses inflicted upon them by the war.

It was true that the argument from local toryism could be used with equal force in favor of a move against Philadelphia which was full not only of Tories but of pacifist Quakers. Moreover, Philadelphia was the centre of a rich agricultural district in which the British armies might expect to find food more easily than throughout the colonies as a whole, and was also the largest American city, and the seat of the Continental Congress — therefore (for whatever that was worth in political prestige) the 'rebel capital.' On the other hand, the occupation of Philadelphia had no strategic meaning. It would lead nowhere.

Meanwhile, just before the end of his tenure of office, Germaine's predecessor Dartmouth in his unwisdom had committed a part of the British forces to a diversion in the South. Upon the advice of an expelled royal governor, it was hoped that the sight of the King's uniform would encourage the Tories of South Carolina to rise and return their province to allegiance. The move was thus purely political; it was eccentric to the vital points in the American theatre, and contrary to military opinion both in England and in the British expeditionary force. General Harvey protested against it. In two letters written from Boston about the turn of the year Howe objected that such a division of the available force might compel him to stand on the defensive throughout 1776.

At the same time these letters of Howe's show that at this stage of the game he was completely convinced of the supreme importance of New York and of the Hudson. He goes so far

as to insist that, even though Canada could probably be recovered, the enemy could be 'more distressed' by seizing the river line.

So matters stood when on November 10 Germaine replaced Dartmouth and shortly afterwards began to take counsel with Burgoyne, newly arrived from America. The plan of reconquest soon took definite shape. No doubt it would have been wiser and more virile to cancel the Southern expedition, but on the other hand Germaine in London must have known far better than Howe in Boston the considerable numbers which would be available for the coming campaign. Moreover, being so newly entered into office, he may well have hesitated to begin by reversing a decision just taken by his predecessor. At all events, the Southern decision was allowed to stand.

There remained the chief point of what was to be done on the Hudson. Was Canada to be let go and all efforts concentrated upon the capture of New York and a northward move from that point, as Howe had urged, or was the valley of the St. Lawrence to be reconquered and used as the base for a move southward across Lake Champlain by a second force which should at some central point make its junction with the northward advance from New York City?

Upon this capital point, and upon the war in general, Burgoyne was asked to submit a detailed memorandum to the Cabinet. This he did under the title of 'Reflections upon the War in America.' He began by pointing out the advisability of supplementing the action of the large men-of-war by numbers of small vessels, and went on to note how quickly the rebels were accustomed to throw up formidable entrenchments — the American was evidently then as now capable of bursts of energy surprising to Europeans. He justly estimated the efficiency (within its limitations) of the American skirmishing tactics and very sensibly recommended that these tactics should be met by increasing the proportion of light infantry in the British forces, for at that time there was but one light infantry company in each British regiment.

On the main question of a single or double advance upon the Hudson, Burgoyne (contrary to Howe) recommended the second, to be prefaced by a reconquest of Canada. He

showed that this last operation would be easy enough in itself. Even were the rebels in possession of Quebec, as was mistakenly believed in England, their hold upon that town would not enable them to bar the river to the British warships and transports. In 1759 a squadron had already pushed up the broad river past Quebec, then in the hands of the French. Against a single advance northward from New York he argued that transport would be difficult and local supplies scarce.

Where evidence is lacking one can always impute motive. It is possible to argue that Burgoyne in advocating a double advance was acting from self-interest, that he hoped to be sent to Canada himself because he thought it would be easier for him to outshine and supplant Carleton (whom Germaine hated) rather than Howe, the King's cousin and court favorite. Certainly he was what the French call an 'arriviste,' and the British 'a man on the make.' Therefore, one might say, being an ambitious man he may have done his best to enlarge the part to be played by the Northern Army. On the other hand, history should never bring in guesswork except when compelled. Moreover, the one scrap of evidence bearing on the matter points in the other direction. As late as February, '77 (when Burgoyne had already spent the campaigning season of '76 in Canada and was again returned to England), King George writes to North that '. . . Germaine will to-morrow propose Clinton for Canada and Burgoyne to join Howe . . .' showing that even at that late day Burgoyne was by no means identified with the Canadian army. Accordingly we may set aside the question of self-interest and consider Burgoyne's plan on its merits.

Since the advance from Canada was, in the event, to end in failure, historians have ever since been tempted to say that such a plan was faulty from the first. This sort of temptation, however, is one of the well-known traps for historical judgment. It cannot too often be repeated that before a man can fairly judge the past he must resolutely strip himself of that which he knows, but which a contemporary could not know, and must consider decisions and events only as the men of the time (ignorant like all men of the future) could themselves consider them. With this in

mind it will at once appear that there was much to be said in favor of Burgoyne's plan.

First, as to what he says of the difficulties of transport for a single concentrated advance from New York City alone; of course if we make his words mean that he could not see the advantages of the vast Hudson, then what he says is merely absurd. On the other hand, the value of that river must have been as clear to him as to every one else. It was the whole basis of every variant of the scheme upon which he had been asked to advise.

Since we are forced to guess, we are probably safe in assuming that what he had in mind was something like this: 'No matter how much use is made of water carriage, some land transport there must be — wagons, horses, not only for them, but for the artillery, etc. If our recent experience in Boston has taught us anything, it is that sufficient horses and wagons will be difficult and probably impossible to procure upon the spot. They are extremely bulky and difficult to bring overseas. It is therefore wise not to try to accumulate too many of them at one point such as New York, especially since a large number of horses and carts can undoubtedly be had in Canada and will therefore be available to an army based upon that Province.'

Such an argument is not entirely conclusive. It seems to underrate the importance of the great river, and perhaps it really does underrate it. But it is certainly not absurd. The scarcity of available land transport may well have been a fact. For instance, it is not entirely irrelevant to our subject that only one of the great families of New York City — the Beekmans — possessed a coach (which was borrowed for the inaugural procession of each new governor), and this they successfully hid under the hay in a barn throughout the entire British occupation! Certainly a town possessed of but a single coach cannot have been a promising place to go looking for scores of wagons suitable for military transport.

As to the second point, the scarcity of local supplies, Burgoyne was undoubtedly right. It was an obvious advantage that a part of the British army should be able to tap whatever surplus foodstuffs might be available in Canada, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that such supplies would be considerable. There was also the possibility of Canadian

recruitment. For nearly a century British soldiers in America had become only too well acquainted with the value of the Canadian in war. If the event was to prove that Burgoyne erred as to the amount of supplies and the number of men Canada would furnish, nevertheless his calculation was in itself an entirely reasonable one.

There was one man in America not consulted whose advice would have been worth taking, not only upon the war in general, but especially on all matters connected with Canada, where Burgoyne had never been. I mean Carleton, the Governor of that province — a remarkable man whose character I shall estimate in due course. He could have told the Colonial Secretary that as far as Canadian recruitment went there was little to hope for. But between him and Germaine there was an old and bitter quarrel.

Still a third point, and one which Burgoyne's 'Reflections' do not seem to have raised, was the difficulty of moving an army across the narrow watershed between the southern end of Lake Champlain and the Upper Hudson. But if this objection was made, it was doubtless replied that armies had been repeatedly moved across this particular terrain. In the Seven Years' War, Abercromby had taken no less than sixteen thousand men, and artillery as well, in his ill-fated attack on Ticonderoga. With a force of eleven thousand, five hundred — also provided with guns — Amherst had successfully attacked the same fortress, and after taking it had penetrated even deeper into the wilderness; ascending the Mohawk, gaining Lake Ontario, and thence descending the St. Lawrence, shooting the rapids of that river with ten thousand men at his back. While it was true that these expeditions had been made with the coöperation of the colonists now in rebellion, still these last were known to be far from unanimous, and furthermore a certain amount of aid, however slight, from the Canadians might now be counted upon.

It could be urged that a joint advance from the north as well as from the south, as Burgoyne proposed, was faulty in that it gave to the American rebels 'interior lines': that is, their interior position between the two British armies would permit them, should they so desire, to draw together in a single strong body which might then attack either of their

separate opponents before the other could come up. Such a concentration might conceivably defeat both British armies in succession.

To this possibility I shall return in connection with Washington's actual decision of August, 1777. For the moment it is enough to show how remote was the chance of the Americans defeating the British in detail. That the rebellion had already produced a semblance of an army was in itself astonishing. That it could also produce a general intelligent and prompt enough to see his opportunity in time to act, and that he should be clothed with authority sufficient to make his decision prevail, was even more improbable. If so extraordinary an *insurrecto* chieftain were found, how could he give to his haphazard following the numbers, mobility, and high degree of organization, which would enable them to cripple either body of British and German veterans? For note that in order to win the game the Americans must not only take the offensive, but must also destroy at once and for a considerable time the striking power of the first of the royal armies they should attack. For them merely to hold their first opponent would be worse than useless, inasmuch as it would expose them to annihilation from the advance of the second British force upon their rear while the first was still intact in their front. In such circumstances a rebel success was out of all reason. In the event, no such use of the American interior position was made, and (even after the enormous joint blunder Howe and Germaine were to commit) it still took a series of chances favorable to the Americans to bring about the surrender of Burgoyne and the Northern Army.

To set against the slight danger of giving the Americans interior lines, there were two political points — one of real importance in connection with an advance overland from Canada. The uncertain allegiance of that province made it desirable that after it should have been reoccupied the rebel forces should then be pushed well to the southward to prevent their return, and this would be accomplished by an advance across the lakes. Moreover, the rebel invaders of Canada, if defeated, would naturally retreat up the Richelieu and across Lake Champlain. Accordingly it would be necessary in pursuing them to get control of that lake.

Nothing less would secure the province against a renewed invasion. Then the flotilla by which that control had been gained would at once be available to assist the southward operations of the army from Canada. The only alternative, that of sending the surplus of the Northern Army around, say, to New York by sea, would have meant the expense of providing shipping, and also — I trespass again upon the patience of the reader in order to remind him that we are here considering a decision taken about the new year of '76 — there would be the heavy loss of time involved not only in marching the troops from the foot of Lake Champlain back to the St. Lawrence, but also in the voyage of at least sixteen hundred miles around to New York.

The second point — of lesser importance, but nevertheless mentioned so often in contemporary accounts on both sides that it cannot altogether be neglected — was that in and around Albany there was a strong Tory group whose aid might be counted upon.

I repeat, then, that Burgoyne's plan for the reconquest of America was sound. In a century and a half no strategic alternative to occupying the line of the Hudson has been proposed because none existed. The one point at all doubtful — the advance southward from Canada — had much sound reasoning in its favor and may fairly be considered justified as well. George III and his Cabinet could have reached no wiser decision.

It was true, as we have seen, that the diversion to South Carolina was an error. It was also true that Germaine, misjudging American conditions, was unduly hopeful as to the military value of his different sorts of American auxiliaries. We have seen that he was wrong about the Canadians. He seems also to have overrated the Indians. And he certainly overrated the American Tories.

This last point is important enough to deserve a word. It should be noted that Burgoyne in his letter to Rochford says nothing of help to be expected from such a source. That flimsy hope which was to end over and over again in disappointment he does not encourage. At the same time we should remember how natural such a hope was. In the first place, the Ministry in London were inevitably subject to the delusion common among candidates for election who

(since those who seek them out and talk with them are almost entirely their own supporters) tend to think themselves more popular than they are and almost always believe that they will be elected. In the same way each former royal governor of a revolted colony was in touch with his local Tories and could hardly help thinking them more important than they really were. In the second place, it was inevitable that Englishmen should exaggerate the importance of the American Tories because in England men naturally thought in terms of the ingrained aristocratic feeling of that island. Seeing in the revolted colonies a considerable number of the rich on the side of the Crown, the English rich fell into the error of believing that those American rich men could carry with them a corresponding proportion of the masses just as they themselves could have done in the England which they knew.

The fact remains that, although the diversion to South Carolina was an error, and so was Germaine's overestimation of his American auxiliaries, nevertheless both were secondary. Far more important were the shortcomings of the commander-in-chief who was to execute the lion's share of the plan.

I have said that in October of '75 Gage had been succeeded by William Howe. The new commander had royal blood in him, although from over the left, for his mother had been a bastard of George I, whose great-grandson, George III, never forgot the relationship. Besides his active and creditable career in the army and his cousinship to the King, a further reason for his selection was the great popularity of his name in America. His eldest brother, Lord George Augustus Howe (killed just before Abercromby's bloody repulse from Ticonderoga in 1758), had been greatly beloved by the colonists. The city of Boston had put up a monument to him. Accordingly it was hoped that by the Americans William Howe would be welcomed and would be only tepidly opposed in arms. Instead the slackness turned out to be more on his side than on theirs. The rebels merely said that 'America was amazed to see the name of Howe on the list of her enemies,' whereas Howe accepted his command in a mood that promised to soften his whole action. He was a member of Parliament (for in England it was then possible to be at the same time an officer on the active list and

an M.P.) and his constituency — Nottingham — was Whig. In his recent election speeches he had opposed the policy of coercing the colonies and had even gone so far as to say that if offered an American command he would refuse it. When he found himself selected, he asked anxiously whether he had any choice in the matter. Only when told that it was the King's express command that he should go did he accept — and then with no heart for the grim business of smashing a rebellion with which he sympathized. He was no turncoat in his principles, and in his own mind his acceptance undoubtedly meant that he hoped to accomplish more toward a reconciliation by going than by resigning, which was his only alternative.

At this point I digress to say that several distinguished officers — Lord Amherst, the former commander-in-chief in America, Lord Effingham, and Admiral Keppel — did resign, and that the elder Pitt took his son out of the army rather than have him serve in such a war.

To return to Howe: he was personally very brave, as he proved once more at Bunker Hill, and at times he showed himself a skillful tactician. On the other hand, he was not only, like most gentlemen of his time, a man of pleasure — Judge Jones, the New York Tory, says he cared for nothing but '. . . the faro table, the play house, the dancing assembly and Mrs. Loring . . .' his handsome American mistress. He was also a lover of his ease. Although his youth had been noted for activity and dash — at thirty he had led Wolfe's forlorn hope up the entrenched cliff path at Quebec and although during the peace he had been among the pioneers in the British service to experiment with agile companies of light infantry — now at forty-six (unlike his light companies) he was grown fat and lazy. With his large measure of sympathy for the original aims of the rebels, it was easy for him to call laziness political principle, and no matter what he did he knew that his favor at Court made it improbable that he would be harshly treated. About the time of his removal from command, the erratic but able scoundrel Charles Lee, who may have known him in America during the Seven Years' War and certainly knew him when a prisoner in New York, thus describes him: 'From my first acquaintance with Mr. Howe I liked him. I thought him friendly, candid, good

natured, brave and rather sensible. . . . He is the most indolent of mortals. . . . I believe he scarcely ever read the letters he signed. . . . You will say that I am drawing my friend Howe in more ridiculous colors than he has yet been represented . . . but this is his real character — he is naturally good humored and complacent, but illiterate and ignorant to the last degree unless as executive soldier, in which capacity he is all fire and activity, brave and cool as Julius Cæsar — his understanding is, as I have observed before rather good than otherwise but was totally confounded and stupify'd by the immensity of the task imposed upon him — he shut his eyes, fought his battles, drank his bottle, had his little whore, advis'd with his counsellors, received his orders from North and Germaine, one more absurd than the other, . . . shut his eyes, fought again, and is now I suppose to be called to account for acting according to instructions. . . .'

Furthermore, underneath Howe's usual amiability and underneath his contemptuous indifference toward personal opposition, there seems to have run a streak of jealousy. The evidence for it is mostly rumor, but there are words of his own in which he has perhaps revealed enough of himself to give to rumor something of substance.

Nevertheless, in the early months of '76, before the opening of the campaign of reconquest, England seemed certain of success. An impartial onlooker, knowing the facts of the British effort and acquainted with the British plan, would certainly have said that, even in going so far as to extend secret aid to the insurgents, the French were playing a dangerous game. The great British army, operating against the wisely chosen objective of the Hudson, must surely cut through the improvised rebel forces like steel through butter. Then, the rebellion being cut in two, the British Government might consider, securely and at leisure, its next move.

CHAPTER III

THE DECISIVE BLOW PREPARED AND SPOILED

Having in the last chapter discussed the British plan of reconquest, I shall now tell, very briefly, how in the course of '76, the first stages but only the first stages of the plan were completed. In a word, Carleton reoccupied Canada, but was able to get control of Lake Champlain only so late in the autumn that he judged it best to return to winter quarters without attacking Ticonderoga, while Howe took the harbor town of New York and several times beat Washington, but (believing the rebellion to be on its last legs) failed to go on with the original scheme and preferred to operate southwestward through New Jersey toward Philadelphia. I shall then show how at the outset of '77 a decisive blow at the Hudson was prepared and how that blow (which promised almost certain success) was marred by Howe's abandonment of the North River for the sake of attacking Philadelphia.

Before the campaign opened, Vergennes had taken a step forward. Whereas his 'Reflections' of the end of '75 had been shown to his King and to Maurepas alone, he now, at the beginning of March, '76, worked up their substance in another paper intended not only for the King and the Premier, but also for the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and (most important of all) the Controller-General or — as an American would say — the Secretary of the Treasury. This paper, entitled 'Considerations,' rigorously excludes the patriotic tone of the 'Reflections.' Obviously designed for moderate men, it is a matter-of-fact study of the opportunity offered France and Spain by the American revolt. It attempts to show that no line of conduct open to the two Crowns will guarantee them against war with England, no matter what the outcome of the conflict in America, and especially that too peaceable a course may tempt the English to attack. It concludes that, since the colonies have not as yet declared themselves independent, it is better for France and Spain to gain time. Meanwhile, however, the

two Crowns are to encourage the insurgents by means of secret aid and promises of future alliance, and are to build up their respective fleets.

To this, the Secretaries of War and of the Navy returned favorable answers, moderately worded, indeed, but both of them as brief and military as a drill command or a pistol shot. Even Turgot, the Controller, amid his long and pompous objections based upon the financial shortage and the need for social reform, admitted that the fiscal situation was not so desperate but that the money for at least a brief war might be found.

Accordingly the thesis of the 'Considerations' prevailed. Henceforward France, and in her turn Spain as well, would actively build up their navies, would secretly aid the colonists while continuing to talk peace to the English, and would watch for an opportunity to strike. The decision left Vergennes free to work at disentangling Spain from her lesser quarrels with Portugal and the Barbary States; it was necessary that there should be no such trivial distractions when at last the great moment came to face England.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic the rebels could do but little to parry the great stroke which they knew was preparing against them. The nucleus of a permanent regular force was raised, but the political and financial obstacles to its increase could not be got over. The political difficulty was that to most Americans it seemed unreasonable to begin a revolt against tyranny — of which the most detested tool was a standing army — and then to raise a standing army of their own. Nothing is easier to-day than to criticize this state of mind and to dwell upon the infinite defects of the short-service militia which it fostered. The fact is that the state of mind existed and had to be taken into account. The Continental Congress could not act with the vigor and authority of a settled government. It was nothing but an advisory body existing by consent of the separate colonies. Its members, and in general the rebel leaders, were not like architects and engineers planning in leisure and security. They were more like a motley group of men, swept together almost by chance, whose business was to tack up in frantic haste and out of whatever material could be found any sort of ramshackle building that would stand the weather, work-

ing all the time under a storm already severe which promised soon to be a hurricane. For them to add to their drastic suppression of active toryism any further measures which could be made to look generally oppressive might so discourage the patriots and alienate the great majority of neutrals as to bring down the whole flimsy structure of the rebellion. If there was an element of weakness in their decision there was also the best of knowledge of the political realities about them. Furthermore, there was the financial difficulty. The Congress had no power to tax.

Nevertheless the momentum of the rebellion, together with the ability of its leaders and especially of Washington, was enough to bring the British police operation at Boston to an ignominious close. In the American camp it was well known that the British meant to go. In a letter written during the winter we find Washington's adjutant-general, Gates, saying, 'The folly of attacking the head of the snake Howe now sees and wants only a plausible opportunity to change his ground.' The metaphor is not flattering to the writer's fellow rebels, but the thought is clear. However, hampered as he was by the want of shipping to transport not only the local Tories but also a mass of merchandise, the property of English merchants, which it was desired to save, Howe did not exercise the authority granted him to quit the place, but lingered on through the winter of '75–'76 until compelled by Washington to get away.

A single detail of the operation which forced him to evacuate deserves a place here, for it was a foretaste of what was to happen again, and with tremendous effect, in the autumn of '77. I mean the power of the American forces largely to increase their numbers over a strictly limited period of time. Toward the end of February, as Howe in his leisurely way was collecting his transports, Washington applied to have all the near-by militia sent into his camp for a short term of service. Then, while what may be called his striking force occupied Dorchester Heights southwest of the town and there mounted guns which could play upon the ship channel, the American troops in Cambridge (including the newly come militiamen) were assembled and held ready to cross the Charles River in boats and attack the north shore of the peninsula on which Boston stood. Howe judged his numbers

insufficient to attack Dorchester Heights and at the same time to hold a defensive front of a mile and a half against the American militia to the northward. After a few days' hesitation he gave the order to evacuate. Before the American numbers temporarily present in line he had little choice. At the last moment, in the confusion of departure, he even found himself obliged to burn a part of his stores and spike some of his guns.

Now came a pause, for from Boston Howe moved not on New York as might have been expected, but northward to Halifax.

When this news reached Versailles, Vergennes smiled. He could not have known the long-standing British decision to go, and he therefore overestimated the change which the evacuation would make in their plan. At the same time he fully appreciated the moral effect of such a check, and the delay which so distant a retreat must impose upon the summer's campaign.

It was true that Halifax was the only harbor north of Florida still in British hands and that some resistance might have been made to a landing at or near New York. But on the other hand, Howe had nine thousand men, probably enough with the help of the fleet to have taken and held the town and certainly enough to have held Staten Island or a foothold in Long Island from which the campaign could have been begun without loss of time. Moreover, some local supplies could probably have been obtained, the provision ships of the army could have followed him to New York as easily as to Halifax, and finally Nova Scotia had already been stripped of its small amount of available provisions to feed the British troops in Boston the winter before. Accordingly, having left Boston about the middle of March and sailed away six hundred miles northward from the theatre of operations, Howe was compelled by want of provisions to remain there throughout April, May, and into June — often at his wits' end to feed his army from day to day. It was therefore on the St. Lawrence that the reconquest was begun.

In Canada everything was dominated by the personality of Guy Carleton. Since it is to this Irish gentleman — he was of an old family in the County Down — that England owes the retention of all that the Revolution left of her

empire in North America, it is strange that his name is not greater in her history. He was an extraordinary man. A soldier of long and honorable service, it is by his statesmanship in Canada that he most deserves remembrance. Although an Irish Protestant, and therefore belonging to a body more bitter against Rome than any in the world, he had the wisdom to see that Canada could be governed only by complete toleration. From an England in which there was no cry more popular than 'No Popery,' his influence obtained for the devout Canadians the Quebec Act, which assured them not only the French civil law, but also the virtual establishment of their religion. The standing orders of the British army when serving in Roman Catholic countries to stand at attention and uncover to the Host when it passed on the street were rigorously enforced. The indulgence of Carleton in hearing and granting the petitions of individual Canadians was so great that the British officers there complained of the insolence of the poorer Canadians, who whenever the smallest disagreement arose at once raised the cry, 'I'll go and tell General Carleton.'

When the rebellion first broke out, Carleton found that he had overestimated the degree of actual military assistance which his own great popularity among the Canadians could obtain from them. For this miscalculation, however, he more than atoned by his extraordinary exertions in the successful defense of Quebec. Indeed had it not been for his policy and personality the Canadians might very well have gone over to the rebels in a body.

When his reënforcements of regulars began to arrive in the spring of '76, Sir Guy (for the King had knighted him for his defense of Quebec) had an easy game to play. The Americans at once raised the siege of Quebec.

When the relief of Quebec was reported to Vergennes as a great triumph, he drily remarked that France ought to fear the English far less now that they had achieved a base of operations on the North American continent. Should they lose all foothold on the mainland they would be far more likely, in their shame and despair, to try to recoup themselves by the easy conquest of the rich Caribbean sugar islands of France or the West Indian colonies of Spain.

As the Canadian campaign developed, it began to appear

that Carleton was by no means a commander after Germaine's own heart. In dealing with the insecurely based rebel invaders his two leading ideas were: first, extreme caution in the actual military operations; second, a persistent effort to kill the rebellion by kindness to prisoners. Of this last policy I shall in its place give but a single instance. Probably it was connected in his mind with an unwillingness to annihilate the American forces. Perhaps to this end he forbade Burgoyne, who commanded one of the two columns into which the British army in Canada had been divided, to attack the retreating invaders until he should have been supported by the other column. Without this restraint it was thought that Burgoyne might have cut off and wiped out the miserable remnant of the invasion. As it was, this remnant, disorganized and rotten with smallpox, was just able to escape — the fiery Arnold, with a gesture characteristic of him, being the last to quit Canadian soil.

Having thus easily cleared Canada, Carleton now found himself checked by the American flotilla which controlled Lake Champlain. Without the command of the lake he could not advance. Indeed, even had not an American returned from Canada, a few resolute men on the little American armed ships would have been enough to compel delay.

The summer was therefore spent in the hastiest possible construction of a fleet. For this purpose Carleton was lucky enough to have at hand a British naval officer, Lieutenant Shank, of extraordinary cleverness and energy. In the summer of '74 Shank had invented the centreboard boat. He now made such astonishing speed that one of his chief vessels, on which only sixteen shipwrights had worked, was in action on the lake within twenty-eight days after her keel was laid! Even with such miracles of speed, it was not until October that Carleton was able to attack the American flotilla and not until November that, after defeating it and destroying most of its vessels, he was able to reach Crown Point with his army. He was now within fifteen miles of Ticonderoga, but on finding the strong works of that place garrisoned by no less than twelve or thirteen thousand men he withdrew his army, recrossed Lake Champlain, and went into winter quarters in Canada.

Already in August, Carleton's enemy, Germaine, had per-

suaded the King to order him back to Quebec, directing him to detach Burgoyne, or any other officer whom he might choose, in order to operate southward from the lakes and join hands with Howe. But this letter never reached Canada that season, for the ship which carried it (although she three times entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence) was not able to make Quebec and returned to England without landing her despatches.

Carleton's decision to retire without attacking Ticonderoga deserves examination. It is said that the eager Burgoyne favored an assault or at least a strong feint to test the strength of the Americans. Certainly Phillips, the no less eager commander of the artillery, wrote to Burgoyne complaining bitterly of Carleton's 'sloth' and saying,' . . . there is neither reconnoitring post or scout sent forward, but as the whim of a drunken indian prevails. . . . We terminate the campaign ill.' On the other hand, we have already seen that the Americans had no less than twelve or thirteen thousand men in the fortress, whereas Carleton, although his troops were of better quality, had a lesser number of regulars. Even Phillips, in the letter quoted above, goes on to confess that he ' . . . never was of opinion to attack the entrenchments seriously,' but only of demonstrating against the American land communications in the hope of frightening them out of their strong position. Moreover, it would have been a serious thing to have been caught by an early cold snap so far from shelter. The Northern winter might have wiped out Carleton's unacclimated force as the Russian winter of 1812 wiped out Napoleon's Grand Army. Neither Burgoyne nor Phillips had ever been through a Canadian winter as Carleton had.

During the summer Carleton had gone on with his policy of kindness, not to say indulgence, to prisoners. After his victory on Lake Champlain he ordered the wounded Americans cared for as were his own troops. Then he collected his unwounded prisoners on board his flagship and stood them all a drink of grog. After which he made them a friendly little speech, praising their bravery and regretting only that it had not been shown in the service of their lawful sovereign, and offered to send them all home should they give their word not to serve again until exchanged. General Water-

bury, of Connecticut, he took down into his own cabin, and when he found that officer was acting under a commission signed, not by the Revolutionary Congress, but by the lawful Governor (Trumbull) of Connecticut, he shook Waterbury by the hand and said that that which was a crime in Trumbull was but an error in Waterbury whose duty lay to his legitimate superior.

Upon the American temperament this kind of thing had a great success — so much so that, when these prisoners reached Ticonderoga in the boats which Carleton furnished them, they sang his praises so heartily that the American command did not dare let them come ashore for fear that the rank and file of the garrison, when they heard the story, would refuse to go on fighting such a friendly opponent. Indeed, one highly intelligent man on the side of the United States gave it as his opinion that, had the other royal commanders imitated Carleton, the success of the American cause would have been very doubtful.

Phillips had written to Burgoyne, 'I do really believe that Howe's army will take the post of Crown Point when we leave it.' In this he was mistaken. Far from being near Crown Point, Howe had never reached Peekskill. He had not even passed the Croton River. To his operations — skillful enough tactically, but inexcusably slow — I now turn.

Sailing from Halifax June 11, Howe reached New York Harbor on the 29th and landed on Staten Island, still hoping to end the rebellion by negotiation rather than by arms. The slenderness of this hope was shown by a political decision of the greatest importance taken by the Continental Congress on the day after his landing — I mean the Declaration of Independence. Staten Island had been occupied by Howe's original nine thousand men from Boston. But throughout the month of July, the transports carrying the British and German reënforcements kept coming in, and by the first of August Clinton returned, after being repulsed from Charleston, South Carolina, bringing up Howe's numbers to about twenty-five thousand rank and file — a total with non-commissioned officers and officers of nearly thirty thousand. Most of August, however, had gone by before Howe moved.

The Americans had been so sure that New York would be the next point attacked that they had begun entrenching there even before the fall of Boston, and the main American army under Washington — some eighteen thousand rank and file — was now in and around the town. The position, however, was a very rat-trap for the defense. Politically Washington was compelled to fight for what was already the third city in America. In the face of the British fleet, American troops on Long Island were in danger of being cut off. And yet to leave Brooklyn Heights unoccupied was to leave open a point whence British cannon could command the city. The dilemma was perfect and Washington could get no right solution. He ended by occupying the Heights and thereby gave Howe an opportunity of crushing the American cause at a single blow.

Howe on his side had come to the correct tactical decision of trusting to flank movements. Bunker Hill had convinced him of the unwisdom of frontal attacks upon entrenchments manned by American marksmen. This lesson once learned, with his present superiority not only in quality but now in numbers as well, there was nothing to stop him except his own inactivity. The Americans on Long Island were badly thrashed, and only a night of fog which concealed their movements, together with an easterly wind which kept the British frigates out of the East River, permitted their retreat to Manhattan Island. Thereafter through September, October, and the first half of November the same situation was repeated over and over again, first on Manhattan Island, then northward up the peninsula between Long Island Sound and the Hudson. Fort Washington, on the heights which form the northwest part of Manhattan Island, was stormed and its garrison of two thousand men annihilated. The garrison of Fort Lee, opposite Fort Washington on the New Jersey shore, escaped a like fate only by hasty retreat westward across the Hackensack. Thereupon Washington, who had withdrawn northward behind the Croton, slipped across the Hudson despite the British frigates in that river and joined the troops from Fort Lee in a retreat southwestward across New Jersey.

It was now late in November, but even so the leisurely Howe had the game completely in his hands. With twenty

thousand men he could easily have taken the Highlands of the Hudson, defended as they were by half that number of Americans. Instead he decided, or rather allowed his advance-guard commander, the energetic political turncoat, Cornwallis, to decide for him, that it would be better to pursue Washington. Time after time his slowness had permitted the latter to save the fast-dwindling rebel army, which was now again allowed to escape. However, when Washington finally crossed the Delaware, it was with but three thousand men at his back. The fire which the rebellion had lit was almost put out.

Meanwhile, far away amid the pomp and the amazing etiquette of gorgeous Versailles, the news of the defeat of Washington's uncouth army had struck Vergennes a terrific blow. Throughout the spring and summer the French Foreign Secretary had made great progress. From the beginning of May Louis XVI had been secretly aiding the Americans with money. Since the end of June an agent of the Congress, Silas Deane, had arrived in Paris. Vergennes had seen him and had heard from his lips that the colonies would soon declare their independence from Great Britain. Meanwhile there had arisen in France a clamor for war. Men began to say that at such a time a man like the active and brilliant Choiseul should be Premier, and Maurepas was blamed, not altogether justly, as a pacifist. Soon after the middle of August Deane's forecast had been borne out by the news of the Declaration of Independence. For the moment the political philosophy of the document (which within a little over a decade was to sprout such a crop of dragons' teeth for the Kings of Europe) roused no echo in French official opinion. Nevertheless, its immediate importance in that it showed the Americans unterrified by the great effort of England to subdue them; this, I say, was appreciated to the full.

Vergennes judged that the time was ripe. Through the last days of August, just as (by an irony of fate) the Hessians and the redcoats of Howe were landing on Long Island and victoriously sweating forward toward Brooklyn, the French Foreign Secretary was writing out a new memorandum for the King. As usual, he wrote it in his own hand, but this time in a handwriting clearer and more firm than was his

custom — the handwriting of a man now completely at home in his subject and therefore moving with ease from one point to another. He proposed war.

After running over once more the injuries received by France from England, he trotted out again the spectre of another English attack. As usual, he professed to find the chances of this increased by the turn events were taking in America. He went on to show that England's old resource of buying up allies to start a war on the Continent against France was now ruled out. Russia was too far off to attack France with effect. Austria was France's ally, and was, moreover, so balanced against Frederick the Great of Prussia that neither of them was likely to move. Another old enemy, the Republic of Holland, was now in decay, and was besides the rival of England for maritime trade. At the same time Vergennes said that the moment was critical and that a prompt decision must be made, for delay might be dangerous.

Louis XVI took up this document in Council on the last day of August. Turgot was no longer at the Treasury and not an opposing voice was raised. Aranda, the Spanish Ambassador to France, always full of fight, was delighted. His country had just refused point-blank a request made by the British Ambassador that she should follow the example of Portugal and close her ports to American ships. At the same time, in spite of the anger roused by Portuguese attacks upon Spanish territory in South America, Spain had allowed herself to be persuaded against attacking Portugal in Europe, since this might bring on a general European war to the detriment of France. On receipt of the French memorandum of August 31, Madrid replied, still with a little hesitation, but nevertheless indicating strongly her willingness to challenge England in arms. Vergennes saw the reward of all his patience and patriotism about to fall into his hand.

He was soon undeceived. Although at the end of September rumors had been flying about Nantes that Howe had been defeated with loss, about the middle of October the true news came. Not Howe but Washington was beaten, and the fall of New York was expected hour by hour.

The Court was at Versailles when the blow fell, but was preparing to go down to Fontainebleau for the hunting. At

that place, with the great forest trees all around, Vergennes set down for the King the necessity of calling a halt. He slipped it in unobtrusively as a side remark in a letter discussing the answer to be made to Spain's reply to the warlike paper of August 31. Moreover, he minimized the news, saying (as he had said when he learned of the relief of Quebec), that France ought to fear the English more when wandering upon the seas than when they were deeply enmeshed upon the North American continent. They were now, he said, sure to exhaust themselves. Also the active preparation of the French and Spanish fleets should continue. Nevertheless he marked a halt, and he was right. There was no longer any hurry.

Meanwhile the low ebb of the American cause, together with the hope of crushing Washington as that commander retreated southwestward across New Jersey, had driven from Howe's mind his original objective, the Hudson. Indeed, if we regard the matter as history should always be regarded — that is, by putting from us our knowledge of what followed and by looking at events as a contemporary would have seen them — we shall, I think, conclude that the British commander was right. It is a military axiom that a good chance of annihilating the enemy's main army should be preferred to geographical considerations.

Now in mid-December came a pause. Howe may have simply decided to go into winter quarters. To keep the field throughout the winter months was clean contrary to the leisurely spirit of eighteenth-century war. In locating his cantonments he first planned to extend them no farther than Brunswick. However, the New Jersey men, seeing the royal cause winning, began to come in to swear allegiance. To protect them from the rebels it seemed desirable to extend the front. Furthermore, looking southwestward across the Delaware, Howe was already seduced by his nearness to Philadelphia (the largest American city and the 'rebel capital'). He seems even to have had some intention of advancing upon it in the dead of winter as soon as the Delaware should be frozen. Probably he himself did not know what he would do. As Christmas approached, it was excusable to believe that the rebellion might collapse altogether. If this were true, then strategical considerations

would cease to have meaning, and consequently there would be an end to the paramount importance of the Hudson. Whatever he thought and whatever he intended, Howe had certainly forgotten the North River, and in occupying New Jersey he certainly committed the error of overextension. His left he pushed as far as Trenton.

Meanwhile Clinton and six thousand men went off to take and hold the island of Rhode Island as a base for an advance upon Boston the next spring. And the misfortunes of the Americans were completed by the capture of Major-General Charles Lee, who had imprudently separated himself from his troops.

At the same time there had already begun between Germaine and Howe a complicated exchange of letters through which I must drag the reader notwithstanding the difficulty of following the complicated thread of active overseas correspondence a century and a half ago. For out of that correspondence came the blunder which jeopardized the British campaign of '77, and with the loss of that campaign determined ultimately the loss of the war and the independence of the United States.

For the sake of clearness I anticipate by saying that the blunder consisted, first, in Howe's gradually chopping around, between October, '76, and April, '77, from his original plan of moving up the Hudson to that of attacking Philadelphia; and, second, in Germaine's permitting this change of plan while at the same time he sent Burgoyne southward from Canada, binding that officer (with his smaller force) by strict orders to go through with his part of the original scheme which Howe (with the main British army) had now abandoned.

Those unfamiliar with the depths to which a bad command can sink will think such a thing hardly possible. To the manner in which it actually occurred I now turn.

On October 9, while still on Manhattan Island, Howe had written to Germaine reiterating his original idea of beginning the next campaign by '. . . opening a communication with Canada in the first instance,' that is, by seizing the Hudson. Later in the same letter he had twice referred to this move as his 'primary object.' The Hudson once occupied, there was to be an attack upon the 'heart of the rebellion' in New England.

On November 30, when the American cause had ebbed still lower with the fall of Fort Washington and the retreat of the American remnant across New Jersey, Howe wrote a second letter in which he proposed a division of forces. From Halifax he had happily and fervently expressed his 'utter amazement' at the number of troops raised by Germaine for the campaign of '76. He now seems to have satisfied himself that the Minister's powers of recruitment were unlimited. He therefore asked for a reënforcement of no less than fifteen thousand (which he calculated would raise his effective numbers to thirty-five thousand rank and file even after the losses of the campaign); he still suggested an advance up the Hudson by ten thousand, leaving five thousand in and around Manhattan, but added to it a move from Rhode Island against Boston by another ten thousand, leaving two thousand in garrison at the Rhode Island base. Meanwhile eight thousand men were to cover New Jersey and check Washington, and (here the name of the fatal city first creeps timidly into his despatches) these eight thousand were 'to give a jealousy' — that is, to threaten rather than to attack Philadelphia. Although these numbers were not furnished, nevertheless, for the convenience of the reader in following the working of Howe's mind, I add a table:

To attack Albany from New York	10,000	
To hold New York	5,000	
Total on the Hudson	15,000	
To attack Boston from Rhode Island	10,000	
To hold Rhode Island	2,000	
Total in New England	12,000	
Total on Hudson and New England		27,000
To cover New Jersey and threaten Philadelphia		8,000
Grand total		35,000

The numbers assigned (on paper) to Howe's southwestern front are still less than a fourth — to be accurate 22.8 per cent — of those for which he asks. Nearly a half — just under 43 per cent — are still assigned to New York City and the Hudson. On the face of this letter of November 30, it might be said that the Hudson still remained first in his thoughts. If so, he did not remain long of this mind.

The fact is that, in the intervals of his devotion to '... the faro table, the play house, the dancing assembly,

and Mrs. Loring' (to all of which amusements he had doubtless returned with a zest sharpened by the comparative asceticism of several months' active campaigning), Howe's intentions were swinging around more and more toward Philadelphia as a boat at anchor swings lazily to a changing tide.

Given the situation and the arguments with which he later sought to justify his new decision, it is easy to reconstruct the images which floated through his mind. Since November 30, Washington and his handful had retreated behind the Delaware, Lee had been captured, Rhode Island taken without resistance, and in general the rebellion had reached its lowest ebb. That after so many reverses the American yokels might rally was out of all reason. Beat Washington and all would be over. And where could Washington be more surely brought to battle than in defense of Philadelphia? Moreover, it had by this time occurred either to Howe or to his advisers that even Germaine's powers of recruitment might have a limit, and therefore that the numbers necessary for executing the ambitious scheme outlined on November 30 might not be forthcoming.

Accordingly on December 20, Howe wrote a third letter. In this he suggested that, if the numbers available for '77 should not equal those for which he had asked, he might stand on the defensive both on Rhode Island and around New York City, where he proposed keeping only three thousand effective rank and file, and make no offensive move other than to use ten thousand men in attacking Philadelphia. A better brain would have remembered that New York was important chiefly as the gateway to the Hudson and that Rhode Island had been occupied expressly as a jumping-off place from which to attack Boston. But Howe's mind was incapable of thinking things through. The limitations of Philadelphia as an objective have already been discussed. Let it here suffice, that to expect a decision by attacking that city was justified only on the assumption that the rebellion was at its last gasp.

That this was the case was soon disproved by events. Before Howe's letter of November 30 reached England, and while that of December 20 was beginning its voyage across the Atlantic, Washington moved. Howe's detachment at

Trenton was composed of Germans. That they should have been selected, instead of British troops, for so exposed a post was due to the military etiquette of the time — in the regular order of precedence they had a right to the left of the line of which it would have been an insult to have deprived them. On Christmas Eve Washington brought his ragged handful across the Delaware, surprised Trenton at dawn, and wiped out its garrison. He then avoided the British counter-stroke, fell upon a British detachment at Princeton, almost annihilated it as well, and entrenched himself at Morristown. Howe thereupon abandoned almost all of New Jersey, holding only Amboy and Brunswick and allowing Washington to hold the general line, Peekskill–Morristown–Newark, unmolested throughout the rest of the winter. By all of which the Americans were so encouraged that five thousand militia appeared out of nowhere, as it were, and demonstrated against the British post at Kingsbridge on the northeast corner of Manhattan Island. Washington's bold and successful stroke was enough to tide the American cause over the winter.

Incidentally, it was also enough to knock the bottom out of Howe's new plan of operations. Since the rebellion was still showing signs of life, the thing to do would have been to return to the Hudson, for I repeat that only by holding the line of that river could the country be systematically reduced. But, as we shall see, Howe learned no wisdom.

But if Howe had forgotten the Hudson, Vergennes had not. I have said that even after Long Island, the armament of the French and Spanish fleets was still being pushed. Also the policy of secret aid was not only continued; it was intensified. Deane was seeing the subordinates of the French Foreign Office daily; indeed, the agent of the Congress was actually embarrassed by the number of soldiers of fortune desiring to volunteer. Vergennes' active and talented agent Beaumarchais (at the head of the fictitious house of Rodrigo Hortalez and Company) was quietly receiving official funds, together with huge supplies of war material from the French arsenals, and shipping them across the Atlantic. Reports of the firmness of the Americans and the difficulty of supplying the British armies were being transmitted, not only to Madrid, but also to Versailles by the Spanish Ambassador

in London, the experienced Prince de Masserano. On November 14, '76, already identifying Burgoyne with the army from Canada, Vergennes was writing: 'The success would be most complete if General Burgoyne was to succeed in passing the Lakes before the end of the season and in making himself master of Albany and the course of the Hudson.' And on December 2, Beaumarchais wrote to him in glee, 'After all Carleton's successes, here he is back at Quebec. A fine campaign indeed!'

Meanwhile Burgoyne had for the second time returned to England, where he landed before December 13. On January 1, '77, before the news from Trenton had come in, he went off to Bath to drink the waters and entertain himself in the fashionable society of that resort. At this time he may have shared in the disfavor with which Carleton's caution and failure to attack Ticonderoga were looked upon by Germaine, for although he, Burgoyne, had himself been for showing more dash, nevertheless he took it upon himself to defend Carleton's conduct. That he secretly intrigued against Carleton it is not necessary to suppose, for in Germaine's letter of August, '76, which had never reached Canada, he himself had already been suggested to command the expedition to the southward. However, he was certainly at no time out of favor with the King, for as early as December 13, when he had just landed, George III is found writing to North, 'Burgoyne may command the corps to be sent from Canada to Albany.' Early in January the London 'Chronicle' announced, 'Yesterday morning his Majesty took an outing on horseback in Hyde Park upwards of an hour, attended by General Burgoyne.' To the King and to Germaine he made no secret of his zeal and his desire to be actively employed, and that seems to have been all. To Germaine, raging against Carleton and unsuccessfully urging the King to recall him altogether, Burgoyne was just the instrument he desired.

On January 14, still before the news from Trenton had come, Germaine sat down to answer Howe's letter of November 30, which had been for a fortnight on his table. As Howe had foreseen, the Minister denied him the fifteen thousand reënforcements for which he had asked, proposing to send only seventy-eight hundred. The weak side of Ger-

maine's character came out strongly in the manner of his refusal. Instead of saying that it was impossible or unnecessary to furnish the number desired, the Minister fenced with Howe's words like a third-rate lawyer. The commander of the expeditionary force having asked for a total of thirty-five thousand, his chief answered that, instead of fifteen thousand, seventy-eight hundred fresh men would bring him up to the number desired. The only justification for this statement would have been a sublime disregard of all Howe's losses throughout '76 — his permanent casualties, his sick, and his losses in prisoners taken by the rebels! Given Germaine's own army service, so childish a genuine misunderstanding is out of the question. His letter was therefore a pettifogging — and utterly transparent and pointless — piece of trickery, which could deceive no one.

Germaine's letter of January 14 took seven weeks to cross the Atlantic and was received by Howe in New York on March 9. Naturally he was furious. What was more important than his anger was his very reasonable assumption that, since he was to be only sparingly reënforced, therefore his third plan of operations (which he had prepared in case of a want of numbers sufficient for the elaborate scheme of November 30) would be approved. This reduced plan he had suggested in his letter of December 20 (which letter had not yet reached Germaine when the latter wrote his despatch of January 14), and the reader will remember that the gist of it was to attack Philadelphia and stand on the defensive elsewhere.

The difficulty of picking one's way through such a fog of dates makes one vividly understand the confusion about to overtake the British generals.

Meanwhile the second element out of which that confusion was to fume up was being distilled in England between Germaine and Burgoyne. The latter had not been spending his whole time idling over the Bath waters. It is perhaps a part of the 'democratic complex' to think that a man of fashion must be a nincompoop. Having been asked to draw up for the King and Cabinet a memorandum on the use to be made of the Canadian army in 1777, Burgoyne ably complied as follows:

Thoughts for Conducting the War from the Side of Canada

When the last ships came from Quebec, a report prevailed in Canada, said to have been founded upon positive evidence, that the rebels had laid the keels of several large vessels at Skenesborough and Ticonderoga, and were resolved to exert their utmost powers, to construct a new and formidable fleet during the winter.

I will not, however, give credit to their exertions, in such a degree as to imagine the King's troops will be prevented passing Lake Champlain early in the summer, but will suppose the operations of the army to begin from Crown Point.

But as the present means to form effectual plans is to lay down every possible difficulty, I will suppose the enemy in great force at Ticonderoga; the different works there are capable of admitting twelve thousand men.

I will suppose him also to occupy Lake George with a considerable naval strength, in order to secure his retreat, and afterwards to retard the campaign; and it is natural to expect that he will take measures to block up the roads from Ticonderoga to Albany by the way of Skenesborough, by fortifying the strong ground at different places, and thereby obliging the King's army to carry a weight of artillery with it, and by felling trees, breaking bridges, and other obvious impediments, to delay, though he should not have power or spirit finally to resist, its progress.

The enemy thus disposed upon the side of Canada, it is to be considered what troops will be necessary, and what disposition of them will be most proper to prosecute the campaign with vigor and effect.

I humbly conceive the operating army (I mean exclusively of the troops left for the security of Canada) ought not to consist of less than 8000 regulars, rank and file. The artillery required in the memorandums of General Carleton, a corps of watermen, 2000 Canadians, including hatchet-men and other workmen, and 1000 or more savages.

It is to be hoped that the reënforcement and the victualling ships may all be ready to sail from the Channel and from Corke on the last day of March. I am persuaded that to sail with a fleet of ships earlier, is to subject Government to loss and disappointment. It may reasonably be expected that they will reach Quebec before the 20th of May, a period in full time for opening the campaign. The roads, and the rivers and lakes, by the melting and running off of the snows, are in common years impracticable sooner.

But as the weather long before that time will probably have admitted of labor in the docks, I will take for granted that the

fleet of last year, as well bateaux as armed vessels, will be found repaired, augmented, and fit for immediate service. The magazines that remain of provisions, I believe them not to be abundant, will probably be formed at Montreal, Sorel and Chamblee.

I conceive the first business for those entrusted with the chief powers, should be to select and post the troops destined to remain in Canada; to throw up the military stores and provision with all possible despatch, in which service the above mentioned troops, if properly posted, will greatly assist, and to draw the army destined for operation to cantonments, within as few days' march of St. John's as conveniently may be. I should prefer cantonments at that season of the year to encampment, as the ground is very damp, and consequently very pernicious to the men, and more especially as they will have been for many months before used to lodgings, heated with stoves, or between decks in ships; all these operations may be put in motion together, but they severally require some observation.

I should wish that the troops left in Canada, supposing the number mentioned in my former memorandum to be approved, might be made as follows:

The 31st regiment, British, exclusive of their light company of grenadiers	448
Maclean's corps	300
The 29th regiment	448
The ten additional companies from Great Britain	560
Brunswick and Hesse-Hanau to be taken by detachments or complete corps, as Major-General Riedesel shall recommend, leaving the grenadiers, light infantry and dragoons complete	650
Detachments from the other British brigades, leaving the grenadiers and light infantry complete and squaring the battalions equally	600
	3006

My reason for selecting the 31st regiment for this duty is, that when I saw it last it was not equally in order with the other regiments for services of activity.

I propose Maclean's corps, because I very much apprehend desertion from such parts of it as are composed of Americans, should they come near the enemy.

In Canada, whatsoever may be their disposition, it is not so easy to effect it.

And I propose making up the residue by detachment, because by selecting the men least calculated for fatigue or least accustomed to it, which may be equally good soldiers in more confined movements and better provided situations, the effective strength

for operation is much greater and the defensive strength not impaired.

I must beg leave to state the expeditious conveyance of provision and stores from Quebec, and the several other depositories, in order to form ample magazines at Crown Point, as one of the most important operations of the campaign, because it is upon that which most of the rest will depend. If sailing vessels up the St. Lawrence are alone to be employed, the accident of contrary winds may delay them two months before they pass the rapids of Richelieu, and afterwards St. Peter's Lake; delays to that extent are not uncommon, and they are only to be obviated by having a quantity of small craft in readiness to work with oars. From the mouth of the Sorrell to Chamblee, rowing and tacking is a sure conveyance if sufficient hands are found. From Chamblee to St. Therese (which is just above the Rapids) land-carriage must be used, and great authority will be requisite to supply the quantity necessary.

A business thus complicated in arrangement, in some parts unusual in practice and in others perhaps difficult, can only be carried to the desired effect by the peremptory powers, warm zeal, and consonant opinion of the Governor; and though the former are not to be doubted, a failure in the latter, vindicated, or seeming to be vindicated, by the plausible obstructions that will not fail to be suggested by others, will be sufficient to crush such exertions as an officer of a sanguine temper, entrusted with the future conduct of the campaign, and whose personal interest and fame therefore consequently depend upon a timely out-set, would be led to make.

The assembly of the savages and the Canadians will also entirely depend upon the Governor.

Under these considerations, it is presumed, that the general officer employed to proceed with the army will be held to be out of the reach of any possible blame till he is clear of the province of Canada, and furnished with the proposed supplies.

The navigation of Lake Champlain secured by the superiority of our naval force, and the arrangements for forming proper magazines so established as to make the execution certain, I would not lose a day to take possession of Crown Point with Brigadier Fraser's corps, a large body of savages, a body of Canadians, both for scouts and works, and the best of our engineers and artificers well supplied with entrenching tools.

The brigade would be sufficient to prevent insult during the time necessary for collecting the stores, forming magazines, and fortifying the posts; all which should be done to a certain degree, previous to proceeding in force to Ticonderoga; to such a degree I

mean as may be supposed to be effected in time of transporting artillery, preparing fascines, and other necessaries for artillery operations; and by keeping the rest of the army back during that period, the transport of provisions will be lessened, and the soldiers made of use in forwarding the convoys.

But though there would be only one brigade at Crown Point at that time, it does not follow that the enemy should remain in a state of tranquillity. Corps of savages, supported by detachments of light regulars, should be continually on foot to keep them in alarm, and within their works to cover the reconnoitring of general officers and engineers, and to obtain the best intelligence of their strength, position, and design.

If due exertion is made in the preparations stated above, it may be hoped that Ticonderoga will be reduced early in the summer and it will then become a more proper place for arms than Crown Point.

The next measure must depend upon those taken by the enemy, and upon the general plan of the campaign as concerted at home. If it be determined that General Howe's whole forces should act upon Hudson's River, and to the southward of it, and that the only object of the Canada army to effect a junction with that force, the immediate possession of Lake George would be of great consequence, as the most expeditious and most commodious route to Albany; and should the enemy be in force upon that lake, which is very probable, every effort should be tried, by throwing savages and light troops around it, to oblige them to quit it without waiting for naval preparations. Should those efforts fail, the route by South Bay and Skenesborough might be attempted, but considerable difficulties may be expected, as the narrow parts of the river may be easily choaked up and rendered impassable, and at best there will be necessity for a great deal of land carriage for the artillery, provision, etc. which can only be supplied from Canada. In case of success also by that route, and the enemy not removed from Lake George, it will be necessary to leave a chain of posts, as the army proceeds, for the securities of your communication, which may too much weaken so small an army.

Lest all these attempts should unavoidably fail, and it become indispensably necessary to attack the enemy by water upon Lake George, the army at the outset should be provided with carriages, implements, and artificers, for conveying armed vessels from Ticonderoga to the lake.

These ideas are formed upon the supposition, that it be the sole purpose of the Canada army to effect a junction with General Howe, or after coöperating so far as to get possession of Al-

bany and open the communication to New York, to remain upon the Hudson's River, and thereby enable that general to act with his whole force to the southward.

But should the strength of the main American army[1] be such as to admit of the corps of troops now at Rhode Island remaining there during the winter, and acting separately in the spring, it may be highly worthy consideration, whether the most important purpose to which the Canada army could be employed, supposing it in possession of Ticonderoga, would not be to gain the Connecticutt River.

The extent of country from Ticonderoga to the inhabited country upon that river, opposite to Charles Town, is about sixty miles, and though to convey artillery and provision so far by land would be attended with difficulties, perhaps more than those above suggested, upon a progress to Skenesborough, should the object appear worthy it is to be hoped resources might be found; in that case it would be adviseable to fortify with one or two strong redoubts the heights opposite to Charles Town, and establish posts of savages upon the passage from Ticonderoga to those heights, to preserve the communication, and at the same time prevent any attempt from the country above Charles Town, which is very populous, from molesting the rear or interrupting the convoys of supply, while the army proceeded down the Connecticutt. Should the junction between the Canada and Rhode Island armies be effected upon the Connecticutt, it is not too sanguine an expectation that all the New England provinces will be reduced by their operations.

To avoid breaking in upon other matter, I omitted in the beginning of these papers to state the idea of an expedition at the outset of the campaign by the Lake Ontario and Oswego to the Mohawk River, which, as a diversion to facilitate every proposed operation, would be highly desirable, provided the army should be reënforced sufficiently to afford it.

It may at first appear, from a view of the present strength of the army, that it may bear the sort of detachment proposed by myself last year for this purpose; but it is to be considered that at that time the utmost object of the campaign, from the advanced season and unavoidable delay of preparation for the lakes, being the reduction of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, unless the success of my expedition had opened the road to Albany, no greater numbers were necessary than for those first operations. The case in the present year differs; because the season of the year affording a prospect of very extensive operation, and consequently the

[1] By this Burgoyne means the main British army in America, that is, that under Howe.

establishment of many posts, patroles, etc., will become necessary. The army ought to be in a state of numbers to bear those drains, and still remain sufficient to attack anything that probably can be opposed to it.

Nor, to argue from probability, is so much force necessary for this diversion this year, as was required for the last; because we then knew that General Schuyler with a thousand men, was fortified upon the Mohawk. When the different situations of things are considered, viz, the progress of General Howe, the early invasion from Canada, the threatening of the Connecticutt from Rhode Island, etc., it is not to be imagined that any detachment of such force as that of Schuyler can be supplied by the enemy for the Mohawk. I would not therefore propose it of more (and I have great diffidence whether so much can be prudently afforded) than Sir John Johnson's corps, and hundred British from the second brigade, and a hundred more from the 8th regiment, with four pieces of the lightest artillery, and a body of savages; Sir John Johnson to be with a detachment in person, and an able field officer to command it. I should wish Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger for that employment.

I particularize the second brigade, because the first is proposed to be diminished by the 31st regiment remaining in Canada, and the rest of the regiment drafted for the expedition being made also part of the Canada force, the two brigades will be exactly squared.

Should it appear, upon examination of the really effective numbers of the Canada army, that the force is not sufficient for proceeding upon the above ideas with a fair prospect of success, the alternative remains of embarking the army at Quebec, in order to effect a junction with General Howe by sea or to be employed separately to coöperate with the main designs, by such means as should be within their strength upon other parts of the continent. And though the army, upon examination of the numbers from the returns here, and the reënforcements designed, should appear adequate, it is humbly submitted, as a security against the possibility of its remaining inactive, whether it might not be expedient to entrust the latitude of embarking the army by sea to the commander-in-chief, provided any accidents during the winter, and unknown here, should have diminished the numbers considerably, or that the enemy, from any winter success to the southward, should have been able to draw such forces towards the frontiers of Canada, and take up their ground with such precaution, as to render the intended measure impracticable or too hazardous. But in that case it must be considered that more force would be required to be left behind for the security of

Canada, than is supposed to be necessary when an army is beyond the lake, and I do not conceive any expedition from the sea can be so formidable to the enemy, or so effectual to close the war, as an invasion from Canada by Ticonderoga. This last measure ought not to be thought of, but upon positive conviction of its necessity.

J. BURGOYNE

HERFORD-STREET, *Feb. 28th*, 1777

It is important to note that Burgoyne calls the route from Ticonderoga to the Hudson and Albany by way of Lake George '. . . the most expeditious' and greatly prefers it to that by South Bay and Skenesboro (now Whitehall, New York). As to the general strategy of the campaign he is uncertain whether Howe with the main army will act wholly '. . . upon Hudson's River, and to the southward . . .' or whether the available numbers will permit a move against New England as well. For the idea of a move southward from Canada across Lake Champlain he takes no special responsibility, although he approves it. Indeed, we have already seen that for over a year it had been correctly estimated by all the British commanders that the occupation of the Hudson line was the indispensable first step in reconquering the colonies, and it had been judged that this occupation had best be made jointly from New York and from Canada as well.

Upon Burgoyne's memorandum George III, in his own hand, thus commented:

The outlines of the plan seem to be on a proper foundation. The rank and file of the army in Canada (including the 11th of British, McClean's corps, the Brunswicks and Hanover) amount to 10,527, add the eleven additional companies and 400 Hanover Chasseurs, the total will be 11,443.

As sickness and other contingencies must be expected, I should think not above 7000 effectives can be spared over Lake Champlain, for it would be highly imprudent to run any risk in Canada.

The fixing of stations of those left in the province may not be quite right, though the plan proposed may be recommended. Indians must be employed, and this measure must be avowedly directed. . . .

As Sir William Howe does not think of acting from Rhode Island into Massachusetts, the force from Canada must join him at Albany.

The diversion on the Mohawk River ought, at least, to be strengthened by the addition of 400 Hanover Chasseurs.

The provisions ought to be calculated for a third more than the effective soldiery, and the General ordered to avoid delivering these when the army can be subsisted from the country.

Burgoyne certainly greatly undervalues the German recruits.

The idea of carrying the army by sea to Sir William Howe would certainly require the leaving a much larger part of it in Canada, as in that case the rebel army would divide that province from the immense one under Sir W. Howe. I greatly dislike that idea.

GEORGE R.

When the King writes of Burgoyne's undervaluing the German troops he is clearly referring either to conversations with him or to some paper other than the 'Thoughts for Conducting the War . . .' in which the subject is not mentioned. 'Hanover Chasseurs' is of course a slip of the pen for 'Hanau Chasseurs.' As to Howe's plans the King is better informed than Burgoyne — of course the interval of time between the 'Thoughts' and George III's notes counts for something. Clearly when the King wrote he had before him Howe's letter of December 30, together with that of January 20 to which I shall presently turn. Since Howe no longer intended to attack Boston by way of Rhode Island, Burgoyne's idea of moving eastward from Ticonderoga to the Connecticut River naturally fell to the ground. It is quite possible that one of Burgoyne's reasons for the suggestion was that its acceptance would keep him and his command longer out of the immediate presence of Howe and thus give him more chance to shine. As to Burgoyne's third variation, that of moving the Canadian striking force by sea, it had been put forward only as a possible second best in case it seemed the only way of using even a part of the Canada army in the main American theatre. In spite of Amherst and all the others who knew the country and might have been consulted, it is possible that the King, looking at Lake Champlain upon the map and thinking of its banks as he would have thought of the lake shores of Europe, could not get it into his head that, as long as his commanders controlled the lake itself with their flotilla, the rebels could not possibly push an army into Canada through the wilderness

which came right down to the water's edge. It seems improbable, but it may have been so. He may well have remembered Arnold's feat of ascending the Kennebec through the forests of Maine and then descending the Chaudière to the St. Lawrence. He may have feared the colonists might follow Amherst's route of 1760 by the Mohawk and Lake Ontario and then down the St. Lawrence. All told, then, if we do George III the justice of forgetting our knowledge of the event, and if we stick to what he or his advisers knew or could possibly know, we shall, I think, find his disapproval of Burgoyne's suggestion (a suggestion only tentative and never strongly pressed) to have been entirely sound.

Upon Burgoyne's 'Thoughts' thus amended by George III, Germaine based the following order as a basis for the Northern campaign:

Extract of a letter from Lord George Germaine to General Carleton, dated Whitehall, 26th March, 1777

My letter of the 22nd August, 1776, was intrusted to the care of Captain Le Maitre, one of your aid-de-camps; after having been three times in the Gulph of St. Lawrence he had the mortification to find it impossible to make his passage to Quebec, and therefore returned to England with my despatch, which, though it was prevented by that accident from reaching your hands in due time, I nevertheless think proper to transmit to you by this earliest opportunity.

You will be informed, by the contents thereof, that as soon as you should have driven the rebel forces from the frontiers of Canada, it was his Majesty's pleasure that you should return to Quebec, and take with you such part of your army as in your judgment and discretion appeared sufficient for the defence of the province; that you should detach Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, or such other officer as you should think most proper, with the remainder of the troops, and direct the officer so detached to proceed with all possible expedition to join General Howe, and to put himself under his command.

With a view of quelling the rebellion as soon as possible, it is become highly necessary that the most speedy junction of the two armies should be effected; and therefore, as the security and good government of Canada absolutely require your presence there, it is the King's determination to leave about 3000 men under your command, for the defence and duties of that province, and to employ the remainder of your army upon two expeditions, the

one under the command of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, who is to force his way to Albany, and the other under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger, who is to make a diversion on the Mohawk River.

As this plan cannot be advantageously executed without the assistance of Canadians and Indians, his Majesty strongly recommends it to your care to furnish both expeditions with good and sufficient bodies of those men; and I am happy in knowing that your influence among them is so great, that there can be no room to apprehend you will find it difficult to fulfil his Majesty's expectations.

In order that no time may be lost in entering upon these important undertakings, General Burgoyne has received orders to sail forthwith for Quebec; and that the intended operations may be maturely considered, and afterwards carried on in such a manner as is most likely to be followed by success, he is directed to consult with you upon the subject, and to form and adjust the plan as you both shall think most conducive to his Majesty's service.

I am also to acquaint you, that as soon as you shall have fully regulated everything relative to these expeditions (and the King relies upon your zeal, that you will be as expeditious as the nature of the business will admit) it is his Majesty's pleasure that you detain for the Canada service:

The 8th regiment, deducting 100 for the expedition to the Mohawk	460
Battalion companies of the 29th and 31st regiments	896
Battalion companies of the 34th deducting 100 for the expedition to the Mohawk	348
Eleven additional companies from Great Britain	616
Detachments from the two brigades	300
Detachments from the German troops	650
Royal Highland emigrants	500
	3770

You will naturally conclude that this allotment for Canada has not been made without properly weighing the several duties which are likely to be required. His Majesty has not only considered the several garrisons and posts which probably it may be necessary for you to take, viz, Quebec, Chaudiére, the disaffected parishes of Point Levi, Montreal, and posts between that town and Oswegatche, Trois Rivieres, St. John's, Sele aux Noix, La Prairie, Vergere, and some other towns upon the south shore of St. Lawrence, opposite the isle of Montreal, with posts of communication to St. John's but he hath also reflected that the several operations which will be carrying on in different parts of

America must necessarily confine the attention of the rebels to the respective scenes of action, and secure Canada from external attacks, and that the internal quiet which at present prevails is not likely to be interrupted, or if interrupted, will soon be restored by your influence over the inhabitants; he therefore trusts that 3000 men will be quite sufficient to answer every possible demand.

It is likewise his Majesty's pleasure that you put under the command of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne:

The grenadiers and light infantry of the army (except of the 8th regiment and the 24th regiment) as the advanced corps under the command of Brigadier-General Fraser..	1568
First brigade, battalion companies of the 9th, 21st, and 47th regiments, deducting a detachment of 50 from each corps, to remain in Canada.....	1194
Second brigade, battalion companies of the 20th, 53rd and 62nd regiments, deducting 50 from each corps to remain as above.....	1194
All the German troops, except the Hanau Chasseurs, and a detachment of 650, the artillery, except such parts as shall be necessary for the defence of Canada.....	3217
	7173

Together with as many Canadians and Indians as may be thought necessary for this service; and after having furnished him in the fullest and compleatest manner with artillery, stores, provisions, and every other article necessary for his expedition, and secured to him every assistance which it is in your power to afford and procure, you are to give him orders to pass Lake Champlain, and from thence, by the most vigorous exertion of the force under his command, to proceed with all expedition, to Albany, and put himself under the command of Sir William Howe.

From the King's knowledge of the great preparations made by you last year to secure the command of the lakes, and your attention to this part of the service during the winter, his Majesty is led to expect that everything will be ready for General Burgoyne's passing the lakes by the time you and he shall have adjusted the plan of the expedition.

It is the King's further pleasure that you put under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger:

Detachment from the 8th regiment.....	100
Detachment from the 34th regiment.....	100
Sir John Johnson's regiment of New York.....	133
Hanau Chasseurs.....	342
	675

Together with a sufficient number of Canadians and Indians; and after having furnished him with proper artillery, stores, provisions, and every other necessary article for his expedition, and secured to him every assistance in your power to afford and procure, you are to give him orders to proceed forthwith to and down the Mohawk river to Albany, and put himself under the command of Sir William Howe.

I shall write to Sir William Howe from hence by the first packet; but you will nevertheless endeavour to give him the earliest intelligence of this measure, and also direct Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, and Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger, to neglect no opportunity of doing the same, that they may receive instructions from Sir William Howe. You will at the same time inform them, that, until they shall have received orders from Sir William Howe, it is his Majesty's pleasure that they act as exigencies may require, and in such manner as they shall judge most proper for making an impression on the rebels and bringing them to obedience; but that in so doing, they must never lose view of their intended junctions with Sir William Howe as their principal objects.

In case Lieutenant-General Burgoyne or Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger should happen to die, or be rendered, through illness, incapable of executing those great trusts, you are to nominate to their respective commands, such officer or officers as you shall think best qualified to supply the place of those whom his Majesty has in his wisdom at present appointed to conduct these expeditions.

I call the reader's attention to the fact that Burgoyne, from whose 'State of the Expedition' the above order is given, has been careful to mark it as only an 'Extract' from Germaine's letter to Carleton. Even as it stands, its minuteness is insulting enough to the Governor of Canada. However, the copy of it in the Stopford-Sackville manuscripts, the source nearest to Germaine himself, makes it more insulting still, for it has a paragraph (given neither by Burgoyne nor by the Parliamentary Register) which charges Carleton with 'supineness' in not attacking Ticonderoga and accuses him of thus having been the cause of the disaster of Trenton. Even without such a blow in the face, a smaller man than Carleton might well have hindered rather than helped the expedition whose command had been so snatched from him.

To return to the plan of campaign; the decisive sentence

of Germaine's order is that which, while informing Burgoyne and St. Leger that 'until they shall have received orders from Sir William Howe, it is his Majesty's pleasure that they act as exigencies may require, . . . and in such manner as they shall judge most proper for making an impression on the rebels, and bringing them to obedience'; nevertheless goes on to say '. . . that in so doing, they must never lose view of their intended junctions with Sir William Howe as their principal objects.'

From such an order, from Germaine's statement that he will write to Howe by the first packet, together with his directions both to Burgoyne and St. Leger to write to Howe on their own account so as to receive instructions from him, only one possible conclusion could be drawn. Having so strictly laid down the route of the offensive to be launched from Canada, Germaine would not only give Howe timely notice of the movement, but would also indicate to him the necessity of coördinating his own movements with it.

It was true that Howe's letter of December 20 (in which he had proposed to hold New York City and its neighborhood defensively with only three thousand men while he attacked Philadelphia with his whole striking force) had been received in England on February 23, just before Burgoyne's 'Thoughts on Conducting the War from the Side of Canada' had been turned in. That Burgoyne had seen this letter while writing the 'Thoughts' is probable. That at least he shortly afterward knew its contents seems almost certain. It was also true that Germaine and George III were giving Howe a very free rein — and Burgoyne probably knew this as well. Nevertheless his own words in the 'Thoughts' as to what was expected of Howe indicate that (if the latter were not strong enough to act against New England as well) Burgoyne believed that Howe would act not only 'to the southward,' but also upon 'Hudson's river.' Only after the army from Canada should have gained possession of Albany and opened the communication to New York, do the 'Thoughts' foresee the possibility that that army, by remaining on the Hudson, might enable Howe to act with his whole force to the southward. Until then Burgoyne assumes that his whole business is to coöperate with Howe — which necessarily assumes also Howe's coöperating with him.

Burgoyne's proposals had now become the basis of Germaine's order. The only changes had been those directed by George III, who had referred to Howe's movements only to remark that since Howe would not be able to attack New England, therefore Burgoyne's alternative idea of moving eastward to the Connecticut River must be given up. Had any one been found to prophesy, first, that Germaine would not (within time to be of use) even mention Burgoyne's expedition to Howe, second, that Howe would leave that expedition to its fate, and finally, that Burgoyne would eventually be cut off and compelled to surrender, these things would have seemed out of all reason.

It remains only to trace the final step in the enormous initial blunder of sending no order to Howe. On January 20 that commander had again written to Germaine, repeating his intention of attacking Philadelphia. By this time he had drifted even farther from a return to the Hudson, for he suggested that (if numbers permitted) while the main body marched southwestward across New Jersey, a detachment might be sent against Philadelphia by sea — where for the time being they would be entirely out of touch with what was happening on the all-important North River.

Although Howe's letter of December 20 had not reached Germaine until February 23, nevertheless that of January 20 was received before March 3, for on that date the Minister sat down and answered them both. Burgoyne's 'Thoughts' had been turned in a few days before. But of them and of the Canada army Germaine wrote not a word. Instead he approved entirely Howe's choice of Philadelphia as objective, calling that commander's superficial reasoning in its favor 'solid and decisive.' He told Howe that he could not expect even the seventy-eight hundred reënforcements which had been promised, but must content himself with twenty-nine hundred. Then in the same breath he recommended a 'warm diversion' on the coasts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire; not, be it noted, as a move to assist Burgoyne, but in the hope that such a move would hinder recruiting for the Continentals — the American regular army — and would increase the security of British trade then much harassed by American privateers. As far as this March 3 letter from Germaine to Howe was concerned, Burgoyne and the Canada army might have been in the moon.

The month of March went by. On the 9th Germaine's letter of January 14 reached Howe in New York, telling him that instead of fifteen thousand he could count upon no more than seventy-eight hundred reënforcements, and therefore (by implication) that he must give up his grandiose scheme of November 30. In England Burgoyne's 'Thoughts' were discussed and George III wrote his 'Remarks' thereon. On the 26th Germaine's order to Carleton was signed and delivered to Burgoyne. That cavalryman, confident of success and spurred by his ambition, wasted no time. He slept but one more night in London and on March 27 set out for Plymouth.

Now in Germaine's letters to Howe comes a gap. Burgoyne later implied that Germaine, late in March, wrote several letters to Howe, none of which so much as mentioned the Northern expedition. Howe himself, when in '79 he contemptuously defended himself before Parliament, said nothing of such letters. He did say that, although a copy of Germaine's March 26 letter to Carleton was sent him, nevertheless it 'was accompanied by no instructions whatsoever; and that the letter intended to have been written to me by the first packet, and which was probably to have contained some instructions, was never sent.'

Even this copy of the order to Carleton reached Howe not through any merit of Germaine's, but thanks to a subordinate, one of that unnoticed class so often responsible for the official acts of Cabinet members — I mean the permanent officials. After the letter to Carleton had been prepared, this man, William Knox, one of Germaine's under-secretaries, remarked to his chief that no corresponding letter had been written to Howe to tell him of Burgoyne's move. Whereat Germaine authorized him to write to Howe himself and enclose the copy.

I have already spoken of Howe's laziness and love of pleasure. Germaine's weakness was not laziness — he was anything but lazy; it was an almost religious care not only for official routine, but also for that which ministered to the comfort of his own majestic self, and in general for the ritual of social life. Seeing that Knox's copy of the orders to Carleton was not enough, he had a positive order to Howe drawn

up directing that easy-going commander to move up the Hudson. It happened, however, that when he called at his office to sign this order, it had not been fair copied. Now Germaine, together with other peculiarities, had 'a particular aversion to be put out of his way on any occasion,' and just at the moment he was on his way to visit in the country in Kent. Even though he believed the rebels already as good as beaten, a better man would have sat down and waited until the copy was finished. Not so Germaine, who went off leaving his despatch unsigned. This time his subordinates were as bad as himself. They allowed the all-important paper to be pigeon-holed or mislaid. Probably thinking that because he had meant to sign, therefore he had done so, Germaine was fool enough to forget the whole matter.

No man can foresee the future or tell in any given case what might have been. Nevertheless, the probability is overwhelming that had the order holding Howe to the Hudson been signed and sent, that all-important river would have been taken and held, and the rebellion thus divided would have been worn down. Even after Germaine's enormous blunder, which robbed the British of almost certain success, there still remained, first, the chance that Howe might see his folly in time; second, that even if he persisted in going off to Philadelphia he might leave enough force at New York to play his own proper part in striking northward toward Burgoyne; finally, that the high quality of the royal armies might enable them, even though thus divided, to cut through the crude levies of the rebellion.

CHAPTER IV

BURGOYNE IN COMMAND

On reaching Plymouth, Burgoyne found a ship about to leave for New York. He therefore seized the opportunity to write to Howe enclosing a copy of Germaine's order to himself. This done he set sail for Canada.

The interlude of Burgoyne's voyage marks a point from which it is convenient to glance at opinion in America, England, and France. In the colonies the spirit of Congress and of the patriot leaders was unbroken, but as the campaigning season drew near Washington was complaining bitterly of the 'languor and indifference' of the people. In England, on the contrary, the war spirit was rising. At the head of affairs the King himself was determined to go on; and if North, good-natured and rather soft, was beginning to waver a little, his weakness seemed more than balanced by the zeal of Germaine. Moreover, the Government for the first time began to feel itself carried forward by something like a general enthusiasm. I have said that in England nothing counted but the opinion of the gentry and that for a century the gentry themselves had been dominated by the great Whig lords who had destroyed the Stuarts and made the Crown their puppet. But now that the mouth of the magnates had been stopped by the Declaration of Independence, the squires, the 'country interest' as they called themselves, for the first time in generations were beginning to take their own line. These lesser gentry still despised the magnates as 'Hanover rats.' But far more than any dynastic interest they considered England and saw how deep a wound she must receive should the Americans make good. At the same time the Church, always accustomed to rally round the throne, began to make her voice heard. Even those natural allies of the great Whig lords — I mean the merchants of the City of London — began to see that the only hope for a renewal of their monopoly of American trade was

to crush the rebellion. Squires, clergymen, and merchants combined to make the war popular.

While America was languid and England was warming to the war, France was receiving Franklin. On December 2, '76, as the ship which brought Burgoyne back from Canada was nearing England, this man — destined to play a part second only to that of Washington in the establishment of American independence — was landing on the Breton coast in Quiberon Bay. Thence by Auray and Nantes he had come on December 18 to Paris. In the Parisian suburb of Passy the park and the great house of Chaumont had received him and from that house he had begun his careful intrigue. The French had greeted him with one of those bursts of enthusiasm with which that most national of nations sometimes — although rarely — throws itself at the feet of a foreigner. The Intellectuals hailed in him a brother. The polite world (which had learned to distract its ennui with Rousseau's exaggerated praises of the simple life) went into ecstasies over the studied simplicity of his dress and the still more carefully studied plainness of his speech and manners. If he was something of the charlatan, this streak in him helped rather than hindered his mission. He became the rage.

He had had his first interview with Vergennes soon after the New Year. In vain the British Government and its agents had done what they could to blacken his character and belittle his influence. Paris continued to admire, almost to worship him, and he on his side continued first with one argument, then with another to work upon Vergennes. With the spring the departure of Lafayette as a volunteer for the American army — an enthusiastic boy who bore one of the greatest names of France — made his task easier. At Versailles it was becoming clear that the moment of decision could not be indefinitely postponed.

While Burgoyne was at sea it had occurred to Howe that perhaps he had better write to Carleton and tell him what he himself proposed to do. Sir William had not as yet been officially informed of the coming expedition from Canada, and he later claimed it for a merit in himself that this letter was 'spontaneous' on his part. His merit is limited to this:

that he knew in a general way of the Northern plan and that he had just wit enough to see that at least he must notify the Governor of Canada that little or no coöperation could be expected from him. His letter was dated April 2. In it he did not altogether rule out all hope of coöperation; what he said was that when the Northern Army was ready to enter the province of New York he himself would probably be in Pennsylvania, and that little assistance was to be expected from him, as his numbers would probably not permit him to detach troops up the Hudson in the beginning of the campaign.

The reader should pause for a moment to notice exactly the language used. Had letters been continually passing between Carleton and Howe, the latter's loose phraseology might have mattered little. The fact that such letters were amazingly rare was to give it importance. How rare they were we may judge from this, that during the campaign of '76 nothing had been heard in Quebec of Howe. The latter had fought on Long Island on August 27 and Carleton had not heard of it until October 14, and then only by the chance capture of a letter from Washington to Arnold. In the spring of '77, Carleton learned of Trenton only in April from a prisoner picked up by one of his Indian scouting parties. Accordingly the army in Canada was full of the wildest rumors as to the doings of their comrades under Howe. In the last chapter I have already cited Phillips's letter of October 23, '76, from Crown Point saying that he believed Howe was about to take that post when Carleton evacuated it. When even the senior officers in Canada were in such a fog, Howe's letter of April 5 was doubly important because it was the one gleam of light.

Meanwhile, in a letter written to Germaine on April 2, Howe had proposed moving his main force even farther from all touch with the Hudson. In the last chapter the reader has been told that Germaine's letter of January 14 (telling Howe that not fifteen thousand but only seventy-eight hundred reënforcements could be sent him) had reached New York only on March 9 and that on January 20 Howe had suggested that the attack upon Philadelphia might be made jointly by land and sea. Now, on learning that only half of his requisition for reënforcements was to be honored,

he tells Germaine that this want of numbers will compel him to abandon New Jersey and to attack Philadelphia by sea alone. This, he says, will be his only offensive operation except (as a sort of afterthought) '. . . a diversion occasionally upon Hudson's River.' That the troops, once committed to the attack upon Philadelphia by sea, would be for some time completely out of touch with events on land, especially far to the northward, does not seem to have struck him. This, which was to be the plan on which he finally acted, put the greater part of his army clean out of the game on the North River. There remained now only the chance that Burgoyne might conquer and hold the Upper Hudson unassisted, or with the slight assistance that might be furnished him by the subordinate body of troops Howe might leave in New York.

Of Howe's letter to Germaine, Carleton and Burgoyne of course knew nothing. Howe himself held it up for a few days and then sent it on to London, enclosing with it a copy of that which he had written to Carleton three days later.

Burgoyne reached Quebec May 6. Upon landing his first anxiety was for the attitude of Carleton. A small man, having had the command of his troops snatched from him (and in so insulting a manner), might well have tried to make difficulties for the subordinate who had supplanted him. At the very least he might have been cold and indifferent in preparing the expedition. Not so Carleton. He felt to the full the malice of Germaine — indeed he promptly sent in his resignation as Governor-General. But in preparing the army he had hoped to command, he was too good a patriot and too great a gentleman to make difficulties or even to hang back. Burgoyne himself afterwards testified that the Governor-General could not have done more had he been acting for himself or for his own brother.

Thus satisfied and even pleasantly surprised as to the conduct of Carleton, Burgoyne was equally content with the condition of the army. The troops had feared the Canadian winter, but they had been well sheltered. Their diet had been monotonous and in particular the Germans had complained at being unable to get either beer, schnapps, or vegetables, but in general the health of the men was excellent. They had been regularly drilled and exercised whenever possible, and indeed the weather had been so mild

that the Canadians themselves were astonished and long afterwards referred to the winter of '76–'77 as 'the winter of the Germans.'

On the other hand, the Canadians from whose aid as soldiers so much had been expected hung back. Their long tradition of forest warfare had been based upon their loyalty as Frenchmen and upon their religious hostility to their opponents. With both these supports gone that tradition had not only collapsed; it had failed like a mist. Even Carleton could do nothing with them, and in the event less than a hundred and fifty Canadians could be persuaded to enlist.

Still more serious than the slackness of the Canadians was the shortage of transport. While it was not within the power of the British commanders to make over the Canadians into zealous soldiers of King George, they certainly knew that they would need both horses and carts in great numbers and most certainly they could have acted more promptly to get them. There were not even horses enough for the artillery. Here both Carleton and Burgoyne were at fault, for the former had done nothing during the winter to remedy the defect and the latter, after landing on May 6, made no requisition for transport until June 7, when he asked for four hundred additional horses for the artillery and for five hundred carts with two horses each for general transport, fourteen hundred horses in all.

Consequently the five hundred little Canadian two-wheeled carts which were hastily tacked together were made for the most part of unseasoned wood, and the whole transport service showed the weakness natural to hastily improvised organizations. It was a weakness that was to cost Burgoyne dear.

For the moment, however, since in Canada the insufficiency of transport was not felt, Burgoyne paid it little heed. Neither was he concerned when Carleton showed him Howe's letter. His own conversations with Germaine left him no doubt that the Minister had already written to Howe to hold him strictly to the Hudson and to a coöperation with Burgoyne himself. He wrote again from Quebec to Howe, repeating his letter from Plymouth and again informing Sir William that he himself was about to leave Canada under 'precise orders' to force a junction. But of the miserable

muddle set forth in the last chapter he was of course ignorant. As he concentrated his troops at St. John's he was full of confidence. The rebellion would be destroyed and he as one of the chief architects of its destruction would be famous and honored.

One thing troubled him. He found the plan of the expedition the common talk of the streets of Montreal, and from this he naturally supposed that the Americans knew it as well, in which, as we shall see, he was mistaken. On the other hand, the British commanders in Canada were correctly informed of the numbers maintained by the rebels in Ticonderoga through the winter — about two thousand, of the suffering in that garrison, and of the exertions made, despite that suffering, to strengthen the post. Had Burgoyne known the truth — that the Americans were ignorant of his plans — he would have been, if possible, more confident still.

The lateness of Burgoyne's requisition for horses and carts in no way checked the concentration of the troops. The army of the invasion would be in little need of land transportation until after disposing of Ticonderoga. It was upon the low banks of the Richelieu River that the concentration was made, with the heavy transport carried in boats against the sluggish current of that stream. Burgoyne and his men passed beneath the castellated walls of the old French fort at Chambley — square and strongly built of stone. Abominable roads delayed their march, causing an alarming number of breakages both of those carts which were already loaded and of the gun carriages of the artillery. Such mishaps seemed to them an annoyance rather than an omen of failure.

They gathered at St. John's, and at that advanced post there took place the first of those picturesque scenes which marked the campaign. On June 12 Carleton arrived and he and all the higher officers dined with General Phillips. When they had eaten and drunk together, all took their formal leave of the Governor-General. As they sat for the last time with their old commander, the emotions natural to such a parting were lightened by news from Quebec of a fleet of transports just arrived there carrying recruits and stores. On the morrow a solemn ceremony took place, including the

raising of the royal standard of England — a special flag flown but rarely outside of the immediate presence of the sovereign. It then bore not only the three golden lions of England, the red lion of Scotland, and the harp of Ireland, but also (by a quaint and meaningless survival) the fleur de lys of France, for the Kings of England down to George III had never dropped the old claim to be Kings of France that came down to them out of the fifteenth century from Henry VI. This flag was saluted by the entire British flotilla and the ceremony was designed to show to all that the Crown of England was at last able and about to put down the rebellion. Historically minded observers might have been a little chilled to remember that the most famous time when that standard had ever been set up had been when Charles I began his unsuccessful struggle with the wealthy oligarchy which did not rest until it had destroyed true monarchy in England.

On June 15, the day after the ceremony, Carleton left the army, turning back toward Montreal. No doubt he wrapped himself in the reserve which all noted in him and some disliked, calling it mere coldness and pride. And so this Irish gentleman, whose wisdom might have dissolved the rebellion and won back America, passes out of our story.

Carleton's departure left Burgoyne in command. The latter was now fifty-five, still handsome in spite of the coarsening marks of ambition and the life of a man of pleasure. His adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston, who served him somewhat as a modern chief of staff would have done, was about forty. He had served under Burgoyne during the latter's glorious days in Portugal. A cavalryman like Burgoyne, he had a handsome, ruddy face and a well-turned military figure. As adjutant-general it was now his duty to furnish his chief with a return of the force under his command.

For the whole army Kingston's returns showed just under eight thousand rank and file. Adding to this figure the officers, sergeants, and company musicians meant a total combatant strength of over nine thousand, probably (although not certainly) less than ninety-five hundred. Adding to this again the non-combatant staff departments and the women who followed and drew rations with every army of

eighteenth-century Europe made up a total ration strength of over ten thousand — perhaps about ten thousand, five hundred.

Of this force the rank and file of the regular infantry numbered over sixty-seven hundred, of whom thirty-seven hundred were British and three thousand Germans. They were supported by no less than a hundred and thirty-eight guns manned by about six hundred artillerymen rank and file; of whom (in round numbers) two hundred and fifty were regular British gunners, a hundred and fifty British recruits serving as artillerymen, and a hundred Germans. There was a regiment of German dragoons, about two hundred and fifty rank and file, serving dismounted. The regulars were covered by about six hundred and fifty light troops, of whom a hundred and fifty were Canadians, only about a hundred American Tories, and about four hundred Indians.

The British infantry were organized in three brigades, the first, the second, and the 'advanced corps' or 'élite of the army.' They included seven regiments, the 9th, 20th, 21st, 24th, 47th, 53d, and 62d, together with the grenadier and light infantry companies (the so-called 'flank companies') of three other regiments, the 29th, 31st, and 34th.

At this point a word must be said on British regimental organization. The British regiments serving in America were composed of twelve companies, of which ten were known as 'battalion companies.' Of these one was serving permanently in England on recruiting duty and to act as a dépôt organization. Another, now being organized in England, was to join in the course of the campaign. Besides the battalion companies each regiment had two 'flank companies,' one of grenadiers and one of light infantry. When several regiments were serving together, it was the custom to detach these flank companies and organize them respectively into grenadier and light infantry battalions and this had been done in the present case. Accordingly when the army left Canada each of the foregoing seven regiments consisted of eight battalion companies serving with regimental headquarters.

In addition to the flank companies of his seven infantry regiments, Burgoyne's grenadier and light infantry battal-

ions were composed of the flank companies of the 29th, 31st, and 34th Regiments, of which the battalion companies remained with Carleton. Each of these battalions was therefore ten companies strong.

Grenadiers and light infantry were always picked men and were referred to in orders as 'the élite of the army.' Grenadiers originally took their name from the hand grenades so important in the early modern sieges, but no longer carried by the time of the American Revolution, although so conspicuously resurrected in 1915–18. They were recruited from the tallest and strongest men. To give them the appearance of even greater height, they were furnished with tall peaked caps. Another of their distinguishing marks was that they wore on their shoulders pieces of fringed or tufted cloth called 'wings.'

Light infantrymen were picked for strength and activity and trained for skirmishing and scouting. Their regulation uniform was a short jacket like those to which the coats of the whole British contingent were now reduced, as we shall see in a few moments.

The grenadier battalion, the light infantry battalion, and the 24th Regiment were brigaded together as the British advanced corps under Brigadier-General Simon Fraser. The 9th, 47th, and 53d made up the first brigade under Brigadier-General Powell. The 20th, 21st, and 62d, as the second brigade, took their orders from Brigadier-General Hamilton.

The German infantry numbered just over three thousand effective rank and file. Like the British the Germans had their élite or advanced corps composed of a grenadier battalion and a light infantry battalion which included a company of Yägers, or (in the phrase of an age which took its customs from Versailles) 'chasseurs,' armed with the short heavy rifles described in the first chapter. The rest of the German infantry was divided into two brigades, the first composed of the Riedesel, Specht, and Rhetz regiments under Specht as brigadier, and the second of the Prince Frederick and the Hesse-Hanau regiment under Gall. Except for the Hesse-Hanau regiment the German infantry were all Brunswickers.

The right or British wing was covered by the Canadians

and the left or German wing by Indians. The dismounted German dragoons served as headquarters guard.

It was because the campaign must begin with the siege of Ticonderoga that the army and fleet together carried with them so large a train of artillery. The hundred and thirty-eight guns ranged in size from heavy twenty-four-pounders to little 4.4-inch mortars, the precursors of the light trench mortars of to-day. Since the trained gunners present — about two hundred and fifty British and a hundred Germans from Hesse-Hanau — were insufficient to serve so many pieces, about a hundred and fifty British recruits had been pressed into the artillery service.

Through the third week in June the army passed through the upper reaches of the Richelieu and out into Lake Champlain. Here they grouped themselves into a prescribed formation which they were to maintain until contact with the garrison of Ticonderoga. The men had been trained in rowing on the same waters the year before, and the order and regularity maintained by all as they swept down the lake sank deeply into the minds of those who saw it. The setting was lovely: to the west the Adirondacks, to the east the Green Mountains, in the foreground the smooth, broad lake with its sandy but fertile shores, for the most part without even the isolated cabin of a settler, and on the lake the boats of the invasion moving slowly and steadily southward like a 'splendid regatta.' First came the Indians in big birch canoes holding twenty or thirty each. Then the British 'advanced corps' followed by the flotilla of little ships of war which had the previous autumn defeated Arnold not far from where is now Plattsburg. The two largest of these towed behind them a great boom of logs which (with an exaggerated caution) was to be thrown across the lake to keep its northern reaches free of American boats. After the flotilla came the first British brigade, then Burgoyne himself and the two major-generals, Phillips and the German Riedesel, each in his pinnace. Next was the second British brigade, after them the Germans, and last the sutlers and the crowd of camp followers and women.

What with the war-paint and feathers of the Indians, the white breeches and waistcoats of both English and German regulars, the scarlet coats of the British infantry, together

with the blue coats of the British artillery and of all the German troops, they made a gallant sight. The few Canadians and fewer Tories wore Indian costume. The German chasseurs were all in green, with red cuffs and facings on their coats; only their officers wore white breeches and carried a stiff little plume on their hats. Two regiments of foot — the 62d British and the Hesse-Hanauers — besides the Brunswick dragoons, had waistcoats and breeches of yellowish buff. The tall grenadiers were made to look still taller by their high caps, those of the British grenadiers of black bearskin and those of the Germans fronted with a plate of shining metal. The British light infantry had waistcoats, not of white, but of red, and wore little caps of black leather — almost skull caps — with an upright metal plate in front.

Had the army been observed by a spectator familiar with European soldiers, he would have been struck by the unusual appearance of the coats of the British, for instead of having tails they had all been trimmed off to look like a light infantryman's jacket. Their cocked hats had likewise been trimmed down into caps. The fact was that the late arrival of clothing to replace that worn in last year's campaign had made it necessary to find cloth for patches in this way. If any grumbled at this, and in the formal time with its amazing strictness as to uniforms the grumblers must have been legion, they could console themselves with the thought that the men would be the fitter for forest warfare.

Among the Brunswickers a close observer might perhaps have found uniforms already a little ragged and many men's shoes (even thus early in the campaign) already broken. Indeed, from the very date of their sovereign's treaty with England they had been in difficulties, for that treaty had found their outfits worn out and on the eve of being replaced altogether. The British Ministry had been so pressed for time that they had hurried the unhappy men aboard ship without giving them opportunity to refit. Finally when their transports reached England the contractors chosen to refurnish them had cheated, sending cheap and coarse cloth and cases of ladies' slippers instead of marching shoes! Therefore, although in Canada every effort had been made to outfit them properly from the scanty resources of that

country, nevertheless they were far from smart when they took the field.

The same imaginary observer would have noticed something clumsy in the equipment of the Germans and (on land) in the manœuvres as well. In the first chapter the reader has already been shown how both the tactical system and the military habits of the time assumed the open-field agriculture together with the highways of civilized Europe. Even under European conditions German troops erred on the side of slowness, heaviness, and military pedantry. Important though it really was to maintain a strict alignment, they carried regularity to excess. It has been well said that they made of formation a sort of religion, dressing and redressing their ranks interminably. Furthermore, their equipment was far heavier than that of a British infantryman. All of which was not promising for troops called upon to serve in forest warfare and to cope with the vast distances of the American frontier.

In regard to heavy and clumsy equipment the worst offenders were the dismounted dragoons. It had been impossible to find horses for them in Canada, and on land they lumbered along in huge jackboots reaching far up their encumbered thighs and weighing over twelve pounds per pair! As if this was not enough, each boot had buckled upon it a long spur. Their leather breeches were hot and stiff, their enormous cocked hats were burdened with a long plume, and they carried great leather gauntlets, reaching high up on the arms. For weapons they had long straight broadswords, which without the scabbard weighed three and a half pounds, and short but heavy carbines as well. Behind them their hair hung down in a trailing queue. So laden were they that it would be a matter of the first importance, should the opportunity occur, to mount them.

Having smiled or wondered at these tortoise-like soldiers, the supposed onlooker might have noticed that the uniform of nearly every army unit differed slightly from its neighbor. Thus among the Germans the cuffs and coat facings of the dragoons, the grenadier battalion, the Prince Frederick, and the Riedesel infantry regiments were yellow. Those of the Hesse-Hanau infantry and the Specht regiment were red, those of the Rhetz regiment white, and those of the light

infantry black. The Hesse-Hanau men, both infantry and artillery, were better outfitted than the Brunswickers. Their infantry were a grenadier regiment and consequently all wore the high grenadier cap with its shining metal front plate. In addition to their muskets and bayonets they and the Brunswick grenadier battalion carried swords. Among the British, the 9th, 20th, and the flank companies of the 29th and 34th had facings of yellow. The 62d, and the flank companies of the 31st, had them of buff, the 21st of blue, the 24th of green, the 47th of white, and the 53d of red. Both British and Hesse-Hanau artillerymen wore blue coats faced with red.

Nor were these distinguishing marks mere parade. They helped powerfully to foster *esprit de corps*, that intense little patriotism of the individual unit which so nourishes the soul of armies. Very probably among the Germans, and certainly in most of the British regiments, they recalled long traditions of endurance in arms. Of the seven British regiments and three fragments of regiments present, all but two were older than the Hanoverian dynasty. Four — the 9th, 20th, 21st, and 24th — went back to the seventeenth century before the bayonet had supplanted the pike as the close-quarters weapon of infantry. Two — the 9th and the 21st — had begun their corporate existence before the exile of James II.

The 47th had seen more American service than any other, for it had taken part in the expedition against Louisbourg, and had distinguished itself at Wolfe's capture of Quebec. More recently, alone of Burgoyne's regiments, its light companies had been at Lexington and Concord, and it had passed through the furnace of Bunker Hill.

The 21st was not only the oldest, but also the most illustrious, of all. It was one of the eleven 'royal' regiments on the army list. As such it was distinguished by the title of 'Royal North-British Fusileers,' and by the devices on its regimental colors — the thistle of Scotland with the circle of Saint Andrew, and the old Scotch motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' together with the King's Cipher and Crown. It had been raised in 1678 under Charles II, had first smelt powder at Bothwell Bridge, had helped put down Monmouth's foolish rebellion, and had fought at Killicrankie. After which it had served King William in his wars on the

Continent, and followed Marlboro in his great actions from Blenheim (where its colonel was killed) through Ramillies and Oudenarde to Malplaquet. It had been a part of the forces which in 1715 defeated the first Stuart attempt at a restoration. Then, after another glorious interval on the Continent at Dettingen and Fontenoy, it had again returned for the final disaster of the Stuarts at Culloden. Since then it had not only fought once more on the Continent, but had served at Gibraltar and in America until 1772.

The 20th had been raised in 1688, soon after King William's landing, and had made its début at the battle of the Boyne. After fighting at Fontenoy and Culloden, it had been cut to pieces at Minden in the Seven Years' War, but had nevertheless fought through Warburg and several lesser actions. During this war the great Wolfe — to whom it owed much of its high standard — had served in it, first as captain, then as major, and finally as lieutenant-colonel. Its officers were noted for their attentiveness to duty, and its men (most of whom were veterans), besides their notable smartness on parade, took pride in the high discipline for which even in those days of iron discipline 'they are distinguished always.' The army inspection returns from which these words are taken rate the regiment as excellent.

With two such crack regiments as the 20th and 21st it was natural to brigade the lame duck of the British contingent, the 62d. As late as 1769 it had sunk too low in numbers even to be reviewed, having only seventy-five men. By 1775 it had recruited up to a number sufficient to be reviewed, but was set down in the inspection returns as a 'poor regiment' — as British regiments went. Even the 62d, however, and still more the other British battalions were by this time well able to uphold the honor of that admirable little British army whose valor had so often astonished the toughest veterans of Europe. The men, like the officers, included a good proportion of Scotch. Unlike the officers, they included also a number of Irishmen whose droll sayings raised many a laugh. The British battalions included even some Germans from George III's electorate of Hanover. Their recruits had been annealed by a year's campaign. They were all in the best of health and spirits, devoted to their officers and their commander-in-chief, and like him confident of success.

Before estimating the morale of the Germans it is impossible altogether to pass over the political point raised by their employment — a point which had told heavily against the Ministry in England and against the British cause in America. It was true that there were mitigating circumstances. The little Protestant courts of central and north-western Germany were diplomatically dependent upon England. In troubled times they trusted to her to protect them against Catholic France. Moreover, these petty German princes naturally felt themselves close to the Hanoverian House, promoted as that House had been from a position not much greater than their own to the sovereignty of England, and the rulers of both Hesse-Cassel and Brunswick had married English princesses. On the other side Frederick the Great's condemnation of the practice of selling the blood of one's subjects had no higher motive than a dislike of competition which threatened to raise the market value of German soldiers — he himself throughout his reign had shamelessly hired men wherever he could get them. Nevertheless there was and still is something repulsive about the whole business, and the scorn with which Chatham covered it — '. . . traffic and barter with every pitiful German Prince that sells his subjects to foreign shambles' and the rest of the hackneyed quotation — rings true even to-day.

It was natural that the feeling against the German mercenaries should have been stronger in America than in England, but it is strange that there seems to have been so little resentment in Germany. To us to-day it is strangest of all that we hear nothing of any serious mutiny among the troops themselves. The one trace of mutiny is found in no historical document, but in Schiller's contemporary play 'Kabale and Liebe,' published in 1784, in which a character says of the German troops bound for America '. . . they are all volunteers, of course. It is true a few noisy fellows did step out of the ranks and ask their commander at how much a yoke the Prince sold his subjects. But they were soon silenced. Our gracious sovereign paraded the troops and had the chattering fools shot then and there. We heard the crack of the muskets; we saw their brains sprinkled against the wall, and then the rest shouted "Hurrah for America!"'

Even if we assume that this passage is not merely

imaginative, but founded upon a genuine and reliable tradition, how mild a mutiny it describes! As far as official documents go in the case of the Brunswick troops, who made up by far the greater part of Burgoyne's Germans, the official correspondence shows no trace of mutiny whatsoever. Among the Brunswickers the only trace even of low morale (that is, before the final collapse in the autumn of '77) is a letter in which the hereditary prince writes to Riedesel as regards the recruits to be sent out, '. . . it will be, as you know, impossible to warrant their zeal in the service,' and therefore recommends Riedesel's usual strict discipline to supply the want of enthusiasm. Moreover, with the chronic plague of desertion from the eighteenth-century armies, it speaks volumes that Riedesel was able to march a detachment of over two thousand troops for a month from the Duchy of Brunswick to their point of embarkation without a single deserter. Indeed, Von Eelking goes so far as to speak of the great love of the Brunswick troops for their sovereign and of the 'tremendous hurrah' with which they greeted him at the farewell review. The least that can be said is that in the whole crazy quilt of little independent principalities which covered the map of Germany not a sovereign would have risked his throne had he feared that selling his troops to England would raise enough popular feeling among his subjects to put his Government in peril.

On the part of the troops themselves: in the first place, all long-term professional armies can be used for almost any purpose of their Governments. The men become so accustomed to obeying the orders of their superiors that it is a factor of little importance to their military value what the individual man thinks of the quarrel in which he fights. Furthermore, Germans (although obstinate in private affairs and given to faction in political life) are at the same time notably docile in their obedience to military authority. Finally, the life of an eighteenth-century soldier in peacetime was tedious enough — nothing to look forward to but the endless monotony of years of tedious barrack life. When a chance came to break the dull routine and when that chance included a trip at Government expense to far-off America, it is not surprising that men who had in them even a touch of the adventurous should have been willing enough

to go. Even those recruits who had been seized while at church seemed to have given no trouble.

Curiously enough, the morale of Burgoyne's Germans was less apt to suffer from cowardice than from homesickness. From time to time these men — brave soldiers, but soft-minded and sentimental after their national habit — would gather in groups from twenty to thirty strong and repeat over and over again to one another that they would never see home and loved ones again and must themselves soon die. Whereat without wound or sickness they would die, indeed, a score at a time, of pure melancholy!

Of course to expect from such hirelings the same firmness under adversity as from the British would have been out of reason. Moreover, I have already noted their heavy equipment which (not to speak of their stolid minds) unfitted them even more than most regulars of the time for wilderness warfare. Nevertheless I repeat that they were solid, steady troops without whom, in point of mere numbers, the British plan of reconquest would have been unthinkable.

Of the auxiliaries, the Indians, although drunken and insubordinate, were at the same time admirable scouts and covering troops. While to the eye of a regular officer the Canadians seemed awkward and spiritless, and the handful of Tories were continually bickering among themselves as to which of them should serve as officers, on the other hand, both Canadians and Tories knew something of American forest warfare.

With hardly an exception, all the various units of the motley little army, even — in their own heavy way — the Germans, were admirably officered. Most of the seniors had seen service in the Seven Years' War. As a body the British officers were not only professionally competent; many of them were distinguished in social and political life as well. Four of them bore English or Scotch titles. Four, including Burgoyne himself, Phillips, and Acland of the grenadiers, were members of Parliament. Over thirty were afterward to become general officers. Many were younger sons of the greatest families of England. Of the diarists: Hadden was serving as a second lieutenant in the artillery, Anburey as a gentleman volunteer in the grenadier company of the 29th, Digby as a lieutenant in the grenadier company of the 53d,

and Lamb, whose rank was that of sergeant, was acting as surgeon's mate attached to the 9th. Captain Pausch — a tough old veteran full of whimsical and amazing turns of speech — commanded the Hesse-Hanau artillery company.

Next to Burgoyne, the senior British officer present was Major-General Phillips. An artilleryman of thirty years' service, he had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War. At Minden he had been conspicuous, and at Warburg he had covered himself with glory by bringing up his guns at the gallop — an unheard-of feat. It was said that at Minden he himself had broken no less than fifteen canes over the backs of the horses to make them gallop still faster. Besides his distinction as a soldier, he was also a member of Parliament. A skillful gunner, active and ambitious, he had the furious temper so often seen in men of high energy and courage. Finally he was so haughty that later, when he invaded Virginia, Jefferson (who had befriended him while a prisoner) called him, in a typically windy Jeffersonian phrase, 'the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth.'

In the armies of eighteenth-century Europe it was still the custom to treat both engineers and artillery as the ugly ducklings of the service. To his comrades of the infantry or cavalry the officer in one of the learned arms was still not yet entirely a soldier and ought not to presume to command them, whatever his rank. There was even a royal order forbidding the practice. Accordingly, although Burgoyne wished to give all possible scope to Phillips' high ability and therefore appointed him commander of the right wing of the army, nevertheless he felt it necessary to defend this measure as an emergency one, and as the campaign went on the appointment seems to have lapsed.

Of the British brigadiers, while Hamilton and Powel were brave and thoroughly up to their job, the most distinguished was Simon Fraser. Forty-eight, a Scotchman, sanguine and eager, he had spent almost his whole life in the army, serving with distinction under Wolfe at Louisbourg and at Quebec. He had an additional spur to ambition, for he was akin to the Frasers of Lovat, whose head, the Earl of Lovat, had been attainted for following Prince Charlie in '45, and there was a story that Government had hinted a willingness, should the campaign succeed, to make him Earl of Lovat and

restore to him the confiscated family estates. He and Burgoyne, who had particularly asked to have him as a brigadier under his command, were fast friends, and the lieutenant-general greatly esteemed him as an officer, saying that he 'grudged a danger or care in other hands than his own.'

The grenadier battalion took its orders from Major Acland. His ancestors had been gentlefolk in Somersetshire for six hundred years. Although the Baroness Riedesel (suffering perhaps from a Teutonic inability to grasp the fine shades of English society) called him 'a plain rough man' and says he was drunk almost daily, at the same time he was none the less an able and active officer. Nor did his drinking prevent him from being greatly loved by his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, who had followed him to Canada. He was thirty years old.

The light infantry were commanded by Major the Earl of Balcarres, who was only twenty-four. Gallant and energetic like Acland, this Scotch nobleman was intimate with Burgoyne himself because he shared his commander-in-chief's passion for high play at cards.

Of the acting regimental commanders we need remember only three, all lieutenant-colonels, Hill of the 9th, Sutherland of the 47th, and Anstruther of the 62d.

The commander of the Germans was Major-General Baron von Riedesel. His ancestors since the twelfth century had been noble. Like Burgoyne this Brunswicker was a cavalryman. Indeed, he had seen more active service than Burgoyne himself, and (except for the latter's Portuguese episode) he was far more experienced in the actual command of an army. At twenty-one he had been for three years a favorite staff officer of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the allied commander in western Germany during the Seven Years' War. In spite of his youth he was noted not only for the intelligence and tact doubly necessary in a polyglot, mixed army, but also for the personal charm and moderation which made it possible for him, in the capacity of personal representative of the commander-in-chief, practically to command officers far senior to himself. Besides a great eye for country which caused him often to be used on reconnaissance, he had so great a gift for intelligence work that

the Duke made him his chief of secret service. His character was of a hearty German type, loyal and given to warm friendships, and he was always thinking of the comfort and well-being of his men. Now, at thirty-nine, he was beginning to grow fat, but he was still active, and his fine blue eyes looked out from a face still firm and handsome. He spoke some English, but he and Burgoyne communicated with each other chiefly in French.

Riedesel's wife, the little Baroness Frederica, blue-eyed like her husband, had just come out to him from Germany bringing with her their three little daughters, one six, one three, and one a baby of a year old. For the present, however, she and her children stayed behind in Canada.

The German advanced corps was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel von Breymann, a brave officer, but a brutal bully, such as the habit of military command breeds now and then among all nations and especially among the Germans.

The commander of the dragoons was Lieutenant-Colonel Baum, between whom and Breymann there was a long-standing quarrel of the bitter sort sometimes found among professional soldiers — or, for the matter of that, in monasteries or any other group of men thrown long and continuously together.

In the Canadian detachment two of the officers — Lanaudière and de Boucherville — came of great families in the provincial *noblesse*. Lanaudière had been one of Carleton's aides and had accompanied his chief in the latter's flight from Montreal in the fall of '75 just before that city fell into the hands of the Americans. He had visited England and gave himself the airs of an Englishman. De Boucherville had a seigneury near Montreal.

The senior officer of the American Tories was Lieutenant-Colonel John Peters. Born a Connecticut man, he had graduated from Yale in the class of 1759. On moving to what is now Vermont, he had become a local notable, a judge, and a colonel of the militia. He had even been elected to the New York Provincial Congress, but not believing in independence had left that body and taken refuge in Canada. Besides Peters, Burgoyne's Tory officers included the Jessup brothers,

from what is now the district of Glens Falls. Like Peters the Jessups were men of distinction. Ebenezer Jessup's great log house in the wilderness, in which he loved to give hospitality, was magnificently and tastefully furnished, boasting costly paintings and engravings, fine linen, and massive plate.

The Indians, in addition to their own chiefs, were controlled through interpreters — rascally fellows who were the despair of the British commanders.

At Burgoyne's headquarters might have been seen 'a large fine-looking person, with a pleasant countenance and an affable deportment,' named Philip Skene. A Scotchman, and a retired British army officer of thirty years' service, in Europe he had fought at Cartagena, Porto Bello, Culloden, and Fontenoy, having been wounded more than once. In America, he had served in the West Indies against Martinique and Havana, distinguishing himself at the capture of the latter city. The subsequent course of his life had been determined by his presence in the armies of Abercromby and Amherst upon this very Lake Champlain which Burgoyne was now crossing. Having been attracted by the region, he had determined to found a colony there, and upon his retirement he had accordingly done so, receiving a grant of vast lands adjoining the southern part of the lake. He himself lived at Skenesboro, now Whitehall, New York. From the outbreak of the Revolution he had supported the royal cause with such energy that he was detested by his Whig neighbors second only to the Devil and the Pope. His titles were vague; he was sometimes called Major, sometimes Governor Skene, and his duties at headquarters vaguer still; but his influence in the counsels of the invasion was great. Perhaps his function is best defined as that of local and political adviser to the commander-in-chief.

The little force — its numbers were not half those of an American division in 1918 — moved easily up the lake, making eighteen or twenty miles a day. It was admirably covered by its Indians, who not only formed the 'point' or leading element of its advanced guard, but also roamed the woods far and wide in its front. So effectively did they perform this duty that (as we shall see in a moment) the American defenders of Ticonderoga could discover neither

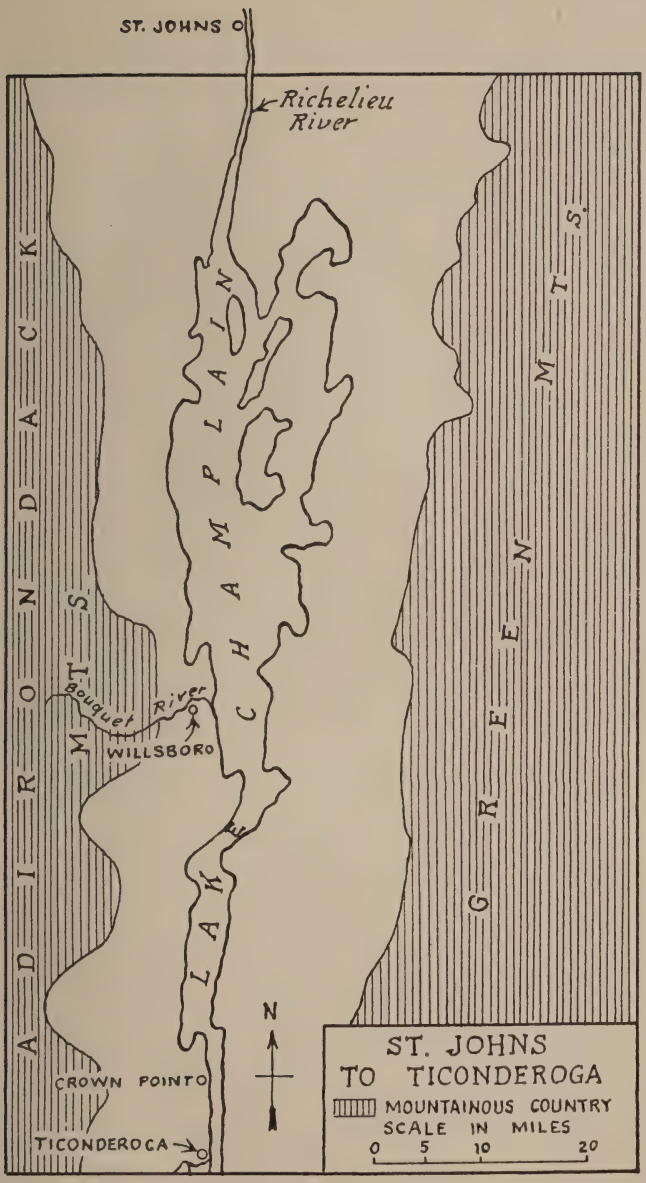
the numbers nor the exact position of the advancing troops. In the nightly camps those Indians who possessed canoes were accustomed to turn them over and sleep under the low shelter thus afforded. Among the regulars everything was done with method and precision. The camping-grounds were exactly marked out, the brush carefully cleared away and the camps even entrenched — so much was feared from the woodcraft and marksmanship of the Americans.

During this regular approach, Burgoyne made three important gestures or pronouncements; the first a political proclamation addressed to the Americans, the second a speech to his Indian allies, and the third a general order to the army.

The proclamation to the Americans ran as follows:

By John Burgoyne Esq'r; Lieut. Gen'l of His Majesties Armies in America, Col. of the Queens Reg't of Lt. Dragoons, Governor of Fort William in North Britain, one of the Representatives of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament, and Commanding an Army and Fleet employed on an expedition from Canada, etc., etc., etc.

The forces entrusted to my command are designed to act in concert, and upon a common principle, with the numerous Armies and Fleets which already display in every quarter of America, the power, the justice, and when properly sought the mercy of the King. The cause in which the British Arms are thus exerted applies to the most affecting interests of the human heart; and the military Servants of the Crown, at first called forth for the sole purpose of restoring the rights of constitution, now combine with love of their Country, and duty to their Sovereign, the other extensive incitements which spring from a due sense of the general privileges of Mankind. To the Eyes and Ears of the temperate part of the Public, and to the breasts of suffering thousands in the Provinces, be the melancholy appeal whether the present unnatural Rebellion has not been made a foundation for the completest system of Tyranny that ever God in his displeasure suffer'd for a time to be exercised over a forward and stubborn Generation. Arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation of property, persecution and torture, unprecedented in the inquisitions of the Romish Church are among the palpable enormities that verify the affirmative. These are inflicted, (by Assemblies and Committees who dare to profess themselves friends to Liberty,) upon the most quiet Subjects, without distinction of age or sex, for the sole crime, often for the sole suspicion, of having ad-


ST. JOHNS
Richelieu River
ADIRONDACK MTS.
CHAMPLAIN
LAKE
GREEN MTS.
Bouquet River
WILLSBORO
CROWN POINT
TICONDEROGA
N
ST. JOHNS TO TICONDEROGA
MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY
SCALE IN MILES
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hered in principle to the Government under which they were born, and to which by every tye divine and human they owe allegiance. To consummate these shocking proceedings the profanation of Religion is added to the most profligate prostitution of common reason, the consciences of Men are set at naught and multitudes are compelled not only to bear Arms, but also to swear subjection to an usurpation they abhor. Animated by these considerations; at the head of Troops in full powers of health, discipline, and Valour; determined to strike where necessary, and anxious to spare where possible, I by these presents invite and exhort all persons, in all places where the progress of this Army may point — and by the blessing of God I will extend it far — to maintain such a conduct as may justify me in protecting their lands, habitations, and families. The intention of this address is to hold forth security not depredation to the Country. To those whom spirit and principle may induce to partake the glorious task of redeeming their Countrymen from Dungeons, and reëstablishing the blessings of legal Government I offer encouragement and employment; and upon the first intelligence of their associations I will find means to assist their undertakings. The domestick, the industrious, the infirm and even the timid inhabitants I am desirous to protect provided they remain quietly at their Houses, that they do not suffer their Cattle to be removed, nor their corn or forage to be secreted or destroyed, that they do not break up their Bridges or roads; nor by any other acts directly or indirectly endeavour to obstruct the operations of the Kings troops, or supply or assist those of the enemy.

Every species of Provision brought to my camp will be paid for at an equitable rate and in solid Coin.

In consciousness of Christianity, my Royal Master's clemency, and the honor of Soldiership, I have dwelt upon this invitation, and wished for more persuasive terms to give it impression; and let not people be led to disregard it by considering their distance from the immediate situation of my Camp. I have but to give stretch to the Indian Forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the harden'd enemies of Great Britain and America, (I consider them the same) wherever they may lurk. If notwithstanding these endeavours, and sincere inclinations to effect them, the phrenzy of hostility should remain, I trust I shall stand acquitted in the Eyes of God and Men in denouncing and executing the vengeance of the state against the wilful outcasts. The messengers of justice and of wrath await them in the field, and devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror that a reluctant but indispensable prosecu-

tion of military duty must occasion, will bar the way to their return.

By order of his Excellency the Lt. Gen'l
(Signed) ROB'T KINGSTON
Secretary

(Signed) JOHN BURGOYNE

Camp at Bouquet Ferry, June 20th, 1777

Both in matter and in manner this extraordinary document shows Burgoyne at his worst. It was quite true that the rebels had dealt hardly with their local Tories, and the fling at the '. . . inquisitions of the Romish Church' was no more than might have been expected from an eighteenth-century Englishman. Even as to the threat of the Indians, it might have been defended on the ground that, since the King and the Ministry had ordered them to be used, their presence might well be played up in order to cow the rebels. On the other hand, the rococo rhetoric, the bullying and boasting, above all the canting 'consciousness of Christianity,' were Burgoyne's. His, too, was the guilt of acting as the instrument of such a filthy business as that of setting the Indians upon colonists insufficiently grateful for the blessings of a Hanoverian dynasty and of parliamentary taxation.

Nor was this turgid manifesto better received at the time. In England, Walpole plastered its author with epithets — 'the vaporing Burgoyne,' 'Pomposo,' and 'Hurlothrumbo,' are specimens. At the same time he suggested that Burgoyne 'might compose a good liturgy for the use of the King's friends, who . . . have the same consciousness of Christianity, and . . . like him can reconcile the scalping knife with the Gospel.' In America its threats provoked little but anger, and its highfalutin style, together with its parade of Burgoyne's titles, brought out a sheaf of parodies — some of them amusing even to-day.

Burgoyne himself was probably not easy in his mind about the Indians. In the first place, in spite of his sudden conversion from sympathizing in the Commons with 'the very wanderings and dreams of liberty' to recommending from Boston the use of foreign troops, a negro slave insurrection, and a 'large levy' of Indians, he was naturally a kindly man. Moreover, he may well have foreseen that Indian outrages

might exasperate rather than cow the Americans. Accordingly, on the day after issuing his proclamation, he assembled his Indians in council and attempted to lay down rules restraining their cruelty.

By this time the army had reached the little River Bouquet, running eastward from the Adirondacks and falling into Lake Champlain about forty miles north of Ticonderoga. The council was held beside the falls of the Bouquet, on a little rise crowned by the softened outlines of an old redoubt. The village of Wilsboro to-day marks the spot.

Burgoyne came to the council attended by a number of British and German officers. When the Indians were assembled, he rose and addressed them in his most animated House of Commons' manner, his words being translated from time to time by an interpreter:

Chiefs and Warriors,

The great King, our common father, and the patron of all who seek and deserve his protection, has considered with satisfaction the general conduct of the Indian tribes, from the beginning of the troubles in America. Too sagacious and too faithful to be deluded or corrupted, they have observed the violated rights of the parental power they love, and burned to vindicate them. A few individuals alone, the refuse of a small tribe, at the first were led astray; and the misrepresentations, the specious allurements, the insidious promises, and diversified plots in which the rebels are exercised, and all of which they employed for that effect, have served only in the end to enhance the honor of the tribes in general, by demonstrating to the world how few and how contemptible are the apostates! It is a truth known to you all, these pitiful examples excepted (and they have probably before this day hid their faces in shame) the collective voices and hands of the Indian tribes over this vast continent, are on the side of justice, of law, and the King.

The restraint you have put upon your resentment in waiting the King your father's call to arms, the hardest proof, I am persuaded, to which your affection could have been put, is another manifest and affecting mark of your adherence to that principle of connection to which you were always fond to allude and which is the mutual joy and the duty of the parent to cherish.

The clemency of your father has been abused, the offers of his mercy have been despised, and his farther patience would, in his

eyes, become culpable, in as much as it would withold redress from the most grievous oppressions in the provinces, that ever disgraced the history of mankind. It therefore remains for me, the General of one of his Majesty's armies, and in this council his representative, to release you from those bonds which your obedience imposed — Warriors you are free — go forth in might and valor of your cause — strike at the common enemies of Great Britain and America — disturbers of public order, peace and happiness, destroyers of commerce, parricides of state.

Pointing to the German and British officers, the General went on:

The circle round you, the chiefs of his Majesty's European forces, and of the Princes his allies, esteem you as brothers in the war; emulous in glory and in friendship, we will endeavor reciprocally to give and to receive examples; we know how to value, and we will strive to imitate your perseverance in enterprize and your constancy, to resist hunger, weariness and pain. Be it our task, from the dictates of our religion, the laws of our warfare, and the principles and interest of our policy, to regulate your passions when they overbear, to point out where it is nobler to spare than to revenge, to discriminate degrees of guilt, to suspend the uplifted stroke, to chastise and not to destroy.

This war to you my friends is new; upon all former occasions, in taking the field, you held yourselves authorized to destroy wherever you came, because everywhere you found an enemy.

The case is now very different.

The King has many faithful subjects dispersed in the provinces, consequently you have many brothers there, and these people are more to be pitied, that they are persecuted or imprisoned wherever they are discovered or suspected, and to dissemble, to a generous mind, is a yet more grievous punishment.

Persuaded that your magnanimity of character joined to your principles of affection to the King, will give me fuller control over your minds, than the military rank with which I am invested. I enjoin your most serious attention to the rules which I hereby proclaim for your invariable observation during the campaign.

The translation of this was met with cries of 'Etow! Etow!' — their way of applauding — after which they listened intently and even (so the onlookers thought) eagerly to the interpreter for the General's instruction.

I positively forbid blood-shed, when you are not opposed in arms.

Aged men, women, children and prisoners, must be held sacred from the knife or hatchet, even in the time of actual conflict.

You shall receive compensation for the prisoners you take, but you shall be called to account for scalps.

In conformity and indulgence of your customs, which have affixed an idea of honor to such badges of victory, you shall be allowed to take the scalps of the dead, when killed by your fire and in fair opposition; but on no account or pretence, or subtilty, or prevarication, are they to be taken from the wounded, or even dying; and still less pardonable, if possible, will it be held, to kill men in that condition, on purpose, and upon a supposition that this protection to the wounded would be thereby evaded.

Base, lurking assassins, incendiaries, ravagers and plunderers of the country, to whatever army they may belong, shall be treated with less reserve; but the latitude must be given you by order, and I must be the judge on the occasion.

Should the enemy, on their parts, dare to countenance acts of barbarity towards those who may fall into their hands, it shall be yours also to retaliate; but till this severity be thus compelled, bear immovable in your hearts this solid maxim, (it cannot be too deeply impressed) that the great essential reward, the worthy service of your alliance, the sincerity of your zeal to the King, your father and never-failing protector, will be examined and judged upon the test only of your steady and uniform adherence to the orders and counsels of those to whom his Majesty has entrusted the direction and honor of his arms.

After renewed cries of 'Etow! Etow! Etow!' the red men consulted together for some time. An old Iroquois then rose and spoke as follows:

I stand up in the name of all the nations present to assure our father that we have attentively listened to his discourse — we receive you as our father, because when you speak we hear the voice of our great father beyond the great lake.

We rejoice in the approbation you have expressed of our behaviour.

We have been tried and tempted by the Bostonians; but we have loved our father, and our hatchets have been sharpened upon our affections.

In proof of the sincerity of our professions, our whole villages, able to go to war, are come forth. The old and infirm, our infants and wives, alone remain at home.

With one common assent, we promise a constant obedience to all you have ordered, and all you shall order, and may the father of days give you many, and success.

After applauding the chief of the Iroquois by shouting 'Etow! Etow! Etow!' as before, the meeting broke up.

The council once adjourned, Burgoyne ordered liquor for the Indians, who thereupon held a war-dance. The European spectators wondered at the sound of their whooping and the sight of their tossing bodies smeared with bear's grease and hideously painted with vermilion, black, blue, and green. Some wore helmets made of the skin of a buffalo's head with the horns attached and the skin flapping down behind. Others wore the more familiar war-bonnets of feathers. Many were naked. One ingenious brave, whose modesty would not permit a complete exposure, had tied a blackbird to his privates! So accoutred they danced and revelled after their savage fashion.

If the news of Burgoyne's proclamation had been ill received in England, that of his speech to the Indians was worse still. Chatham stormed in the Lords. In the Commons Burke fell back upon a sarcastic simile drawn from the menagerie in the Tower of London; 'Suppose there was a riot on Tower Hill. What would the keeper of His Majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and then address them thus? "My gentle lions — my humane bears — my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child!"' Whereat tears of laughter rolled down the fat cheeks of Lord North at hearing an absent man thus attacked for a policy which he himself as Prime Minister had sanctioned.

Indeed, the employment of Indians as directed by the unimaginative George III and the always good-natured Lord North remains the dirtiest page of the American Revolution. Naturally there has come a reaction against the first fierce anger, and that reaction has gone so far that to-day fools will maintain that, since the American rebels as well as the British Government tried to enlist Indians, therefore the guilt is equal. The answer is that, while it was bad enough to use such allies against the enemy's armed forces, to use them against a whole population was far worse. By the British Government the Indian was most emphatically not used for military purposes alone; he was used for what King

George so genteelly called 'distressing' America, for paying out the American farmer who, having ventured to defy his sovereign, could not be coerced by armies, for 'distressing' him and his wife and his children with the diabolical outrages and tortures of which the redskin made an art. The Indians were the agents of what the world recently learned to call a policy of 'frightfulness.' And yet George III was undoubtedly a religious man and a model of the domestic virtues.

Burgoyne's general order to his army was issued June 30. It ran as follows:

> The army embarks to-morrow, to approach the enemy. We are to contend for the King, and the constitution of Great Britain, to vindicate Law, and to relieve the oppressed — a cause in which his Majesty's Troops and those of the Princes his Allies, will feel equal excitement. The services required of this particular expedition, are critical and conspicuous. During our progress occasions may occur, in which, nor difficulty, nor labour nor life are to be regarded. This Army must not Retreat.

When the foregoing order with its boastful conclusion was issued, the army had been for some days concentrated at Crown Point, which was to be used as an advanced base. Here they were within about eight miles of Ticonderoga. To cover the main body, General Fraser with the British advanced corps had been pushed up several miles farther, himself perfectly covered by the Canadians and Indians. Already Fraser's command could see the great entrenched camp of the rebels and could even make out the red-and-white stripes and blue canton of the standard floating above it. Already the preliminary dispositions for the siege had been made. Since the position Burgoyne was about to attack extended on both sides of the lake, therefore, in order to surround it and cut off retreat by land, he himself would be compelled to divide his army. Accordingly his British troops were to operate on the west shore; the heavy German dragoons were to remain in their rear as headquarters guard, and the other Germans under Riedesel were to cross to the east shore.

During their lake voyage the army had several times had to cope with high winds and often with rain which had

obliged them to put up canvas and shelters. Now, however, these were not needed, for July 1 dawned fine and clear. At dawn instead of reveille the drums beat the call known as the 'General,' and an hour afterward (except for the British advanced corps, which had already gone ahead) the entire army embarked. The whole lake, here about a mile wide, was covered with bateaux and with the gunboats of the flotilla. So with drums beating and music playing they advanced and landed some four miles short of the famous fortress whose capture was to raise their commander to the summit of his short-lived glory.

CHAPTER V

THE FALL OF TICONDEROGA AND THE PURSUIT

THE action of this chapter covers the eight days from July 1 to July 8 inclusive.

In 1777 Ticonderoga was already historic; indeed, it was already older than Burgoyne's invasion is to-day. Its name in the Indian language seems to have meant 'where the lake shuts itself,' because of the narrows about a quarter of a mile wide on which it looked down. Strategically its importance was its position at the junction of the two alternate routes leading southward from it to the Hudson, one by Lake George and the other by the southern tip of Lake Champlain. Thus it commanded both. As early as 1609, Champlain the explorer had passed that way, and there (the probabilities are overwhelming) the woods had echoed and the astonished Iroquois had fled at the crack of his arquebuse. In 1690 the first crude stone breastwork on the site had been thrown up and afterward abandoned by a party from Albany whose commander bore the great name of Schuyler. It was not until the seventeen-fifties, however, that the engineers of Louis XV had been attracted by the tapering tongue of high land which slopes gradually downward from the northwest until its tip thrusts itself out into the lake to form one side of the narrows. Upon this tongue of land, about a quarter-mile from the point, the French had built with the local blue stone a square bastioned fort with ravelins on the two exposed sides in the best Vauban style. Not long afterward an outwork of earth had been added across the neck about a half-mile to the northwest. This defense, afterward known as 'The old French lines,' had a zigzag trace and the general form of a horseshoe, with its sides on the edge of the high ground and its open end toward the fort. Against it the Black Watch had vainly dashed themselves to pieces under Abercromby.

During the peace the place had not been kept up; consequently in '75 its ditches had begun to fill up with rubbish

and its dismantled ramparts had become ruinous. A few weeks after Lexington the tiny British garrison in the old stone fort, not dreaming of an attack, had been easily surprised and taken prisoners by a small band of rebels under Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.

Since its capture great efforts had been made to enlarge and strengthen the defenses. On the west side of the lake the existing works had been repaired. New blockhouses had been built to cover the flanks and rear of the old French lines and the low ground (then marshy and still impassable in the spring) between the northeastward slope down from the neck and the lake shore. Over a mile west of the old French lines a new outwork had been thrown up on a hill known as Mount Hope from which the ground fell away sharply to the left bank of the outlet from Lake George. This position not only commanded the road to Lake George, which ran below it along the bank of the outlet; it also covered the sawmills for which the outlet supplied water power.

At the same time the defensible area had been more than doubled by the fortification of the hill on the east side of the lake east and south of the narrows. This hill, baptized Mount Independence, is a mile and a half long and a half-mile wide. Its natural strength was greater than that of the west side, for whereas the ground in front of the French lines is level, and behind them slopes gently downward to the glacis of the old stone fort, Mount Independence for nearly three quarters of its circumference is covered by the lake, and is protected all around by a steep and almost unbroken escarpment. On the land side the escarpment had been crowned by a strong stone breastwork which wound in and out with the irregularities of the site, the trace being skillfully designed so as to avoid 'dead ground' (that is, ground out of sight of the defenders and therefore out of reach of their aimed fire) in its front. At the rare spots where the descent was not so steep were strong redoubts furnished with cannon. At the summit of the hill were barracks enclosed within an eight-pointed star fort of palisading which formed a sort of citadel.

To close the southern end of the lake against British shipping a boom of great logs connected by heavy chains had been strung across the narrows. Behind this obstacle

PLAN

of **TICONDEROGA** *and* **MOUNT INDEPENDENCE**, *including* **MOUNT HOPE**, *and shewing the* Rebel *Works & Batteries as they were when* His Majesty's Troops *took Possession of them on the* 6th July 1777, *expressing also the* Encampments *of the* British *on the* 5th Instant, *with the extensive* Communication, *which was made in one Day for the transport of the heavy* Artillery *from the* 3 Miles Point *to the proposed* Batteries, *Including likewise* **SUGAR HILL**, *where a* Battery *of four* 12 Pounders *would have been ready to open on the* 6th *at Noon.*

REFERENCES

TICONDEROGA

- A *The old French* Fort *of* Ticonderoga
- B *The old French* Lines *repaired by the* Rebels
- C *Sandy* Fort
- D *New* Redoubts *formed by the* Rebels
- E *Rivers of* Redoubt *and* Line
- F Store Houses
- G Bake House
- H Kings Garden
- I Block House *almost finished and once pulled down and erected on* Mount Independence
- K *Different rows of* Tiles *drove by the* French *in* 1759
- L *The advanced* Corps
- M *A company of* Rangers *and the* Canadians
- N *The* Indians
- O *Where the first* Brigade *British under Brigadier General* Powell *encamped the* 3d July
- P *Where the second* Brigade *British under Brigadier General* Hamilton *encamped the* 5th July
- Q Fleches *thrown up by the* British *for the security of their advanced* Guards *and* Piquets

As they lay the 2nd and encamped the 3rd July with Brigadier General Fraser

MOUNT INDEPENDENCE

- a Fort
- b Barracks
- c Store Houses
- d Powder Magazine
- e Rebels Laboratory
- f Hospital
- g *New* Wharf *not finished.*
- h Batteries on Barbette
- i Line *formed of rough* Logs, *filled* Trees &c.
- k Log Houses
- l Artificers work Shops
- m Well
- n Crane
- o Circular Battery
- p Breast work *with* Embrasures
- q Sunken Piers *made of round logs pinned together and filled with stones*
- r Floating Bridge *made of large logs loosely boarded over & strongly chained to the* Piers q
- s *Five* Block Houses *begun by order of* Lieutenant General Burgoyne, *for the Defence of* Mount Independence.

SUGAR HILL

- t *New* Road *made by the* Artificers *on the* 5 July *in the afternoon, by the following Night*
- u Fleche *thrown up by the* British *advanced* Corps *on the* 5th July
- v *Proposed* Battery *against* Mount Independence *and* Ticonderoga, *which would have been ready to open on the* 6th July
- x Block House *begun for the Defence of this important* Post

MOUNT HOPE

- R Rebel Fort *made and occupied in the Autumn* 1776, *but abandoned in* 1777.
- S Guard House
- T Roads *leading to* lake George

ran a bridge of boats, and both were commanded by water batteries on either shore.

Unhappily for the defense of the whole great entrenched camp the position had a grave weakness. West of the lake and south of the outlet from Lake George the hill sometimes called Sugar Hill or Sugarloaf, more often Mount Defiance, raised itself nearly eight hundred feet above the water. It was thus nearly four times as high as the top of Mount Independence and nearly eight times that of the ground on which the old French fort stood.

Probably this hill had been in Montcalm's mind when he had said that given an intelligent besieger with a few guns and mortars the defense of Ticonderoga could expect nothing but a dishonorable failure. No doubt the great want of surveyors and therefore of means for accurately measuring distance had prevented the American command from fully estimating its importance. Every schoolboy will remember in connection with Washington's youth the rarity of surveyors in eighteenth-century America, and the rebel army lacked both trained native gunners and military engineers.

Nevertheless the defenders had had their warning. During the previous summer there had been on the ground an able young officer, not yet twenty-one, whose keen eye and just sense of proportion were one day to make him a notable painter. His name was John Trumbull; he was son to the Governor of Connecticut, and at Ticonderoga he was serving as adjutant-general. Having helped to select the Mount Independence position, as time went on he had become convinced that Mount Defiance was within gunshot both of Mount Independence and Ticonderoga proper, and one day he had said so at the commanding officer's table. Gates and his officers laughed at him, but young Trumbull had stuck to his point and had finally gained Gates's permission to experiment by gunfire. Even from the far northern end of Mount Independence, the balls from a doubled-shotted twelve-pounder had crashed against the rocky face of Mount Defiance more than halfway to its summit. From the old French fort a six-pounder had thrown a shot almost to the summit itself. It had then been objected that the summit was inaccessible, but this too had been disproved, for not only young Trumbull, but with him 'Mad Anthony' Wayne

and even the fiery little Arnold, dragging his game leg that had been wounded before Quebec, had managed to scramble up the steep east face of the hill on the side toward the lake, and any one could see that its northwestward face was much gentler in slope. Trumbull says that they were convinced there that even a loaded carriage could have been got up. It is true that from the summit to the nearest point of Mount Independence the range is a mile and to the palisaded star fort as well as to the old French fort a mile and a quarter. But even allowing for the limitations of the eighteenth-century artillery at such ranges, it is strange that the warning went unheeded.

At the south end of the barracks in the old French fort rose an observation tower from which the whole entrenched camp, except only the east side of Mount Independence, could be seen. From it in June, '77, an observer could easily have followed with his eye the trace of each part of the works standing out in the brown of freshly turned soil and white of new-cut timber. At many points just outside the lines would have been seen belts of felled trees; the stumps inward, the side branches interlaced, and all branches sharpened at the ends so as to form an ugly network difficult for an assailant to penetrate. Such obstacles, known as abattis, served the same purpose as barbed-wire entanglements today; that is, they held an assailant and checked or delayed him while exposed to the fire of the sheltered defenders. While admiring the strength of the works, an onlooker friendly to the infant United States would have been concerned to see the vast entrenchments so scantily dotted with men.

On the observation platform, doubtless for hours at a time, might have been seen two men. Both were tall, but here the resemblance ended. One was a Scotch gentleman in the early forties, with chestnut hair, intelligent blue-gray eyes, and graceful, easy manners. His imposing figure was clad in the buff and blue of a Continental major-general, and he was Arthur St. Clair, the commander of the fortress. The other, except for a gold cord around his broad turned-up felt hat, had but little of the soldier about him. He was a slim Yankee between thirty and forty years old with a face roughened as if by smallpox, and his light brown hair tied

behind. He was roughly dressed in a jerkin or sleeveless jacket, leather breeches, and stockings of a gray woollen or yarn, and he moved with the catlike action of the forest runner. He was Major Benjamin Whitcomb, St. Clair's chief of scouts.

The lives of the general and his trusted subordinate had been as different as was their appearance. St. Clair's blood was noble; he had spent his early manhood in the British army, distinguishing himself before Louisbourg and under Sir William — then Colonel — Howe at the taking of Quebec. After marrying a granddaughter of Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts, he had resigned from the army and with the help of his wife's fortune had set up as a local notable in Pennsylvania. He had taken the side of the rebels, and in '76 had served with credit in Canada and at Ticonderoga. On the Assunpink after Trenton, it was he who had suggested the movement which had enabled Washington and his little army not only to escape from Cornwallis, but also to fight and win the battle of Princeton. It had also been by his advice that Washington had posted himself so strongly in Morristown. So high did his name stand that young Wilkinson — who with all his faults was emphatically no fool — could call him 'the great St. Clair.'

Whitcomb was distinguished in a very different way. A first-rate scout himself and a good scout leader, in the summer of '76 his realistic notion of making war had led him to shoot from ambush and mortally wound a British general. This act had somewhat shocked some officers even of his own side and had so infuriated the British that Carleton had put a price on his head and proposed to hang him if taken. Nevertheless he had been promoted and upon his skill as a ranger St. Clair was now leaning heavily.

Turning from what he saw or failed to see to what he knew to be true brought St. Clair no reassurance. That he himself was but newly come — he had reached the place only on June 12 — was the least of his troubles. That he found the fortifications not stronger, but in at least one important respect actually weaker, than in the previous autumn was worse still; for during the winter the unhappy little garrison had burnt up for firewood a formidable abattis which had contributed greatly to the strength of Mount

Independence. Worst of all was his own want of numbers, his ignorance of the strength and intentions of the enemy, and finally the irresolution with which political faction had infected the American command.

At the end of June the returns furnished him by Wilkinson, the handsome and brilliant but somewhat unstable boy who served him as adjutant-general, showed barely two thousand rank and file of Continental — that is, American regular — infantry fit for duty, and less than three hundred artillerymen. Since the frontage of the land side of Mount Independence plus the French lines was over two thousand yards, to have posted his whole command on these works alone would have given him less than a man per yard without reliefs. Even this would have left him without a man in the detached work at Mount Hope, in the blockhouses and other works covering the exposed flanks of the French lines together with the shores north of the boom and therefore exposed to boat attack, or finally in the water batteries covering the boom itself. Certain militia forces he knew were on the way, and in fact nine hundred of these did arrive before the crisis of the siege. Moreover, low grade troops with all their shortcomings are axiomatically more useful in position warfare than in the open, and the marksmanship of American Revolutionary militia had proved them far from contemptible opponents at Bunker Hill. But even with these nine hundred St. Clair's defense was a mere shell for lack of men.

The answer to the natural question of why more militia were not called in is that there were not foodstuffs sufficient to feed them for any length of time had they come. If in turn we ask the immediate cause of this lack of stores we get no clear answer. At best Ticonderoga was a distant frontier post difficult to supply. There had been changes in the personnel of the supply departments which may have interfered with their working. The rainy spring had made the bad roads worse. Besides these particular causes there was a general one; now that two years had gone by since the first great blaze of enthusiasm the fires of the rebellion were burning low. The ardor upon which it depended for its life was slackening, and as it slackened the eager coöperation of '75 was losing itself in indifference and even in bitter sectional faction.

The United States has its sectionalisms to-day; indeed the great political conflicts of her history have all taken sectional form. Nevertheless it is hard for us to-day to realize the intensity of the eighteenth-century feeling between neighboring States and groups of States. In part this was due to the difficulties of communication; as late as 1722 no team had ever been driven overland between Connecticut and Rhode Island. But far more important was spiritual discord arising from differences in blood and in political and social structure. Ticonderoga was in the State of New York of which the foundation was Holland-Dutch and the framework that of a quasi-feudal aristocracy. Therefore New York State was alien both to the English blood and the un-English egalitarian spirit (not to speak of the intense and repellent Puritanism) of eighteenth-century New England.

I digress for a moment to say that the aristocracy of early New York State involved no conflict of interest nor any marked feeling between classes of contempt on one side or envy on the other. A new country where land is cheap and labor scarce permits no such conditions. The New York aristocrats were the natural leaders in developing the resources of the State and were therefore followed and esteemed as naturally as were the rich landowners of the Dark and Middle Ages for their constant fighting against the public enemies. Nevertheless, although the New York aristocracy had sprung up naturally enough and although (like all true aristocracies) it was compatible with the best of feeling between rich and poor, the deference to the rich which it implied stank in the nostrils of the New England men. Finally the antagonism between Yankee and Yorker had been intensified by a quarrel over territory. The region now Vermont, then known as the 'Hampshire grants,' had been settled by immigrants from New England who were attempting to secede from New York and set up as a separate State.

I have assigned the antagonism between New York and New England as a possible cause contributing to the shortage of supplies at Ticonderoga. But so deep a cleft in opinion effected far more than that. It caused constant bickering in Congress — the improvised parliament which was the chief political authority among the rebels — and through

Congress it brought about a dangerous instability in the military command of the Northern Department. From the beginning of the Revolution this department had been commanded by Schuyler, a New-Yorker. Under him during the summer and fall of '76 Ticonderoga had been commanded by an immigrant Englishman Gates. Of the characters and rivalry between these two men I shall at this point say only that Gates succeeded in making himself the favorite of the New Englanders. In March of '77 upon a mere pretext he was ordered by Congress to supersede Schuyler in command of the department. In May with even less ostensible reason Congress had reversed itself, superseded Gates, and replaced Schuyler. The latter had offered Gates the command of Ticonderoga, but Gates had refused and had gone off to push his fortunes with Congress in Philadelphia. It was only upon his refusal that St. Clair had been appointed commandant of the fortress, which he had reached less than three weeks before Burgoyne's army (still covered by the impenetrable screen of its Indians) appeared before it.

The existence of faction among the rebels in part explains why (in spite of so grave a shortage of men and of supplies) the effort to hold Ticonderoga was so long and so persistently continued. The place had an enormous reputation. It was known as the Gibraltar of the North, sometimes even as the Gibraltar of America. Its capture by Ethan Allen had been of enormous effect upon opinion. To evacuate it without fighting would have been a terrific blow to the prestige of the struggling United States. Furthermore, granted the hostility between New York and New England an evacuation would have made impossible the position of the officer who ordered it. The instability of the Congressional support likely to be given to an unlucky commander had colored all the measures taken by the defense. In the spring Schuyler, on account of the shortage of men, had suggested that the Ticonderoga side be evacuated and the garrison concentrated in the stronger natural position of Mount Independence, relying upon a flotilla upon Lake George to bar that route to the invaders. Congress had twice passed resolutions authorizing such a step. But Gates had replied reasonably enough that the boom could only be held when defended from both sides, and that if it was forced the de-

fenders of Mount Independence would find their retreat cut off.

One wonders why the suggestion of holding, together with Mount Independence, only the old French fort and the water battery commanding the northwest end of the boom seems never to have been made.

I have said that the political sensitiveness of the faction-ridden American command partly explains the determination to hold Ticonderoga. The rest of the explanation is the complete American ignorance of the British plans.

In the first place, there was Howe in New York City with his great well-appointed army which in effective rank and file of regulars alone, including three thousand on Rhode Island, numbered more than twenty-five thousand. Including his American Tories he may have had as many as thirty thousand — an enormous force for the thinly settled America of that day. Trenton, although of immense moral effect, had not appreciably lessened his striking power. So great and so obvious were the advantages of the Hudson line that both Washington and Gates thought that he would strike northward along that river. Dripping with unctuous piety Gates went so far as to hope that 'Providence may conceal from Howe his true interest' and persuade him to do something else. So far Howe's great force had lain quiet, but the direction of his two slight and temporary movements (a flying raid up the river to destroy stores gathered near Peekskill and a similar move for the same purpose to Danbury) seemed to indicate that his eyes were turned northward.

Besides their uncertainty as to the intentions of Howe the Americans were equally in the dark as to those of Burgoyne. Spies had been sent into Canada — their instructions written in villainous French ('to find out . . . S'ils ont dessein de essayer á passé par les lacs, ou par La Gallette et Oswego') still remain — but nothing could be learnt beyond the bare fact of Burgoyne's arrival. And this in spite of Burgoyne's complaint soon after his landing that he found every detail of his orders the common talk of the streets of Montreal. From a knowledge of Burgoyne's character and reputation it was clear enough that he had not come to Canada to waste his time, and Washington emphasized this point; but there was

nothing to show whether the striking force of the army in Canada would move southward across the lakes into northern New York or would be brought around to New York City by sea. Should they move by land they might attempt to reach Albany by Ticonderoga or they might reverse Amherst's route of 1760 by ascending the St. Lawrence, crossing Ontario, and descending the Mohawk. Schuyler believed they would try this western route; Gates (either with better military judgment or by a lucky guess) argued that they would move on Ticonderoga; but Congress, which was after all the seat of authority, thought it probable that they would come around by sea and had so instructed St. Clair. Not knowing the evidence on which this conclusion rested and therefore unable justly to estimate its flimsiness, St. Clair was led to give it far too much weight.

There remained the question of what should be done at Ticonderoga before the British intentions could be cleared up. Since the troops on hand were far too few to defend the works on both sides of the lake against a regular siege, the wisest and the most virile course would have been to remove the numerous invalids, the heavy artillery, and all but fifteen hundred of the effectives to Fort George at the southern end of Lake George. The fifteen hundred, supported by a few light pieces, could have held the works against a mere feint and could easily have retired before a serious attack. Wilkinson says that he proposed this to Schuyler, who replied that it was also his opinion, but that without authority from Congress he dared not take so unpopular a step. Whether this conversation ever took place or not, it is at least certain that the plan existed in Wilkinson's own mind, for he speaks of it in a letter written at this time to the superseded Gates.

Any other plan was far worse. Not to fight for Ticonderoga was out of the question. To give it up to a mere feint was equally unthinkable. On the other hand, its garrison of Continentals must at all costs be preserved as a nucleus about which the future resistance of the militia might collect. In rear of the fortress, should its defenders be cut off and forced to surrender, Schuyler had but seven hundred Continentals. Even this handful could with difficulty be used as a true reserve, since they were scattered here and

there to guard the supplies in the various old forts south of Ticonderoga, which were hardly more than stockaded storehouses. Accordingly the Ticonderoga garrison, should it fail to cripple the invaders in a rash assault upon its strong defenses, must retire promptly before retreat was cut off. I have already said that the available numbers were too few to hold the works on both sides of the lake against a serious attack, and that to try to hold Mount Independence alone would be useless even were provisions available for a long siege, which they were not. For Mount Independence alone could not bar the southern end of the lake to the British and therefore could not assure the retreat of the garrison once its investment on the land side was complete. All told, therefore, St. Clair's position was thoroughly bad. He could only hope that if the enemy attacked him at all they might try to rush his strong works by means of an insufficiently prepared assault. Should they commit this error, even his scanty and ill-equipped troops might give a good account of themselves. Otherwise he would be lucky to escape complete disaster and personal disgrace.

It was no wonder, then, that he leaned heavily on Whitcomb and anxiously checked up each scrap of intelligence. But let the American scouts do what they would the game was too difficult for them. It was not only that the Indians swarmed in the woods. Even the movements of the British main army were such as to mislead observers, thanks to their slowness together with their elaborate and (in the view of the American weakness) their quite unnecessary caution.

At the end of May, before St. Clair's arrival, there had been a false alarm of an attack. Soon after his coming a prisoner, suspected of being a spy, reported the British to be concentrating at St. John's and reported also the proposed diversion upon the Mohawk. Commenting upon this a week later, Washington erred both in supposing Burgoyne could not be more than five thousand strong and also in believing that the garrison at Ticonderoga was sufficient. The Father of his country had never seen Lake Champlain or the Upper Hudson. Consequently he judged affairs there only upon imperfect reports and more than once judged them ill. He did no more than order four regiments to be held in readiness at Peekskill.

On June 17 two men were captured by Indians at the very gates of Ticonderoga. On the 20th Schuyler came up from Albany and presided over a council of general officers, who took no useful decision, although they were sound enough on the point of retreating before being cut off. Inconclusive bits of information of the approaching enemy kept dribbling in. St. Clair could not understand why, if they meant seriously to attack him, their approach was so leisurely. By the 25th the boom of not one but several morning guns heard repeatedly down the lake indicated a considerable force. Then more Indians began sifting in through the woods, some of them to the east and even to the southeast. On the 30th enemy regulars could be seen disembarking at Three Mile Point; but once disembarked there, instead of advancing farther they began entrenching and throwing a boom across the lake as if they intended not attack but defense. Even on July 1, when Burgoyne and his whole army was within four miles of the place and strong parties could be seen landing on the eastern shore, St. Clair was still of opinion that they were not in great force.

Whatever the strength of the British might be, they were certainly formidable enough to make it necessary for St. Clair to strengthen his little garrison by evacuating the detached post on Mount Hope which covered the sawmills, the outlet from Lake George, and the road to the foot of that lake. Indeed, since Mount Hope was over a mile distant from the French lines, it would obviously have to go down before the first attack of any superior besieging force. One wonders why it was ever fortified at all. Before nine on the morning of July 2 its garrison set it on fire, scrambled down its precipitous rear slope, and made for the French lines. Already the British were so near as to endanger their retreat, and a little more promptness on the besiegers' part would certainly have done so. The smoke of the burning post was seen at nine in the morning. Not until one o'clock was a detachment of the British advanced corps ordered to occupy it, while a body of Indians, supported by a company of picked British marksmen under Captain Fraser (a nephew of the General), was directed to make a circuit to the left to cut off the retreat of the garrison of Mount Hope. Not until about three was contact established.

Then began a confused and extraordinary combat vividly illustrative of the freakish chances of war. In the first place, beyond two hundred yards from the French lines the ground was flat and covered with thick scrub which prevented observation. In the second place, the Indians were drunk. Accordingly they dashed forward rashly, carrying Captain Fraser's marksmen with them, drove in a small American picket with some loss, and, scattering themselves behind such cover as could be found a hundred, eighty, or even sixty yards from the lines, opened a brisk fire. St. Clair, who was present, had noted the strength of the British column as it approached Mount Hope. Consequently he thought they might intend an assault, and that the foolhardy skirmishers directly in his front were there merely to draw his fire and if possible to confuse the defenders. He therefore ordered his men to sit down on the fire step of their trenches, thus keeping them under cover and preventing them from firing upon or even seeing the enemy who were kept under observation only by a few officers. Among these last was Wilkinson, who when he saw a reckless light infantryman creep up within forty paces of the ditch and kneel down to load and fire from behind a stump, found his youthful impatience too much for him. Stepping to the point of a salient in the lines he ordered a sergeant to shoot the fellow. At the sound of the sergeant's musket the ill-trained defenders one and all sprang to their feet and fired three rounds before St. Clair and his aides could get them under control, most of them poking up their barrels twenty degrees in the air as the custom is said to be in Mexican battles to-day. Their officers, clear up to colonels, instead of setting an example, fired wildly like the men and the artillery blazed away without any target whatsoever. When the smoke of this undisciplined foolishness had cleared off, the enemy were seen three hundred yards away running like mad, leaving behind them only the man Wilkinson had first ordered fired upon — now flat on his back beside the stump which had served him for cover. Whereat St. Clair paused in his furious cursing of his men long enough to order a corporal's file to go out and bury the corpse, only to find that he had on his hands not a dead body, but a prisoner of the 47th light infantry company, who called out insolently in a strong Irish brogue, 'Be Jasus,

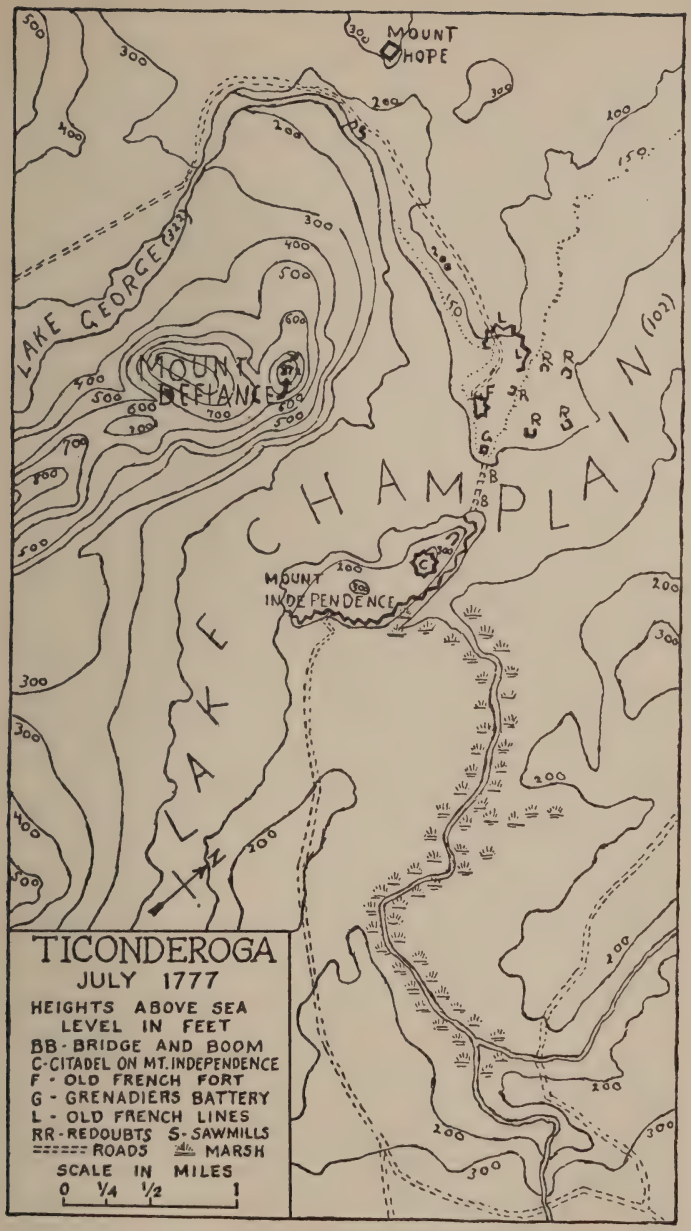
I killed the man at the sally port; a fair shot!' A thousand muskets and eight guns; firing at men none of whom were more than a hundred yards away, had succeeded in killing only a single Indian and in wounding another Indian together with a British lieutenant.

Meanwhile Riedesel had pushed up close to the northern bank of East Creek and his advanced elements under Breymann had come under artillery fire from Mount Independence. The British on their side were working hard cutting roads through the woods, the men stumbling and sometimes falling heavily over the ill-cut stumps as darkness came on.

At first St. Clair's prisoner was sulky and refused to talk. An Irish officer of the garrison was therefore dressed in rags, furnished with a bottle of rum, and put into the same cell, with the story that he was a captured Tory. The ruse succeeded. Before midnight the prisoner, an intelligent old soldier, had told all he knew; giving the name and number of every one of Burgoyne's units together with an estimate of their strength afterward found to be accurate.

This news, confirmed as it was by certain deserters, was decisive. St. Clair now knew that he had before him no feint, but the whole striking force of the army from Canada. Should Burgoyne avoid the folly of premature assault there was nothing for it but retreat.

The evacuation of Mount Hope, necessary though it had been, had cut the garrison off from Lake George. Nevertheless St. Clair still had two lines of retreat: the southward extension of Lake Champlain and the road leading southeastward from Mount Independence. Short of the planting of batteries upon Mount Defiance (which was considered most unlikely), the lake would remain open. Moreover, the road from Mount Independence for upwards of three miles ran along an isthmus covered on the north by a wide and impassable belt of marsh on either side of East Creek. Accordingly Burgoyne's Germans would be compelled either to the long and difficult effort of throwing a causeway across this marsh or to that of making a circuit of over three miles from the lake in order to find firm ground on which to ford the creek. It was true that once they had crossed it and gained the isthmus they would have a front


MOUNT HOPE
LAKE GEORGE
MOUNT DEFIANCE
MOUNT INDEPENDENCE
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
TICONDEROGA
JULY 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
BB - BRIDGE AND BOOM
C - CITADEL ON MT. INDEPENDENCE
F - OLD FRENCH FORT
G - GRENADIERS BATTERY
L - OLD FRENCH LINES
RR - REDOUBTS S - SAWMILLS
ROADS
MARSH
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2 1

never much more than a mile (and in one place only three quarters of that) to hold in order to cut off all retreat by land. For the moment, however, there was no hurry.

St. Clair's margin of security did not last long. On July 3 Burgoyne occupied Mount Hope with the greater part of the British advanced corps. At the same time he detached Gall's brigade from Riedesel and brought it across to the west side of the lake at Three Mile Point, leaving Riedesel with less than two thousand available rank and file. To replace in some measure the detached brigade, a body of Indians and Canadians (supported by Captain Fraser's company of British marksmen and with that officer in command of the whole) was sent east of the lake to scour the surrounding country. In spite of them certain militia units succeeded in reaching the fort from the eastward. Except for the gunfire of the Americans against the British camps the day passed quietly.

This gunfire, however, was sufficiently annoying to cause the British advanced corps early on the fourth to move their tents a little farther back. Through the morning of this day the bridge at the sawmills was repaired, and by noon patrols had pushed southward to the top of Mount Defiance.

Now appeared the great gulf which separates competent trained officers from an improvised command. Within a few hours the invaders had correctly estimated and were preparing to utilize this glaring weakness of the whole position which had stared the defenders in the eye for more than a year. On the afternoon of the 4th, or perhaps early on the 5th, Lieutenant Twiss, Burgoyne's chief of engineers, was ordered to reconnoitre Mount Defiance. He saw its advantages at a glance and promptly reported back that it commanded the Ticonderoga side at fourteen hundred yards and the Mount Independence side at fifteen hundred — estimates necessarily rough and a little optimistic, but close enough for practical purposes.

The improvement of the opportunity was as rapid as its discovery. With admirable promptness and decision Burgoyne at once ordered a battery erected at the summit. The dashing Phillips, put in charge of the operation, so urged on the working parties cutting out the necessary wagon track up the comparatively easy northwestern slope of the hill,

that men remembered the fifteen canes he had split over the backs of his artillery horses galloping up with the guns at Minden. The slope is not precipitous — its average is not far from ten per cent and its steepest rises not much over fifteen per cent — and under such urging the maples and evergreens along the line of the proposed wagon track went over like ninepins as the track, winding about here and there to avoid a huge boulder, swiftly approached the summit. 'Where a goat can go a man can go,' Phillips laughed. 'And where a man can go he can drag a gun.'

The officers on Mount Defiance, looking downward at the blue-gray walls of the old French fort and the whitish cliffs which mark the west side of Mount Independence, must have reasoned somewhat as follows: At such ranges with the artillery of the day they could not hope to hit a small or a moving target. Furthermore, the quantity of munitions they might be able to haul to the summit could hardly be enough to make much impression upon the defenses. On the other hand, the position had the enormous advantage of cutting off almost altogether the American retreat by water. Once their cannon were in position no boats could safely lie at anchor off the American works. Furthermore, the height gave them direct observation down upon the whole American position so that no daylight troop movements could thenceforward escape their eye. Finally they could count on the moral effect upon their enemy of being thus overlooked, especially against ill-trained troops and in an age when the conventions of war set perhaps an exaggerated value on the very real advantage of 'command,' that is, the possession of higher ground.

It remained only to complete the batteries, taking care not to let the defenders see what was going on, and at the same time for Riedesel to push southward and close the gap against retreat by land. Once this should be done, only such rebels as might be able to embark and get away by night could possibly escape. At that the summer nights were at their shortest and the moon was full. Once the trap was fairly sprung, the greater part of the garrison must be destroyed.

Luckily for that garrison, and for the infant United States whose fortunes were at stake, neither of these last two measures was carried through. Riedesel with his reduced num-

bers failed to push forward across East Creek, thus leaving the isthmus open; and the amazing folly was committed — perhaps by the Indians — of lighting fires upon Mount Defiance. The besiegers there even fired prematurely at a vessel lying in the strait. For forty-eight hours St. Clair had been holding on in the hope of an assault. He had that day received a further reënforcement which had increased his numbers in militia to about nine hundred, but even had that reënforcement sufficiently increased his total numbers, which it did not, his shortage of provisions would still have made it folly for him to wait to be completely surrounded. Standing alone with Wilkinson he looked long and attentively at the enemy on Mount Defiance. Then — for he was a scholar and loved quotation — he recited those sounding lines from Addison's 'Cato' ever on the lips of eighteenth-century Englishmen in misfortune, although their stoic pride so jars upon the primary Christian virtue of humility:

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

St. Clair promptly called a council of his brigadiers. They were unanimously for retreat. He himself felt that he might perhaps have spared himself some of the abuse he was soon to receive had he held the place until surrounded and forced to surrender. In the previous year no blame had been given to the officer responsible for the foolish decision to hold on to Fort Washington. But in order to follow this example he would have had to eat the words, not only of his own council on July 5, but also of the council presided over by Schuyler on June 20, which had expressly resolved that the posts '. . . ought . . . to be maintained as long as possible, consistent with the safety of the troops and stores.' Indeed, since the certain result of holding on would have been the loss of both troops and stores, he would probably have been abused in either case.

The evacuation could not be begun on July 5, for the British on Mount Defiance must have seen at once any troop movements indicative of it and could have caught and destroyed the American army in the act of retirement. For fear that there might be deserters who would inform the enemy, even the orders for the movement were not given in advance.

The night when it came was clear with a moon, and it was after midnight when the garrison of the Ticonderoga side finished crossing the bridge to Mount Independence. Here another check appeared. The commander of the Mount — a French adventurer named Roche de Fermoy, who may have been a rascal and was certainly grossly incompetent — was found sound asleep having given no orders at all. Even with veterans night movements are extremely difficult and liable to confusion. St. Clair's troops were ill-disciplined and half-trained. Fermoy's scandalous neglect of duty made matters so bad that one militia unit was not notified at all and learned of the movement only just in time and by accident. Between four and six hundred effectives, together with the worst of the sick and as much as possible of the artillery and stores, were loaded upon the flotilla, consisting of five galleys and two hundred and twenty smaller craft, with orders to make for Skenesboro. The rest of the effective force, from twenty-four hundred to twenty-six hundred strong, took the road southeastward from Mount Independence to Castleton. So careful was St. Clair to keep the secret that certain units, even when the order to strike tents and sling packs was given, thought that instead of retreating they were about to attack the enemy. Therefore, although the treachery he had feared did take place and three deserters from the Ticonderoga side did enter the lines of the British advanced corps, their information was received by General Fraser only about daybreak. Since that active and zealous officer was still a mile and a half distant from the American bridge and nearly three miles distant from the southeastern gate of Mount Independence, all might have been well had it not been for another piece of folly on the part of Fermoy, who (in spite of St. Clair's strict orders that no fires should be lit) set fire to his quarters upon the Mount. Riedesel, seeing the fire, embarked some of his troops in boats and reached the ground in time to increase the confusion of the Americans and even fire upon their rear.

Meanwhile Fraser was pushing his advanced units across the bridge of boats from the Ticonderoga side. Here again misconduct (although not quite so disgraceful, since it was committed by humbler men) cost the Americans an advantage rightfully theirs. There were cannon planted to

sweep the bridge clean of the advancing British, but the four men of the forlorn hope left behind to fire them were found at their posts indeed and with linstocks lighted, but dead drunk beside a cask of Madeira. An Indian childishly took up a lighted linstock of the American battery and from it chanced to drop a spark upon the priming of a cannon which went off, but luckily for Fraser's men the piece had been so elevated that no one was hurt.

Burgoyne, in order to be in a central position between the two wings of his army, had taken up his headquarters on board one of the ships of his flotilla. Here soon after daylight he received word from Fraser that the Americans were retiring and that Fraser himself was preparing to pursue them by land with his brigade. Burgoyne's decision was both bold and prompt. He ordered Fraser's movement to continue and directed Riedesel either to support it with the German advanced corps and one of the German infantry regiments, or according to his judgment to operate on Fraser's left. Burgoyne himself prepared to take charge of the pursuit by water. Riedesel's failure to surround Mount Independence, together with the blunder of those who had shown themselves on Mount Defiance, had cost him his chance of trapping the Americans, but he and his subordinates (with admirable courage and energy) were determined to lose no opportunity which the retreat of the enemy might give them. Furthermore, the risk of a pursuit of St. Clair overland by inferior numbers was lessened by the plentiful evidence of disorganization in the American forces.

Putting aside for the moment the operations by water, I turn now to follow the fortunes of St. Clair and his pursuers Riedesel and Fraser.

Southeast of Mount Independence the country soon turns into a confusion of tumbled hills, then heavily wooded, and between them little ponds and lakes. The road St. Clair was following was a mere wagon track, cut through the woods the year before and probably unsuitable for guns. Furthermore, as the morning of July 6 wore on and the sun got up, the day grew intensely hot.

Nevertheless St. Clair pushed on vigorously past the site of the present village of Orwell, and past the northern end of Lake Bomoseen, where the crossroads hamlet of Hubbard-

ton stands to-day. By a high notch now disused he next reached the tiny frontier settlement then called Hubbardton, although known to-day as East Hubbardton. Here he was on the older road from Castleton to the eastern shore of Lake Champlain opposite Crown Point. He was now over twenty-two miles from the Mount. Still he did not halt, but with the bulk of his command kept on for six miles more and bivouacked at last at Castleton; having marched upwards of thirty miles in actual road distance in such a country — a most creditable achievement. From Castleton he proposed to move westward next day some thirteen or fourteen miles to Skenesboro, where he expected to get in touch with that part of his command which had retreated from Ticonderoga by water. Thus concentrated, he would continue his retreat southward, and when he had joined Schuyler they would together prepare their next move.

Had the American rear guard kept well closed up on St. Clair's main force, all would have been well. Either Fraser and Riedesel would not have attacked or in attacking they would have been badly mauled. They might even have been destroyed, for Fraser had but seven hundred and fifty rank and file at his back and most of the eleven hundred Germans Riedesel had with him were well to the rear, whereas St. Clair had from twenty-four hundred to twenty-six hundred. Moreover, the terrain was everywhere heavily wooded, and the Americans were skilled in forest fighting, while their opponents were not.

It so happened, however, that the rear guard, in spite of a positive order from St. Clair to come down to him at Castleton, bivouacked at what is now East Hubbardton. The officer responsible for the failure was Colonel Seth Warner, a Vermonter, a giant in stature, brave and patriotic, but a rough fellow, illiterate and undisciplined. In the rear guard were three regiments of 'Continentals' — that is, American regulars — Warner's own regiment of Vermonters, a Massachusetts regiment under Colonel Francis, and a New Hampshire regiment under a Colonel Nathan Hale — the same name as that of the Connecticut spy who regretted that he had but one life to give for his country — together with a number of stragglers who had fallen out of the main body. The presence of these stragglers makes their number un-

To St Johns, 104 Miles
TICONDEROGA, HUBBARDTON & SKENESBORO
MOUNTAINS
ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 1 2 3 4
N
TICONDEROGA
CHAMPLAIN
Lake George
LAKE
HUBBARDTON
BOMOSEEN
LAKE
Castleton River
Poultney River
Castleton River
CASTLETON
To Manchester 42 Miles
SKENESBORO
Wood Creek
To Fort Anne 10
To Fort Edward 22 Miles

certain. They were perhaps a thousand all told. Warner, although expressly ordered by St. Clair to bring them down to Castleton, unwisely allowed them to settle down for the night. Worse still he threw out no outposts.

Meanwhile Fraser and Riedesel had been pursuing at top speed. Fortunately for the Americans, the Indian allies of the British were out of hand — plundering the abundant booty left at Ticonderoga and getting drunk. Accordingly, although they would have been most valuable for such a job, only a handful could be got to go with Fraser. That keen officer pushed on from four in the morning to one in the afternoon, picking up certain American stragglers who told him that their rear guard was not far ahead. By this time, however, the hot and sultry day and the bad road with its numerous hills had so tried his men that he now ordered a halt. All morning Riedesel's Germans had been pounding along, and Riedesel himself, with only a chasseur company and about eighty other men from his advanced corps, overtook and conferred with Fraser during the latter's halt. It was agreed that Fraser should halt about three miles farther on, and that both he and Riedesel should start forward again at three on the morning of the next day, July 7. Their objective was first Castleton, then Skenesboro; and if Fraser found the Americans too strong for him he was to wait for Riedesel.

Fraser bivouacked under arms near the spot where stands to-day the crossroads hamlet of Hubbardton. During the night his handful of Indians succeeded in carrying off an American sentry, thus locating for him their position. At three, in the first faint gray of the July dawn, with his Tories under Jessup and Peters in the van, he advanced. Shortly before sunrise he came over the notch, now disused, already mentioned in connection with St. Clair's march. Seeing before him the American rear guard cooking breakfast, he deployed his seven hundred and fifty, and just as the sun rose he charged. It was about twenty minutes to five.

On the American side, the first phase of the action is difficult to reconstruct. Indeed, all fighting is, to the fighters themselves, a wild confusion. There was a cry, 'The enemy are upon us!' It seems reasonably certain that Hale's men were the first to be struck, and it is probable that they were

doing their cooking close beside the little westward-flowing brook known to-day as Sucker Brook. This regiment was completely surprised. With Hale at their head most of them promptly ran for it and made for the woods. Fraser's men swept on toward the remaining two regiments of the rear guard.

Warner and Francis had only a few seconds to get their men into some sort of formation. Nevertheless their first volley knocked down twenty-one men of the leading British platoon, dead or wounded, killed Major Grant of the 24th, and wounded Major the Earl of Balcarres, the commander of the light infantry.

Then began a bitterly fought engagement. Except for a few clearings the terrain was all woods. Here and there the trunks of fallen trees were lying, and numbers of other trees (although girdled to kill them) were still standing among the live timber. The Americans, accustomed to this sort of thing, were therefore able to take cover and fight as individuals after the first volley. The British, on the contrary, found it out of the question to maintain their close-order formation and therefore all their tactical training was useless. Nevertheless they stuck to it and did their best like good soldiers, although the comparative ease with which their opponents sifted through the close country made them mistakenly think themselves heavily outnumbered.

The American position was as follows: Warner's men faced northwest and extended across the head of a draw or thalweg draining southwestward. Behind them was the junction of the new wagon track from Mount Independence with the older wilderness road from Crown Point to Castleton. On their left was a steep rise known to-day as Zion Hill. On their right Francis' Massachusetts men held the lesser hill on which that officer's monument stands to-day. In all, the front seems to have been about a half-mile long.

Fraser decided to turn the American left. He therefore began to draw from his left to strengthen his right, pulling out platoons here and there as the imperfect control of a commander over troops in action on wooded ground made possible, and when he judged his moment at hand he sent his grenadiers over Zion Hill. So precipitous were the crags that they had to sling their muskets and scramble up with the aid

of both hands, supporting themselves on branches, tree roots, and projecting bits of rock. Indeed, the danger such inexperienced cragsmen were in from falling seems to have been as vivid to them as that which they ran in the fighting. Hampered as they were by their heavy equipment, they nevertheless negotiated Zion Hill and got astride of the Castleton road. Still the resistance of Warner's Vermonters did not slacken; they merely withdrew their left a little and kept up the fight.

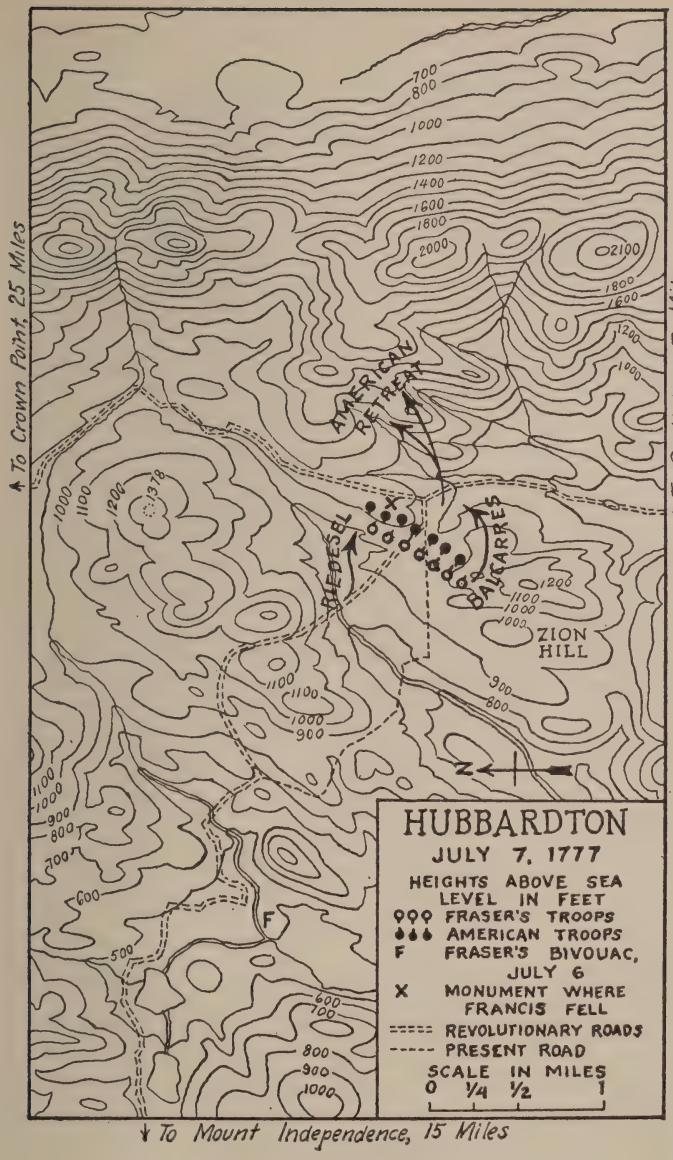
Meanwhile Francis' people on the American right began to take advantage of the opportunity given them by Fraser's movement. Bit by bit they began to lap around the weakened British left. Here and there men who had fled to the woods at the first surprise attack began to return. Fraser was still unhurt, but of his three field officers two had been hit at the first fire and Major Acland of the grenadiers was now wounded as well. Matters began to look badly for the British and it was almost in desperation that Fraser ordered a bayonet charge when a sound of music, fifes, drums, and bugles, and the singing of German psalms indicated the coming of Riedesel.

According to their agreement the Germans had marched at three. About four or a little after an officer sent by Fraser had come in to say that the latter would wait for them at Hubbardton. Riedesel's military judgment was keen enough to read between the lines of the message that Fraser expected to have to fight. Accordingly with a fine boldness and professional spirit he at once took the little advance guard which had followed him on the previous day — his chasseur company and eighty others — put himself at their head, and pushed forward rapidly, leaving the rest of his command to follow at their usual none too rapid pace. About fifteen minutes later, hearing the crack of musketry he sent back word to hurry up his main body, and urged his little advanced party forward at their utmost speed. A second messenger now arrived from Fraser saying that the latter was in danger of defeat if not soon reënforced. Riedesel's men were already boiling with sweat and could make no better time. The only answer he could send was that he was already on his way and doing his best. As it was he was now not far from the firing.

The popping of musketry heard by Riedesel was also heard at Castleton in the bivouac of St. Clair. That officer had left Ticonderoga with the expressed purpose of keeping his army in being as a nucleus for the countryside to rally around. He could not know the numbers of Fraser and Riedesel — indeed it is one of the most difficult of military tasks to scout backward in a retreat — but he did know that Burgoyne's total numbers exceeded those of his own demoralized force in the proportion of eight to three. Moreover, from Castleton to Hubbardton was an uphill march of six miles — nearly two hours of marching time — which might be too much for him to cover before the action should have been terminated by a decision one way or the other. Nevertheless he prepared to bring his whole force to the aid of Warner.

During the forced march of the previous day two militia regiments, insubordinate to the verge of mutiny, had fallen behind the main body and were encamped near where the hamlet of Ransom Vale now stands. Here they were nearly four miles from St. Clair and not much more than two miles from the scene of action. To them St. Clair sent two of his aides, one of them Henry Brockholst Livingston, then a major, who was afterwards to become a justice of the United States Supreme Court. To the two regiments they carried orders to march toward the firing and information that the main body was coming up in support. The militiamen, however, had no stomach for fighting and the two aides met them out of control pouring down the valley toward Castleton. Livingston and his comrade alone pushed on toward Hubbardton so that at least they might gather information for St. Clair.

Meanwhile the arrival of Riedesel's advanced guard had decided the action. The German general was on the field himself before any of his men. As he reeled off a torrent of curses at the slowness of his troops, a British officer who happened to pass was moved, even in the heat of the action, to pity his distress. When the German advanced party did appear, Riedesel ordered the chasseur company straight forward against the American right, accompanying them by the band to give the impression of a larger body of troops. The other eighty men of the detachment he sent to turn the


To Crown Point, 25 Miles
To Castleton, 7 Miles
To Mount Independence, 15 Miles
AMERICAN RETREAT
RIEDESEL
BAYLARRES
ZION HILL
F
N
HUBBARDTON
JULY 7, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
FRASER'S TROOPS
AMERICAN TROOPS
F FRASER'S BIVOUAC, JULY 6
X MONUMENT WHERE FRANCIS FELL
REVOLUTIONARY ROADS
PRESENT ROAD
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2 1

flank of the Americans who were themselves about to turn that of Fraser. At first the Americans resisted bravely, but the steady volleys of the Brunswickers, who were of course still well in hand, bore them down. The gallant Colonel Francis fell to a German bullet, Riedesel's turning movement began to envelop the American right, and at the same time Fraser's men delivered their bayonet charge. Francis' sorely tried Massachusetts regiment gave way and began to disappear into the woods, and Warner saw that the fight was lost.

His own Vermonters had been doing good execution upon the enemy, but with the retreat of their Massachusetts comrades no further resistance was possible. For once in his life the courageous Warner was seen to lose all control of himself. He dropped down upon a log beside which he had been standing and bitterly cursed the flyers. Then in a moment, getting himself in hand, he stood up and coolly gave the order, 'Scatter and meet me at Manchester.' Instantly his men began to drift away in all directions through the trees from before the bayonets of Fraser just as the remainder of Riedesel's eleven hundred came in sight over the notch. The action was over; but even after its close individuals and small parties of Americans continued sniping from the woods so that at least one British officer was badly wounded in the act of looking over the papers found in the pockets of the dead Colonel Francis. It was a fierce fight and a dearly bought victory.

We left St. Clair at Castleton parading his troops preparatory to an advance toward the firing. His men, however, were in no mood to go at the enemy before whom they had so hastily retreated. They showed their unwillingness very plainly and even one of the brigadiers openly opposed turning back. Hence there was delay. At this point the two militia regiments from up the valley came tumbling in upon St. Clair's already wavering men, and at the same time a messenger appeared from Skenesboro. Burgoyne was master of the place and both the American flotilla and the *matériel* they had carried were completely destroyed. On top of all this, Livingston and his comrade returned with certain fugitives from Hubbardton and the news that the action there had ended in defeat. There was nothing for it but

to continue the retreat in the only direction still open. St. Clair accordingly took the road which led eastward from Castleton through the long, narrow, and almost straight cut in the mountains between that place and Rutland.

To Ticonderoga, the American retreat by water, and its pursuit conducted by Burgoyne in person I now return.

The American flotilla of five armed row galleys convoying no less than two hundred and twenty smaller row boats laden with the numerous sick of the Ticonderoga garrison, together with a number of guns from that fortress and as much of the stores as could be carried away, was commanded by Colonel Long. That officer had with him his own regiment of Continentals and certain detachments from the other regiments of the garrison. Although he possessed the confidence of St. Clair, he committed two glaring errors. The first of these was the leisurely pace of his retreat. It was mistakenly believed that the boom and floating bridge at Ticonderoga, even when left without defenders, would hold up the British for a considerable time. The second error sprang from the first; although within about six miles of Ticonderoga the lake begins to narrow and for the remaining thirteen or fourteen miles to Skenesboro is seldom more than a quarter of a mile wide, winding about like a broad river and continually overlooked by cliffs and steep shoulders of rock, nevertheless no attempt whatsoever was made to take advantage of so favorable a terrain for delaying a possible British pursuit. A few guns on the cliffs would have barred the channel to the British flotilla; a long turning movement through the woods would have been necessary in order to drive off the gun crews, and these last could easily have slipped away at the approach of the British. Instead the American flotilla went on light-heartedly and at no great speed, believing that they had left their enemy far behind.

Their fool's paradise did not last long. Indeed it was gross folly to think that the mere passive resistance of obstacles could long delay an active and highly trained enemy. In the event, within half an hour a way was cut through and Burgoyne's pursuit begun. The British commander left behind him at Ticonderoga the 62d British regiment and the Prince Frederick regiment of Brunswickers. Overriding the strict military etiquette of the day for the sake of the swiftest pos-

sible pursuit, he ordered his other units to follow him as fast as they could without regard to their set stations in the usual order of battle. With a northerly wind behind him he made such speed that by three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, July 6, he and his best-sailing gunboats were within three miles of Skenesboro. At that place the Americans were posted in a stockaded fort of no great strength commanding the falls of Wood Creek below which their galleys lay. They had been there less than two hours.

In the hope of enveloping the Skenesboro position Burgoyne disembarked the first three regiments which happened to come up, the 9th, 20th, and 21st, on the east side of South Bay. Had he allowed them time to get into position across Wood Creek and the road to Fort Anne, he might have cut the Americans off, for it was their intention to retire by this route. Unfortunately for himself he underestimated the time necessary for the completion of his turning movement. His three regiments were hindered by the heavily wooded mountains they had to cross, and he could not restrain his own impatience. Hence his attack up the mouth of Wood Creek was made too soon. Accordingly most of the Americans, although compelled to set fire to their boats, their fort, and such of their stores as would burn, nevertheless succeeded in escaping southward to Fort Anne. The pine trees far and wide caught fire and burned fiercely.

Still Burgoyne was not content, but ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Hill with the 9th regiment to push forward to that fort. Starting on the morning of July 7, and struggling over an abominable road and across broken bridges, Hill and his command succeeded in getting about ten miles forward and lay that night within a mile of the fort. On their way they captured some American boats loaded with baggage, women, and invalids and trying to escape against the sluggish current of Wood Creek. Early on the morning of the 8th, an American soldier appeared claiming to be a deserter and saying that the Americans in Fort Anne numbered a thousand, but were demoralized by their fear of a British attack. Since Hill had but a hundred and ninety officers and men with him, he did not feel justified in attacking five times his numbers, no matter how low their morale. He therefore sent back word to Burgoyne at Skenesboro that the enemy

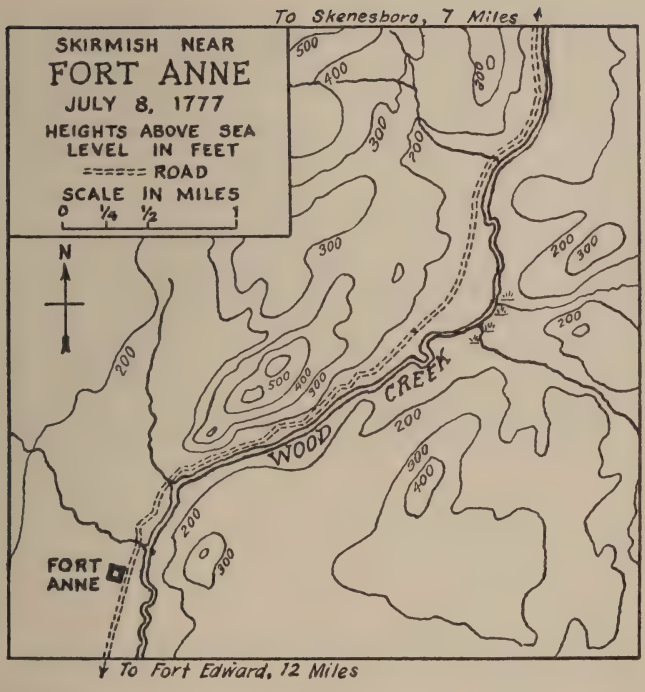
had been reënforced, but that he himself was so near them that he judged it best to hold his ground rather than run the risk of being caught strung out along the wagon track should he try to retreat.

He had not long to wait. The increase in the American numbers was due to the arrival of about four hundred volunteers of the New York militia who had been sent forward by Schuyler. Their commander was of the great House of Van Rensselaer, and he and Long together had about five hundred effectives. The supposed American deserter to Hill's camp was really a spy, who quickly slipped back to the fort after noting the weakness of the British. Accordingly Long and Van Rensselaer marched out and about half-past ten in the morning struck Hill.

The scene of this last action of the British pursuit was a narrow defile about three quarters of a mile north and a little east of Fort Anne. The British were posted in a narrow space with Wood Creek on their left and rising ground, steep and precipitous, on their right. As at Hubbardton the woods were so thick the British could not use their close-order formation and could scarcely see the assailants whose bullets they were receiving, although they could hear the voices of the American officers encouraging their men to come on. Parties of Americans crossed Wood Creek to fire upon the British left, then, pushing farther forward, recrossed the creek and gained the British rear. Hill's position now became critical; it began to look as if he might be cut off and destroyed. To avoid being surrounded he ordered his men to scramble up the steep slope to their right, and this they did, abandoning their wounded, including a wounded captain together with the surgeon who was tending him. Sergeant Lamb, the diarist who had been acting as surgeon's mate, tells us that he himself was the last man to get away.

Once on the summit, Hill faced his men outward and managed to stand off the Americans for some two hours. His ammunition being exhausted, matters again began to look desperate when an Indian war whoop was heard from the road to the northeast at which Long and Van Rensselaer (the latter severely wounded) drew off their men and retreated, setting fire to Fort Anne as they left it.

It was a curious coincidence that had saved Hill. The war


To Skenesboro, 7 Miles
SKIRMISH NEAR
FORT ANNE
JULY 8, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
ROAD
SCALE IN MILES
0 ¼ ½ 1
N
WOOD CREEK
FORT ANNE
To Fort Edward, 12 Miles

whoop had been given not by Indians but by a courageous British officer who had indeed been sent forward from Skenesboro with a party of Indians, but on approaching the firing had found them so reluctant to risk their skins that he had finally come on entirely alone. Nor would his daring ruse have determined the Americans to let go of the 9th (by that time their certain prey) had not they also run out of ammunition.

On receiving Hill's message, Burgoyne had sent forward the energetic Phillips with the 47th and 53d regiments supported by two guns, but this detachment had been delayed by a heavy shower of rain. On their arrival they found the 9th roughly handled, but still in being, and all returned to Skenesboro.

On the ground were left only the British wounded under the care of Sergeant Lamb aided by a soldier's wife, the only woman who had marched with the regiment, and a small guard for their protection. Here in this lonely spot sheltered by a crude log cabin they stayed for a week until three of the twenty-five wounded were dead and the rest nearly fit for duty. No American came near them, but every night through the stillness they could hear the ring of American axes and the crash of great trees felled across the road.

CHAPTER VI

BURGOYNE DELAYS

HAVING in the last chapter told of Burgoyne's rapid conquest of Ticonderoga and of the pursuit — fiery and bold to the point of rashness — by which he and his subordinates for three days followed up their success, I now turn to the month's delay — from July 9 to August 9 — which first impaired the enormous effect of that success and (more than any other of the many factors which came in) finally laid the foundation of his ultimate failure. I shall also describe the murder of Jane McCrea — an incident of considerable importance in hardening opinion against the invasion; and I shall show how the American cause, at the lowest point of despair, was upheld by the firmness of Schuyler.

After arriving at Skenesboro, it took Burgoyne over four weeks to reach the Hudson at Fort Edward, only twenty-three-odd miles away. Then after reaching Fort Edward at the end of July, more than another week went by before his advanced corps again moved forward on August 9.

In view of the intense exertions demanded by such a pursuit it was first of all necessary for Burgoyne to concentrate and rest his army. Many of his units had been without their regular rations since leaving Ticonderoga two days before, and almost all had lacked both tents and baggage — a deprivation shocking to all orthodox notions of eighteenth-century war.

Those who had suffered the most were naturally the men who had followed Riedesel and Fraser to Hubbardton. Both Fraser and Riedesel immediately after that action expected an attack from St. Clair. Accordingly they held their troops in a defensive position and even began to fell trees for breastworks. At the same time they had nothing to eat, and therefore a party of fifteen men was sent into the woods to shoot some cattle running wild there. This detachment soon returned bringing not only the beef for which they had been sent, but also an American colonel — Hale of the 2d New Hampshire — and about seventy men of his regiment as

prisoners. After the first surprise Hale and those with him had failed to return to the fighting, and their fears had been so strong upon them that the commander of the little cattle-killing party had been able to persuade them to surrender by telling them they were completely surrounded by the victorious British. Fraser's men now sat down to cook some of their beef over wood fires. There was neither bread nor salt, and worst of all there was nothing but water to drink! Furthermore, the huts which they hastily tacked together were little protection against a heavy rain which began to fall.

Fraser and Riedesel had by this time taken stock of their position. Including officers they had two hundred and seventy-four American prisoners, about forty of whom were wounded. They knew they had inflicted considerable loss, for Colonel Francis and forty others lay dead on the field, and those of the severely wounded Americans who had escaped into the woods would probably die there from exposure and neglect. On the other hand the victors had lost almost as many dead, for ten German privates had fallen in the few moments they had been engaged, and of British three officers and twenty-two men had been killed, making thirty-five all told. Of British and German wounded there were a hundred and forty-eight, of whom fourteen were Germans, including one officer, and a hundred and thirty-four British, including no less than twelve officers. The Americans had made the officers their special target; Balcarres, who was only slightly wounded, had the marks of thirty bullets in his clothes.

Indeed Fraser and Riedesel were so encumbered by wounded and prisoners that when on July 8, the day after the action, Riedesel at the head of his eleven hundred Germans marched toward Skenesboro leaving Fraser with only about six hundred effectives on the ground, it is no wonder that rumors of discord (and even of jealousy between Fraser and Riedesel) ran through Fraser's command. They were in a wilderness of which they knew almost nothing, they were ignorant of St. Clair's whereabouts, and the fierce fighting of the Americans at Hubbardton had more than contradicted the evidences of panic shown in the retreat of the latter from Ticonderoga. Those who served in France in 1918 will well

remember how rumors flew about and how hard it was to keep up the necessary cordiality between allies. As a matter of fact the real reason for Riedesel's move was the necessity for getting back to Lake Champlain where the troops could be provisioned from the flotilla.

Next day, July 9, Fraser and his command followed. As far as Castleton they expected every minute to be attacked. No enemy appeared, however, and guided by their Indians they finally staggered into Skenesboro soaked from fording rivers and swamps and oppressed by the loneliness of the wilderness through which they had come. Meanwhile the unwounded prisoners had been marched back to Ticonderoga. On the bloody field of Hubbardton, in charge of the doctors and a small guard, there remained only the wounded of both sides.

Fifty years afterward an old man, who had — at sixteen — fought, been badly wounded, and taken prisoner at Hubbardton, set down his story. After the fight he had played dead, but had been discovered. He was then robbed of most of what he had, but a British officer forced one of the thieves to return at least his shoes. The two British army doctors who tended the wounded were kind to him, dressing his hurt — a severe one in the small of the back — and often asking him to enlist for the King, which he always refused. His wound gradually healed, and in spite of the danger of starvation or of wild beasts, he made up his mind to escape into the woods. This he did on July 23, over two weeks after the battle, and after many adventures including a chase by wolves, together with continual uncertainty as to whom to trust among the scattered settlers, at last got safe home.

With the exception of the two regiments left as a garrison for Ticonderoga, together with the other detachments unavoidably left behind in the hurry and confusion of the last few days, Burgoyne's whole army was now concentrated at Skenesboro. On the 10th he got out a general order congratulating the troops and particularly Fraser's corps on their conduct, and ordered salutes to be fired. Already he had decided to move forward up Wood Creek on Fort Edward, twenty-three miles away; while the artillery and heavy

stores alone were to go from Ticonderoga across Lake George to the head of that lake. In order to prepare his advance he would have done well to throw out detachments as far as Fort Anne or even beyond. Instead he chose to hold his British troops at Skenesboro and to push out Riedesel's Germans eastward again to Castleton along the trail by which that officer and Fraser had just come in. By this eastward move he meant to puzzle the Americans as to his objective, hoping that they might think he intended to move, not south to the Hudson, but east to the Connecticut River. He himself at Skenesboro set up his headquarters in Major Skene's large stone house.

Meanwhile the news of the fall of Ticonderoga had begun to spread. Among the American patriots there was astonishment and dismay. In Congress Sam Adams, the incomparable agitator who raised Massachusetts against the Crown, raged furiously, and John Adams remarked, 'We shall never be able to defend a post until we shoot a general.' The idea had precedent in the execution of Admiral Byng in England twenty years before, and it was to be abundantly put in practice by the French republicans of the Terror. In the America of '77 and with reference to Schuyler and St. Clair, it was not only unjust, but actively harmful. All sorts of lying slanders against Schuyler and St. Clair went the rounds; they were traitors who had been bribed by silver bullets shot into the fort for them to pick up! Even Washington, misinformed as he had been, was troubled and perplexed. Throughout New England feeling began to run so high that Schuyler's position in the command, already insecure, began to be still further undermined.

In England, on the contrary, there was exultation. The opposition was silent; even Walpole could do no more than poke fun at the swollen phrases with which Burgoyne announced his undoubted success. As for George III he was so delighted by the news that he rushed in unannounced upon the Queen when she had on nothing but her chemise, and waving the despatch before her scandalized ladies-in-waiting exclaimed, 'I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!' — as if he had done the whole thing with his own royal hands. The next few months were to prove the royal exultation premature. For the moment, however, the King thought of

nothing but how to reward Burgoyne. He suggested through Germaine to Lord Derby the red ribbon of the Order of the Bath, but the latter (knowing that Burgoyne for some unexplained reason did not desire this particular decoration) succeeded in discouraging the idea.

In France the news, although rumors afterward proved true went before it, was not certainly known until September 2. It found Versailles and Madrid faced with a British demand that they close their ports to American ships and its coming encouraged London to press the issue. It was even suggested, unofficially, of course, that, unless France went so far as to return to their British owners prizes taken by Americans and brought into French ports, England might declare war. Moreover, Vergennes' difficulties on the side of Spain were now increased, for since February, '77, Charles III's Cabinet had a Premier, the Count of Florida-Blanca, who was less interested than his predecessor Grimaldi in abasing England and more fearful of the ultimate results of an independent America as regarded the vast Spanish colonies. Moreover, while Grimaldi, being a foreigner from Genoa had considered Spanish affairs from a dynastic rather than a nationalist standpoint, and had therefore followed the spirit of the Family Compact rather than interpreted it in accordance with local feeling, the new Premier was a Spaniard of Spaniards and a decisive character far more apt to take his own line, instead of following the lead of Versailles.

The situation now changed back and forth rapidly. Whereas Florida-Blanca's arrival at power had been a setback to the warlike trend of Vergennes' policy, the extreme character of the new British demand threw the haughty Spaniard into the opposite side of the scale, for he roundly told the British Ambassador at Madrid that Spain would not for a moment consider such a proposal, and that if England wanted war Spain would be ready. Meanwhile Vergennes was insisting to Louis XVI that the English proposal amounted to treating the Americans as pirates, which was more than England was doing herself, and warning him that for France to allow herself to be thus humiliated would be to confess herself no longer a great power.

Then again the position shifted, for London did not press its demand and the news of Ticonderoga marked a halt in

Vergennes' game as distinct as that caused by the battle of Long Island.

Meanwhile, first in America and then in Europe it began to appear just possible that there was some mistake. After the lightning stroke of the first week in July it had very naturally been expected that Burgoyne would win Albany as instantly as he had Ticonderoga. But now men began to see that there was a hitch. He and his invincible troops were not advancing. A week, a fortnight, then three weeks went by. What had happened?

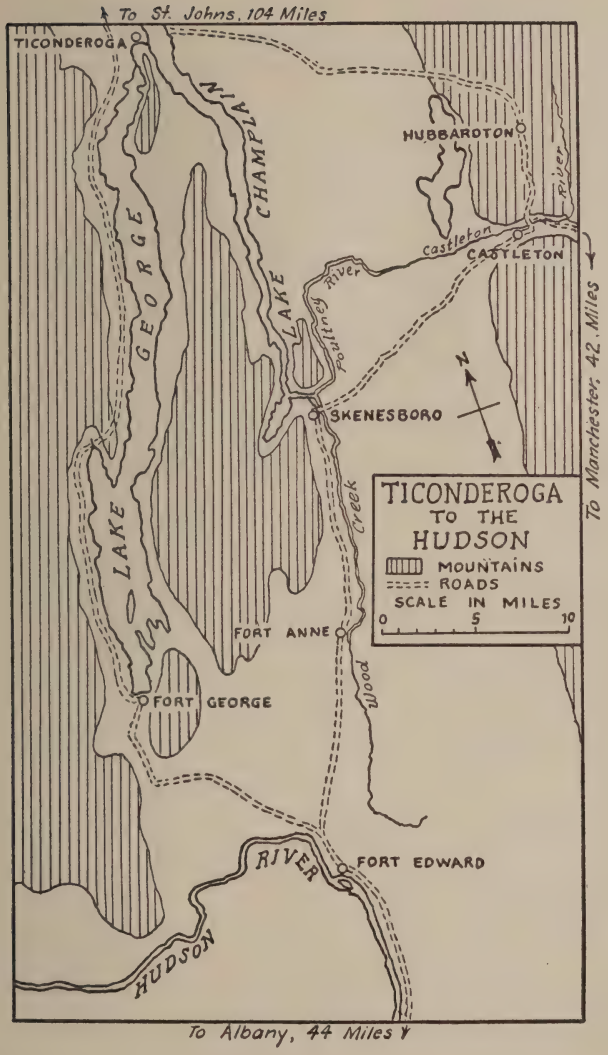
At best there must have been a short pause, but the fact was that Burgoyne had committed two grave errors of judgment. In the first place, he might have pushed forward a flying column of his most active infantry supported only by a few light guns. This would have been taking advantage to the full of the panic caused by the fall of Ticonderoga. To the Americans such a move would have been exactly the thing most to be feared. Afterward Gates (who with all his shortcomings was by no means deficient in military judgment) was accustomed to say that by this plan Burgoyne would have been at Albany, seventy miles away, in the time it actually took him to do a little over a third of the distance in order to reach Fort Edward. Instead he chose to advance with his entire force. Worst of all, of his one hundred and thirty-eight guns and mortars he chose to carry no less than fifty-two forward from Ticonderoga, ten of which were afterward left at Fort George, leaving forty-two to be dragged with him through the wilderness.

In the second place, he had a choice of routes to follow. He might have returned to Ticonderoga, dragged his boats to the foot of Lake George, and sailed to Fort George at the head of that lake. There he would have been within less than ten miles of the Hudson and would have had before him a tolerable road which in a little over twelve miles would have brought him to Fort Edward, where a slight fall interrupted the use of the river by boats. He himself last winter in England, in his 'Thoughts for conducting the war from the side of Canada,' had praised this route by Lake George as '. . . the most expeditious and most commodious route to Albany.' In the same paper he had maintained that to move by Skenesboro would be much less desirable, inasmuch

as '. . . considerable difficulties' were to be expected, since '. . . the narrow parts of the river may be easily choked up and rendered impassable and at best there will be a necessity for a great deal of land carriage for the artillery, provision, etc.' Nevertheless he now proposed to move by far the greater part of his army over this second route whose difficulties he himself had so clearly foreseen.

The reader may remember that in the second chapter, when weighing the merits of an advance from Canada in comparison with a single advance northward up the Hudson from New York, it was shown that even those who hold the advance from Canada to have been an error (and I myself am certainly not of that opinion) must nevertheless admit that there was much sound reasoning in favor of Burgoyne's plan for a Canadian advance. In the present instance the case differs, since both of the decisions we are now considering were obviously wrong. At the same time they resemble the earlier case to this small extent that both were plausible errors in whose favor something of a case could be made.

As a reason for taking with him so high a proportion of guns Burgoyne may have feared having to besiege the old forts across his route like Fort Edward, Fort Miller, and Fort Hardy. If so he greatly overestimated their strength as he certainly did in the case of Fort George. Indeed it was one of his reasons for moving by Wood Creek that thus he would get in the rear of that fort and cause its evacuation. On his defense in London he was correct in saying that artillery is 'extremely formidable to raw troops' and also that it would have been useful had it been necessary to force a passage across broad rivers like the Hudson and the Mohawk. But his chief reason and that to which he keeps returning is one which had been in his mind ever since the winter of '75–'76, when in his 'Reflections' he had emphasized the energy and skill of the Americans in entrenching. The idea that he would have to batter down formidable field works was undoubtedly what he had most in mind. Nevertheless the argument was of the weakest, for it was precisely the delay caused by the necessity for dragging forward such a mass of guns and of munitions which would give the Americans time to fortify. As Stedman, a contemporary, justly observed,


To St. Johns, 104 Miles
TICONDEROGA
LAKE GEORGE
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
HUBBARDTON
River
Castleton
CASTLETON
To Manchester, 42 Miles
Poultney River
SKENESBORO
N
TICONDEROGA TO THE HUDSON
MOUNTAINS
ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 5 10
Wood Creek
FORT ANNE
FORT GEORGE
RIVER
FORT EDWARD
HUDSON
To Albany, 44 Miles

be sent eastward into the 'Hampshire Grants,' now Vermont, to command the troops assembling in that region from the eastward, and there his tact and self-control were soon to be of service.

Arnold we have already seen as the companion of Ethan Allen, then the invader of Canada, and in the fall of '76 the soul of the gallant stand made against Carleton by the American flotilla on Lake Champlain. He had good blood in him; his grandfather had been Governor of Rhode Island, and he himself had been born in a spacious, dignified mansion beside the Thames at Norwich, nine miles up-river from New London. Many were the tales told of his recklessness as a boy. At sixteen he had run away to enlist against the French and Indians, had been traced and forced home by his mother, and had again slipped off to the war. This time he had smelt powder and seen Albany and the Lakes, but homesickness had got the better of him and (like so many thousands of early American militiamen) he had deserted, and had successfully made his way through the wilderness to his home.

A man grown, he had (like Washington and Schuyler, although on a slightly lower social scale) lived the varied life open to colonists of the day. He had been an 'apothecary' — that is, a druggist — a bookseller, a merchant and shipowner who sailed in his own ships, a leader of the local freemasons, and the captain of a crack militia company. Indeed he rose to be one of the leading citizens of New Haven, where he had established himself.

At the news of Lexington he had at once hurled himself into the war, and thenceforward his life was to be guided alternately by the fiery valor that promptly made his fame and the sensitive pride which finally — turning sour — carried him to his disgrace. His courage was absolute. His deeds recall those of Ney; like him the 'bravest of the brave' and like him destined to die with a blot upon his honor. Nor was Arnold's cramped stage of the American backwoods less significant of the future than even the vast theatre of Revolutionary-Napoleonic Europe.

I have said that the weak side of Arnold's character was his sensitive pride. The metaphor of an actor upon a stage fits him well, for like so many brave men he loved to

dramatize himself and his own deeds. He was short of stature and he had an air about him that irritated many into calling him pompous. Personal dislike or opposition so infuriated him that he seldom met it with anything but anger and contempt, so that the number of those with whom he had quarrelled was always increasing.

In February of '77, he had been passed over by Congress for the grade of major-general in favor of five others, including Lincoln and St. Clair, and this had wounded him so deeply that all the persuasions of Washington — who loved and admired him — could hardly keep him from leaving the service by resigning his commission. Nevertheless, when Howe's raiding party appeared at Danbury and he chanced to be with his now motherless children in New Haven, he got to horse on the instant, and galloped to Ridgefield to help cut off the retreat of the British. There as usual he fought like a madman, pistolled a soldier about to bayonet him when pinned under his dead horse, and shamed Congress into giving him his delayed promotion.

In short, no better leader of untrained troops could be found, for none could more continuously face danger, straighten out difficulties, and set the telling example. Such was the man whom Washington wisely sent to help Schuyler with the militia. And Arnold on his side went willingly enough, patriotically laying aside his claim to seniority over St. Clair.

It speaks volumes for Schuyler's situation in front of Burgoyne that even Arnold seems not to have wanted to stand and fight. Fort Edward itself was dilapidated and indefensible. Schuyler wrote Washington that he had often leaped his horse over what was left of its ramparts. Moreover, it had never been meant to resist more than small arms, and was commanded at short range by higher ground. Indeed, it was sited so badly that some suspected its construction had been nothing but a graft job intended from the first not so much to be of service as to fill some one's pocket. Accordingly a new defensive position was chosen and entrenchments begun, but on the 2d, before Burgoyne had left Skenesboro, the want of numbers in the dispirited army made it seem wise to fall back to Moses Kill, leaving in Fort Edward only a small rear guard with orders to retreat at the enemy's approach.

As Burgoyne's leading elements reached the Hudson at Fort Edward, there occurred an incident unimportant in itself which was nevertheless to contribute largely to the American resistance through its effect upon opinion. Urged on by St. Luc, the Indians ranged fiercely to and fro in the van of the invasion. Burgoyne's speech by the River Bouquet, together with his standing orders, had not been altogether without effect upon them, for instances are recorded in which, instead of scalping, torturing, and killing their prisoners, they brought them in and turned them over unharmed to the British. Nevertheless it was absurd to expect that any orders could really tame them into honorable fighters. To employ them at all was to adopt a policy of a sort which our time has learned from Prussia to call one of 'frightfulness.' More important still it was a point of first-rate importance that the Indians could not and would not make distinctions between American Whigs and Tories. Among their crimes one was destined to stand out and to become a symbol.

Around the dilapidated defenses of Fort Edward only three cabins stood, one of which belonged to a Mrs. McNeil, a fat and talkative old woman who had been twice widowed. She happened to be a cousin of Brigadier-General Fraser and therefore awaited the coming of the invasion with even more confidence than did most Tories.

On July 27 she received a guest — Jane McCrea, a beautiful girl of twenty-three years, tall, and noted for her long and lustrous hair, which would reach to the floor when she stood and let it down. She was of Scotch descent; her dead father had been a Presbyterian minister in New Jersey, and since his death she had lived with her brother John McCrea, a Princeton man of the class of 1762, a lawyer, a patriot, and a local notable, for he was a colonel in the militia. His house stood near the mouth of Moses Kill and at the moment he proposed to move to Albany. In this his sister Jane would not follow him; she would not even stay at Moses Kill, but instead went in the opposite direction to Mrs. McNeil's. The fact was that she had a Tory lover, David Jones, a neighbor of hers who had fled to Canada and was now returning as an officer in one of Burgoyne's Tory units. It seems that Jane had received a letter from him and she cer-

tainly hoped to meet him. It was remembered that she had on her best clothes as if for her bridal.

July 27 was clear and warm. About nine o'clock a party of Indians attacked and drove into the fort an American picket stationed on the wooded hill to the north, killing its commander and capturing one of its men. This man's name was Standish, and he was descended from that Miles Standish who figures in the early traditions of Plymouth. The Indians then dashed forward, chanced upon the house of Mrs. McNeil, entered it, and dragged out the old woman and Jane McCrea. Standish saw them rushing their two prisoners along the wagon track up the hill. They had caught two horses on which they tried to mount the two women, and easily seated Jane upon one. But they could not lift fat old Mrs. McNeil to the saddle so that she and the Indians accompanying her fell behind out of sight of what occurred, especially as the hill and indeed the whole country was then thickly covered with pine, hemlocks, spruces, and other evergreens.

As Jane and her captors passed Standish a quarrel arose among the Indians. Presently one of them shot her and scalped her as she fell. According to their savage custom the band then stripped and mangled the body, one of them crushing the skull with a tomahawk. A local tradition says they raped her before killing her. They then continued on to Burgoyne's camp, showing the scalp and telling the story.

Meanwhile Mrs. McNeil, together with those of the Indians who had remained with her, also reached the camp. Although she had not been injured, the Indians had stripped her to her chemise, perhaps even of every stitch she had on, and in this state they turned her over to her cousin, General Fraser. At this point a brief flash of humor lightens the tragedy for a moment, for the embarrassed general was not able to find in camp any women's clothes large enough for the fat old woman to put on, and out of his own wardrobe only his officer's greatcoat was ample enough to cover her nakedness. Meanwhile she was (somewhat excusably) scolding him with even more than her usual fluency for sending his rascally Indians after her.

The scene changed when Jane's scalp was brought in. Mrs.

McNeil recognized it at once, and so did David Jones, her Tory lover. Burgoyne held an inquiry, ordered the Indians to hand over the murderer, put him under arrest, and proposed to execute him. At this point St. Luc La Corne took a hand, insisting that the Indians were already resentful of Burgoyne's efforts to restrain them and that if the murderer was executed they would desert in a body and go home, massacring as they went along the Canadian border. Burgoyne yielded and pardoned the killer.

Upon opinion the effect of the unpunished murder was enormous. In our own day we have had opportunity to note how a policy of frightfulness, if it does not cow the opponent, will react against its author by exasperating him. So it was with Burgoyne. The rapid fall of Ticonderoga had so shaken men's minds, particularly among the great body of colonists who cared little for either King or Congress and wanted only to be let alone, that it began to look as if the whole rebellion might collapse. But now the murder of Jane put in the hands of the active rebels the strongest possible argument in favor of resistance. 'It is a conquered country and we must wink at such things,' Fraser had said of some other Indian outrage, but the frontiersmen were not likely to see it that way.

What was the use of going to the British camp and 'taking protection' — that is, swearing allegiance and receiving in return a certificate of loyalty — if even the promised bride of one of Burgoyne's own Tory officers was not safe? The circumstances of the murder, together with the importance of her brother, made the crime stand out more than others equally fiendish.

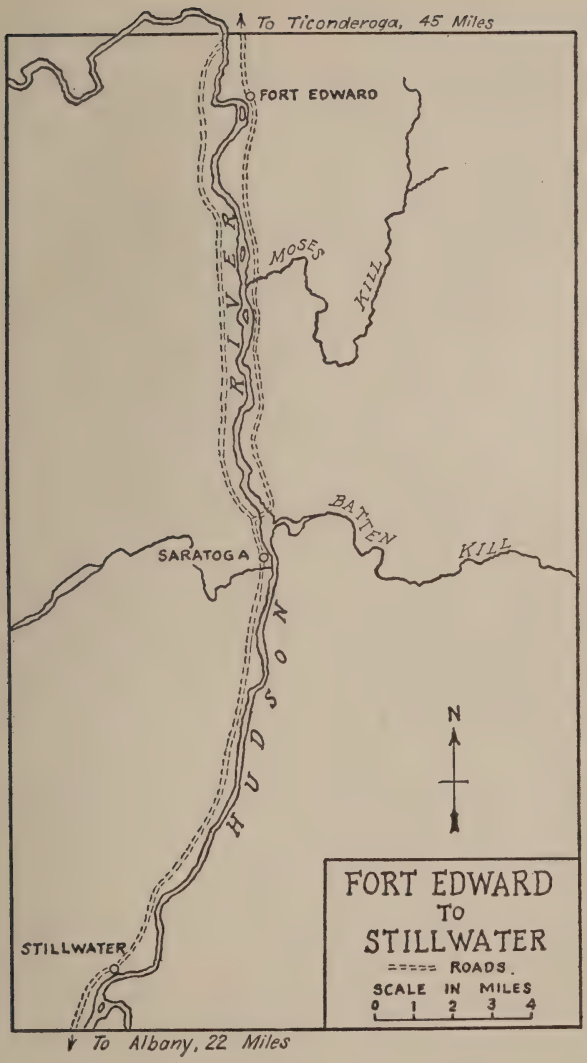
'Get your guns, neighbors, and turn out or we and our women will be the next. Yes, it's hard enough, I know, but it's all we can do. No quarter to the savages! The only good Indian is a dead Indian! Let's kill 'em all if we have to shoot Burgoyne himself to get at 'em. Fine gentleman he with his lousey proclamation. We'll show him. Oh, yes, there are a few decent Indians who are on our side; most of them Christian Indians from Stockbridge, Massachusetts, they tell me. They are different, of course. Turn out, I say, if you call yourselves men. Turn out in God's name. Death to the redskins. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Remember

Jane McCrea!' . . . So it must have run from cabin to cabin of that harried frontier.

But the effect of Jane McCrea's death, although enormous, was gradual. For the moment the country was half stunned with fear of the invasion. Up to this point Burgoyne had been operating in almost uninhabited territory. But along the Hudson the population, although still sparse enough by European standards, was more considerable. Most of these people now became refugees. In general the sight of them must have been much like that of the refugees of 1914–18; long columns of wretched country folk, men, women, and children, driving with them what they could of their live stock and carrying oddly assorted fragments of their household goods. One who took part in that miserable march has recorded that most were so full of their own personal misfortune that they would not lift a finger to lessen the sufferings of their comrades. Even their own army was full of rascals who robbed them. It must have seemed to an onlooker that the rebellion was indeed near its end.

Perhaps the worst element in the situation was the demoralization in the little rebel force which called itself the Northern Army of the United States. At Fort Edward one commentator describes them as '. . . in want of all necessaries and even of courage,' and a captain who served with them calls them '. . . this retreating, raged [ragged], starved, lousey, thievish, pockey army.' Schuyler himself wrote that many of the officers were beneath contempt, being possessed of '. . . so little sense of honor that cashiering them seems no punishment. They have stood by, and suffered the most scandalous depredations to be committed on the poor, distressed, ruined and flying inhabitants.'

With such an army it was necessary to retreat still farther. Accordingly, on July 30, Schuyler broke camp on Moses Kill and marched seven miles south, crossing the river to Saratoga, where his own great mansion stood. No good defensive position being found in the neighborhood, the retreat was resumed, August 2, along the west bank of the river and again halted twelve miles to the south at Stillwater, on the 3d. Here on the advice of Kosciusko, a Polish engineer serving in the American army, a defensive position was laid out and entrenchments begun when word came that


To Ticonderoga, 45 Miles
FORT EDWARD
MOSES KILL
HUDSON RIVER
BATTEN KILL
SARATOGA
N
FORT EDWARD
TO
STILLWATER
ROADS.
SCALE IN MILES
0 1 2 3 4
STILLWATER
To Albany, 22 Miles

St. Leger was approaching Fort Stanwix, a hundred miles up the Mohawk to the westward. In order to be nearer the road up the Mohawk, Schuyler began to consider yet another retreat, this time to the mouth of the Mohawk, twelve miles south of Stillwater and only nine miles north of Albany.

During the retreat the morale of the American army fell even lower. Discouragement, together with the lying rumors of incompetence and treachery spread against Schuyler and St. Clair, had so sunk into the men that they began to desert right and left. Between the 20th and the 24th, over two hundred had gone. On the 4th there were only four thousand left, and of these a third were either negroes, boys, or men too old for field service. The retreat had constantly been harassed by Burgoyne's Indians, who grew bolder as Schuyler's men grew more timid. They cut out stragglers and even insulted the main body until a successful skirmish against a party of them was so rare that when it occurred it was written up in army orders next day in the terms of a victorious general action.

Meanwhile, only twenty-four miles up-river from Stillwater, the British exulted at having reached the Hudson. The mere sight of the great river flowing majestically between broad meadows was enough to hearten men so long oppressed by the gloom of the interminable forest. They considered the great flood of settlers likely soon to pour into that splendid valley.

But greater than such thoughts was the significance to the campaign and to the war of their presence upon the banks of the North River. All knew that comrades of theirs held New York town and harbor, a hundred and eighty miles away at its mouth. All, from Burgoyne down, believed that those comrades of theirs, with far greater numbers than their own, were about to advance, if indeed they were not already advancing, northward to meet them. They themselves had mastered not only the enemy but the wilderness. They had topped the watershed, and in the river before them the southward-flowing current seemed to promise easy tasks for the future. In the words of one of them, 'They considered their toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be within their grasp, and the adjacent provinces certainly reduced.' All

but the dullest knew that at last they were upon the great avenue which divided the rebellion. They would descend its banks, driving before them the remnants of the wretched enemy whom they had already defeated, until they struck hands with their comrades. Then together with those comrades they would secure the great highway as a barrier against what was left of the irregular forces which still defied their lawful sovereign. The war, they thought, was drawing to a close.

In such a mood it was to them a little thing that their advance was still delayed. What did it matter if orders were continually appearing to rebuke the excessive baggage of their officers and its unauthorized conveyance upon the carts reserved for the necessary stores of the army? What did it matter that along the bumpy road the unseasoned wood of those overloaded carts — little two-wheeled affairs tacked together at the last moment in Canada — was continually giving way. Their commander-in-chief had himself set the example of disobedience to his own orders and had loaded no less than thirty carts with his own creature comforts. Even without such a scandal as this, any one who has seen service will be sure that for the unpunished young officers to be caught was not so much a warning to their comrades as a joke on the detected culprit whose contraband was confiscated or destroyed.

It was, of course, too bad that the rebels would not stand and fight. And what fools these rebels were, to be sure, who, harried as they were by the Indians, still for the most part refused to do the proper thing and submit! The provisions, the munitionment for the big guns which had now joined them by Lake George, and the boats to carry the provisions and stores forward on the Hudson, were arriving so slowly from the Lakes that the army must still halt at Fort Edward, and this further delay was a dreadful nuisance. They must have stared at the huge teams of ten or twelve oxen straining forward with the jolting wheeled frames that carried each boat. Those who had access to the records knew that only a third of the fourteen hundred horses contracted for in Canada had come. Probably the army did not know that their commander had written to Carleton asking that the latter, in order to make up the drain upon the numbers of the

invasion which must be caused by leaving garrisons behind it to keep open its communications, should garrison Ticonderoga from the troops left in his province, and that the Governor-General had refused, alleging the minuteness of the order which Germaine had lifted bodily out of Burgoyne's own paper, the 'Thoughts.' Had they known it they would doubtless have shrugged their shoulders. At the same time those who had heard of the coming of a letter from Howe must have thought it strange that the Lieutenant-General kept its contents so dark.

It was with good reason that Burgoyne so acted. On reaching Ticonderoga he had written to Howe, and after his capture of that place he had sent runner after runner southward through the forests to New York. Two of these he knew had been hanged, and of those sent after the fall of Ticonderoga not one ever returned.... The rebels had a short sharp way with them.... At last, on August 3, appeared a messenger with the following letter, written small upon narrow strips of paper rolled and tucked into a quill:

NEW YORK, *July* 17

DEAR SIR,

I have received yours of the second instant on the 15th, have since heard from the rebel army of your being in possession of Ticonderoga, which is a great event, carried without loss. I have received your two letters, viz, from Plymouth and Quebec, your last of the 14th May, and shall observe the contents. There is a report of a messenger of yours to me having been taken and the letter discovered in a double wooden canteen, you will know if it was of any consequence; nothing of it has transpired to us. I will observe the same rules in writing to you, as you propose, in your letters to me. Washington is waiting our motions here, and has detached Sullivan with about 2500 men, as I learn, to Albany. My intention is for Pensylvania, where I expect to meet Washington, but if he goes to the northward contrary to my expectations, and you can keep him at bay, be assured I shall soon be after him to relieve you.

After your arrival at Albany, the movements of the enemy will guide yours; but my wishes are, that the enemy be drove out of this province before any operation takes place in Connecticut. Sir Henry Clinton remains in the command here, and will act as occurences may direct. Putnam is in the highlands with about 4000 men. Success be ever with you. Yours, &c.

WILLIAM HOWE

All this gave Burgoyne furiously to think. Was it possible that Germaine's promised order to Howe had miscarried? Of Howe's letter to Carleton in the spring Burgoyne had made little, supposing, as he had every right to do, that Howe's Pennsylvanian intentions would be reversed by letters to be received from London by that commander. But now on the threshold of the event, here was Howe still bound southward. Something seemed to have gone wrong, as indeed it most certainly had. The key to the riddle was Germaine's unsigned order pigeon-holed and hidden among the papers of the Colonial Office. . . . Meanwhile, how much faith was to be put in Howe's promise to follow up Washington should the latter, instead of following Howe to Pennsylvania, turn northward against Burgoyne? Here was a botched job indeed. On the side of hope, Burgoyne knew that considerable reënforcements were on their way from England to New York. Surely, he thought, this must be what Howe meant when he wrote that Sir Henry Clinton, left in command there, would '. . . act as occurences may direct.' At the same time no one who knew Howe could doubt that he would make as large as possible that part of his army which was to remain under his immediate command and by its exploits ensure his own personal triumph. That meant that he would cut as low as possible the numbers of those who were to remain with Clinton and be available to coöperate with the Northern Army. The whole thing was a puzzle to which Burgoyne could find no answer.

Only one point was clear. Following out his own 'Thoughts,' Germaine's order of March 26 bound him to make for Albany. Indeed that order twice designated Albany as his goal. Now here was Howe taking for granted that he, Burgoyne, would reach that town, and directing him to drive the enemy from New York Province before turning eastward. Therefore, as Burgoyne saw his duty he had no choice but to push on for Albany. The first week of August had gone, summer was ending, and still not even the advanced corps had marched south from Fort Edward. If only he could get forward!

To avoid discouraging the troops, he kept Howe's letter so secret that even Riedesel knew only that a letter had come, without knowing what was in it.

Before Burgoyne had received Howe's letter and even before the Northern Army reached the Upper Hudson, Howe had left the mouth of that river.

The copy of Germaine's March 26 order to Carleton, sent by Knox, Germaine's under-secretary, had reached New York early in June. But since that copy was not accompanied with any instructions to himself, Howe in his unwisdom had determined to go through with his Philadelphia plan. Later in June he had moved into central New Jersey in the hope of bringing Washington to action, but when the latter with his little force had refused to be drawn down from the hill country, Sir William had returned to New York Harbor and embarked his troops on shipboard. For three weeks he had kept them sweltering between decks, and only on July 23 had he set sail and stood out to sea, leaving Washington in the dark as to whither he was bound. As the first week in August ended, Howe's objective was still uncertain.

Meanwhile everything still turned on the fact that the political position of the patriots, or if any one prefers of the rebels, had not collapsed. Everywhere, there were signs of disintegration. Everywhere the leaders like Washington and Schuyler, who held up the resistance as the giant in the old pagan tale upheld the sky, had poured in upon them the news of men gone over to the enemy and whole districts likely to submit and 'take protection.' The Schoharie region and indeed the whole Mohawk Valley were such districts. But even in the worst of the evil the epidemic of surrender never ran wild. Even in June, '77, the New Jersey men delighted Washington by the way they swarmed out against Howe, and in the north, what with precept and example of firmness, Schuyler was just able to prevent a general panic. In Burgoyne's camp in the full tide of his success there were realistic fellows like Hadden, who dryly remarks that at Hubbardton the crack British advanced corps '. . . certainly discovered that neither were they invincible nor the rebels all poltroons,' and Lamb, who testifies that 'The terror excited by the Indians, instead of disposing them [that is, the inhabitants] to court British protection, had a contrary effect.'

To-day the reaction against the excessive praise of our Revolutionary ancestors has gone so far that it is become

almost the fashion to despise them. This mood of contemptuous superiority is probably temporary and certainly is in itself contemptible. In the mass our forefathers were picked men. No prospect of short hours, high wages, and easy living had lured the early immigrants overseas. The never-ending struggle with wild beasts, Indians, and the wilderness had so wrought upon their souls that they were as resistant as the virgin oak and hickory out of which their axes hacked their new homes. Moreover, they were rooted in an intense religion. The educated man of to-day, who has replaced the narrow Bible worship of his ancestors either with a pagan philosophy which he too often calls 'undogmatic religion' or with a more traditional version of the Christian faith, should at least respect the courage and tenacity of those from whom he descends.

Even in this first week in August in New England, whose version of Bible worship had in it so much that was merely detestable, New England whose enthusiasm had launched the Revolution and whose crabbed localism was now threatening to sink it, New Hampshire was moving.

It had been decided, and by no human power, that our forefathers were not much longer to be tried to the limit of their strength.

CHAPTER VII

STANWIX HOLDS OUT

In this chapter I shall describe the arrival of St. Leger before Fort Stanwix upon the Mohawk, the beginning of the siege of the fort, and the fierce but indecisive action at Oriskany between his troops and a body of militia marching to relieve it, carrying the account down to the evening of August 6. After discussing Schuyler's decision to detach troops from his own small army for a second attempt at relief, I shall then briefly consider the movements of Howe and Washington; especially the latter's decision, taken in the second week in August, to remain near Philadelphia instead of returning to the north.

The pause — exactly a month in length from July 9 to August 9 — filled only by Burgoyne's slow advance to the Hudson, was broken, not upon the banks of that river, but ninety miles away to the westward.

To reach Fort Stanwix from Montreal required a vast circuit of more than three hundred miles, up the St. Lawrence, across Lake Ontario, and then by smaller lakes and water courses to within easy carrying distance of the place. Moving on Montreal in 1760, Amherst had followed this route with eleven thousand men and with guns as well, but in the opposite direction, so that after passing the Mohawk watershed he had had the advantage of descending the various streams. In the present case, purely military reasoning would hardly have justified the British Government in attempting so distant an expedition and one for which so few white troops could be spared. In his 'Thoughts' Burgoyne in London had expressed a doubt of its wisdom, and indeed the motives for making it were chiefly political, arising out of conditions in the Mohawk Valley and farther to the west.

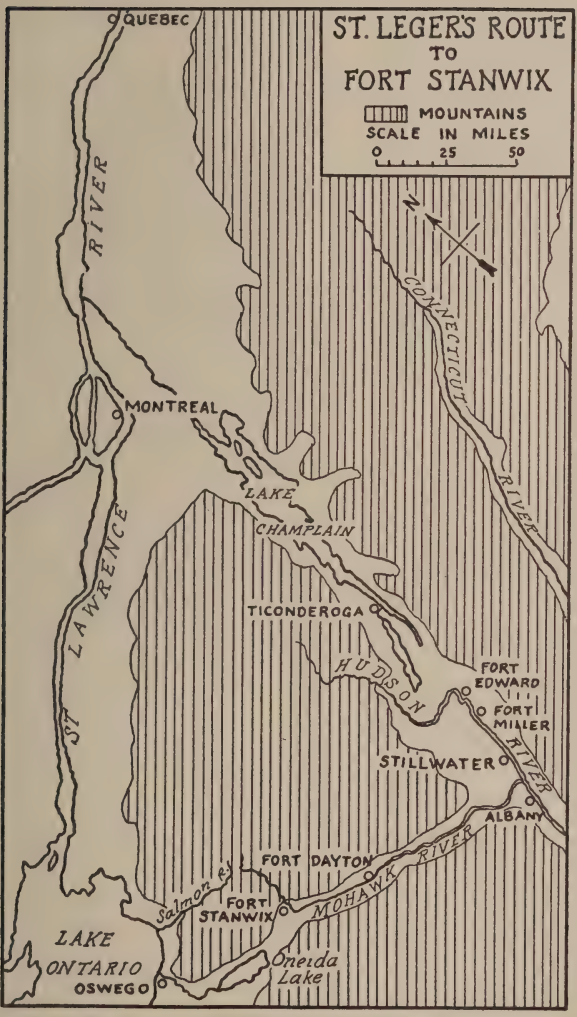
Then as now the Mohawk was the gateway to the vast western country whose potential value was appreciated in London. The attitude of the western Indians was doubtful. A few years before in Pontiac's conspiracy the tribes of the Great Lakes region had come within an ace of wiping out the

scattered little posts in their territory. Looking to the future, it was a matter of importance to get them as far as possible into the habit of supporting British arms. Moreover, the appearance among them of white troops even in small numbers would uphold British prestige in the interior.

The same argument applied with even greater force to the Iroquois. From the Upper Hudson to Lake Erie was the seat of the confederacy known as the Six Nations, in spite of their small numbers the greatest Indian power on the continent. They had long been the chief support of Great Britain in her wars with France. Now two tribes of the six were refusing to support the royal cause, and of these two one — the Oneidas — were actively helping the rebels. That royal troops should be sent to the Iroquois country was for Britain greatly to be wished.

Besides the effect upon the Iroquois and the western Indians, another political reason for St. Leger's expedition was the familiar argument from local Tories. The largest white landholders of the Mohawk Valley were the Johnson family. Although the great baronet, Sir William Johnson, had died without committing himself to either party in the quarrel, his son, Sir John Johnson, and his nephew and son-in-law, Guy Johnson, had both declared for the Crown. There were also other prominent local Tories such as Colonel Claus and the two Butlers. Like the Tory leaders elsewhere these men — sincerely enough, no doubt — had told the British authorities that the whole region would rise for the King as soon as royal troops appeared. Sir John Johnson and the elder Butler had already raised bodies of Tory 'provincials' who were to go with the expedition, and these units — recruited as they were from men who had exiled themselves for the sake of principle — could be counted upon to do their best to recover the homes they had lost.

Barry St. Leger, who was to command the expedition was the nephew of an Irish viscount. At forty he had already seen twenty-one years' service, had been at the siege of Louisbourg, and had distinguished himself at Wolfe's capture of Quebec. In '76 he had been with Carleton in Canada. His permanent grade was that of lieutenant-colonel of the 34th Foot, but he held the temporary and local rank of brigadier-general.


ST. LEGER'S ROUTE
TO
FORT STANWIX
MOUNTAINS
SCALE IN MILES
0 25 50
N
QUEBEC
ST LAWRENCE RIVER
MONTREAL
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
CONNECTICUT RIVER
TICONDEROGA
HUDSON
FORT EDWARD
FORT MILLER
STILLWATER
ALBANY
MOHAWK RIVER
FORT DAYTON
Salmon R.
FORT STANWIX
LAKE ONTARIO
OSWEGO
Oneida Lake

Although some of his American prisoners described him as a brutal drunkard, and although Carleton upon at least one occasion thought him a slack disciplinarian, St. Leger was a zealous soldier and a man of some ability. His worst fault as a commander was that like so many of the British officers in America he unduly despised the rebels.

St. Leger's British infantry were composed of detachments of a hundred men each from two of the regiments left with Carleton in Canada, his own, the 34th, and the 8th or King's Regiment. He had also Sir John Johnson's Tory regiment, generally known as the Royal Greens, and a company of Tory rangers under Butler. Of the Hanau chasseurs whom Germaine — at the personal command of George III — had assigned to him, he was willing to wait for only one company, about a hundred strong. The others of these German riflemen had been delayed. Some Canadians also accompanied the expedition. Including these men he had perhaps six hundred and sixty rank and file of white infantry.

For artillery he had only two six-pounders, two three-pounders, and four of the little 4.4-inch mortars known as 'Royals' or 'Coehorns,' and not unlike small modern trench mortars. Of artillerymen he had forty.

Counting officers, non-coms, and artillerymen he seems to have had more than eight hundred and seventy-five, but less than nine hundred white men under his command, and probably nearer the former than the latter figure.

So small a force could accomplish little without Indian support. Had the red men been convinced and enthusiastic royalists — which, of course, they were not — even then they could almost never be counted on for serious fighting. Few savages anywhere have been known to care for that sort of thing. Therefore, although in the event eight hundred, perhaps a thousand, Indians joined St. Leger, their support was an uncertain quantity, and the reliance upon them to which he was compelled was a grave weakness of the operation.

Another weakness was that his few light pieces, with the small supply of munitions which could be carried through the wilderness, would obviously be unable to batter down the works even of a backwoods fort like Stanwix should the latter be resolutely held.

Clearly success or failure would depend upon a number of factors — the staunchness of the Indians, the activity of the local Tories, and the degree of resistance to be overcome — all equally impossible to estimate closely in advance.

In the Mohawk Valley the chief supporters of the cause of Independence were the Palatines — the survivors or descendants of a body of German Lutherans who had emigrated from the Rhenish district known as the Palatinate about fifty years before. There were also patriots — or, if you will, rebels — of Holland Dutch descent, together with a sprinkling of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and French blood, but the majority were Germans. Since their old homes had been repeatedly devastated, first during the Thirty Years' War and again in the invasions of the Rhineland by Louis XIV, it was not surprising that they had no great love for kings and standing armies. They were a sturdy and frugal folk whose industry was rapidly bringing under cultivation the fertile fields of the Mohawk Valley in what was then known as Tryon County. At the same time they were superstitious and — in spite of the long tradition of civilization in the Rhineland — they were ignorant. Their want of book learning is vividly shown by the variations in the family name of their leading man Nicholas Herkimer, who was not only chairman of the *insurrecto* Committee of Safety for Tryon County, but had also been commissioned by the New York State Convention as brigadier-general of the Tryon County Militia. On the original patent of 1725 his father's name stands as 'Erghemar.' He himself preferred to sign 'Herchheimer,' and the forms 'Herkimar,' 'Harcheimer,' and others are also found.

We have from Herkimer's pen the following extraordinary order to Colonel Peter Bellinger:

Ser you will order your bodellgen do mercks immiedettleh do ford edouard wid for das profiesen and amonieschen fied for an betell dis zu will du ben yur berrel for am frind

NICHOLAS HERCHHEIMER

to carnel piedir bellinger
ad de flats

Ocdober 18, 1776

Which may perhaps be rendered into more conventional English as follows:

Sir you will order your batallion to march immediately to Fort Edward with for the provision and ammunition feed (fit?) for a battle this you will do on (?) your peril for am friend

NICHOLAS HERCHHEIMER

To Colonel Peter Bellinger
at the Flats October 18, 1776

As to Herkimer's age and appearance, traditions differ. One makes him forty-eight to fifty, 'short, slender, of dark complexion, with black hair and bright eyes'; while another describes him as a 'large square-built dutchman' and says he was about sixty-five. At all events, he and his father before him had been wealthy according to eighteenth-century frontier standards, and his influence in Tryon County told heavily in favor of the United States.

Travellers between the Mohawk Valley and the West were accustomed to carry their canoes between that river and a stream forming part of the Ontario–St. Lawrence system which (like the stream Burgoyne had ascended from Skenesboro) was known as Wood Creek. During the Seven Years' War, Fort Stanwix had been built on the right bank of the Mohawk to cover the carry. Although not to be compared in strength with Ticonderoga, nevertheless it had a bastioned trace and had been a palisaded earthwork of some strength.

At the outbreak of the Revolution it had been renamed Fort Schuyler, but its works had by this time so tumbled down that its new name was no great compliment to the General. When St. Leger left Montreal on June 23, his latest information was that the place was ruinous and garrisoned by only sixty men.

Upon this intelligence St. Leger formed his original plan, which was to make a dash through the woods in the hope of surprising the garrison and storming the works with small arms alone. Indeed, throughout the earlier stage of the operation he persisted in the belief that the place would give him no trouble.

The fact was that St. Leger's intelligence, although it had been accurate enough, was out of date. As late as May 19, '77, Captain La Marquisie, the French engineer charged with making it defensible, had written to Gates that it had become so dilapidated that it could not be repaired, but must be built over again, for 'all is destroyed.' Nevertheless, be-

fore St. Leger's arrival it had been garrisoned by about five hundred and fifty Continentals, and these men (working with the efficiency in entrenchment which Burgoyne had noted among the Americans) had succeeded in putting it in fair shape.

The commander of the place was Colonel Peter Gansevoort, a Dutchman from Albany who is said to have served at the capture of Havana in the Seven Years' War. He was only twenty-eight, but a resolute and competent officer. He was ably seconded by Lieutenant-Colonel Marinus Willett, a poor gentleman descended from an old family of New York City, and a man of high courage and enterprise admitted even by the New York Tories, who detested him for his activity as an agitator in the early stages of the Revolutionary quarrel. Even to-day the aquiline profile of his portrait shows his fiery spirit.

During the early summer Gansevoort and Willett had worked hard. They had struggled against the shortages of munitions and supplies which were chronic throughout Revolutionary America and most of all on the frontier. They had had trouble with La Marquisie, for that worthy, like so many of the European adventurers who had joined the Revolution, was certainly incompetent and probably a rascal. At any rate, they had sent him to Albany under arrest. Hostile Indians had buzzed about, killing, scalping, occasionally taking prisoners, and becoming bolder and more numerous as July went by. Nevertheless before August Fort Stanwix was in a state of defense.

Gansevoort and Willett had also had the advantage of receiving information from the friendly Oneida Indians. In the spring these last had sent word that an invasion of the Mohawk was preparing, and toward the end of July they reported the enemy close at hand.

On his way up the St. Lawrence St. Leger had his warning. He was met by a party of Indians bringing with them five prisoners from Stanwix, one of them an officer, and these men, examined separately, agreed in saying that the place was now garrisoned by over six hundred men who had repaired it and were now on the alert for an attack. Thereupon Colonel Claus, the Tryon County Tory who was superintendent of the Indians of the expedition, urged St. Leger to

wait for heavier artillery and the rest of the Germans. With the usual contempt of a regular for provincials — whether enemies or allies — St. Leger preferred to discount the prisoners' story and refused to wait. Claus could persuade him to change his plan only to the extent of coming to Oswego to join a body of Indians assembled there, whereas St. Leger's first thought had been to avoid that place and hasten through the woods by way of Salmon Creek.

St. Leger reached Oswego July 25, and next day his little army, now reënforced by from eight hundred to a thousand Indians, started for Stanwix through the woods and up the streams at the creditable rate of about ten miles a day.

Hearing that a supply convoy was approaching the fort, the British commander sent forward a body of Indians supported by a handful of regulars to intercept it. So full was he still of his original idea that the fort itself would give him little trouble, and might even offer to surrender to his detached party as soon as the latter appeared, that he directed the lieutenant in command not to accept the offer should it be made, because there would not be enough white troops to protect the prisoners from torture and death at the hands of the Indians. The detachment arrived August 2, just too late to interfere with the convoy for the fort. It was a near thing. Just as the last of the supplies entered the works, St. Leger's advanced party appeared on the edge of the woods and captured the captain in charge of the boats.

The brigadier himself with the main body of his expedition reached the fort next day, August 3.

Just four days before, on July 29, Burgoyne, far away to the east, had reached the Hudson at Fort Edward.

St. Leger's first thought was to impress the garrison. Accordingly he held a review of his entire force within sight of the besieged. From their palisaded earthworks Gansevoort and his men could see the white breeches and scarlet coats of the British infantry, the blue coats of the British artillerymen, the green faced with red of the German chasseurs, and the green faced with white which gave Sir John Johnson's regiment the name of the Royal Greens. Here and there may have appeared the black skull cap fronted with a brass plate

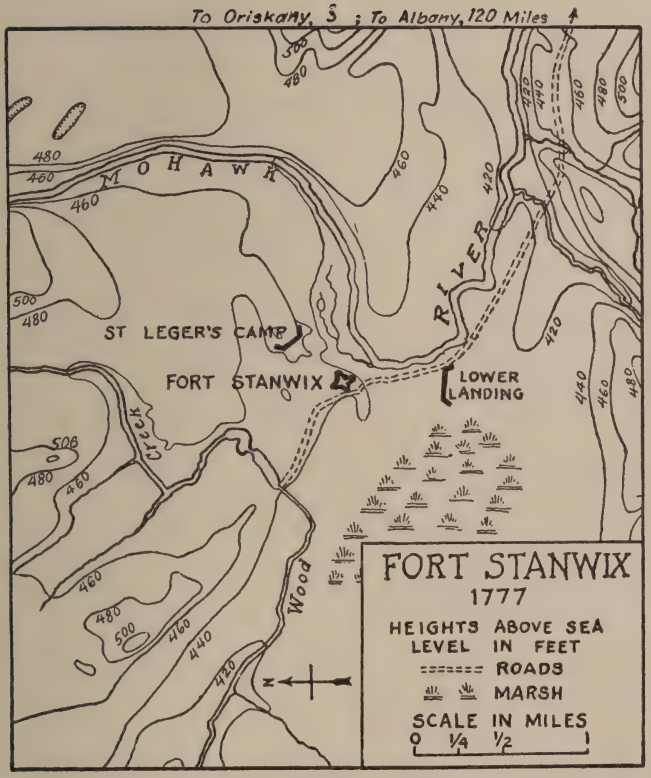
and the green coat faced with vermilion which were the official uniform of Butler's rangers. But for the most part these last seem to have been painted and dressed like Indians. If so they increased what must have been the deep-set impression made upon those within, that is, that of St. Leger's command the greater number were savages. The sight of the Indians with their feathers, their hideous war-paint, tomahawks, and scalping knives, and the sound of their war whoop, showed the garrison vividly enough what would be their own fate should their resistance fail and what would happen to the settlements behind them.

At the same time the review must have shown them that in white men alone the numbers of St. Leger's force were at most equal and if anything inferior to their own. The escort of the newly arrived convoy — two hundred strong — had raised their effectives to seven hundred and fifty rank and file. Although short of artillery munitions they had a good supply for their small arms, and food for six weeks. For the time being, therefore, they felt themselves secure.

Over one of their bastions may have floated the first United States flag of which the canton showed not the crosses of the eighteenth-century British Union Jack, but a circle of thirteen white stars for the thirteen States.

Having failed to intimidate the garrison by his review, St. Leger's next move was to send in a flag of truce with a copy of Burgoyne's proclamation — of course not in Burgoyne's but in his own name. To its threats and swollen rhetoric Gansevoort deigned no reply. Failing an answer, and seeing that the works were too strong to be rushed, the British commander posted his men and prepared for a regular siege.

The flat ground of the isthmus between the Mohawk and Wood Creek rose slightly as it neared the former stream. Here stood the fort — an irregular bastioned square of sod-work and palisading. Upstream from it the ground again rose a little, and here St. Leger placed his main camp, his artillery, and most of his British regulars. A small detachment of the latter, together with the greater part of the Tories and Indians, were encamped south of the fort, covering the lower landing. West and a little north of the fort there was a Tory post on Wood Creek. Between it and the


To Oriskany, 5 ; To Albany, 120 Miles
MOHAWK
RIVER
ST LEGER'S CAMP
FORT STANWIX
LOWER LANDING
CREEK
Wood
FORT STANWIX
1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
ROADS
MARSH
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2

lower landing, and on the left bank of the Mohawk southeast of the fort, little posts of Indians were strung out. The investment was not a close one, for on the right bank alone the chain of posts extended over at least three miles — more than five thousand yards — and southwest of the fort the terrain was wooded and swampy.

By night the Indians howled dismally. By day the best marksmen among them, together with the German riflemen, pushed up under cover as close as they could to the fort so that their fire might prevent work on the outside of the defenses.

But before more could be done St. Leger found he must first make a considerable effort to improve his communications. As always in war the problem of transport and supply governed the case, and as usual on the frontier the task of solving it was a hard one. Before he could bring up his guns, ammunition, and supplies he must cut a wagon track for sixteen miles through the woods. At the same time he must clear Wood Creek of the trees which Gansevoort had systematically felled across it exactly as Schuyler had done across the other Wood Creek in front of Burgoyne.

So large a proportion of St. Leger's little force of white men were set to work on these tasks that (even counting Johnson's Greens as regulars) he had less than two hundred and fifty regular troops in camp when, on the evening of the 5th, word came that Herkimer with eight hundred rebel militia was advancing to relieve the fort, and was only ten miles away. This news first reached St. Leger from runners sent by Molly Brant — the Mohawk Princess who was Chief Joseph Brant's sister and was now the widow of that greatest of squaw-men Sir William Johnson.

When it was confirmed by his own scouting parties, St. Leger realized his peril. Should he permit Herkimer's eight hundred to approach the fort and attack him on one side, Gansevoort's seven hundred and fifty would be able to sally out and beset him on the other. His white troops would then be outnumbered more than two to one, and he would be lucky if he could save his army.

Accordingly, in spite of the large parties already absent at work on his communications, he felt himself compelled to run the grave risk of still further dividing his forces. He

would send out four hundred, perhaps more, of his Indians under the Mohawk Chief Brant, supported by a detachment of Johnson's Greens and Butler's rangers. This force would lie in ambush and try to surprise Herkimer on the march. It was the old trick of wilderness warfare by which the French and their Indian allies had defeated and almost destroyed Braddock twenty-two years before.

Although risky, the plan had its merits. St. Leger knew that the Indians could be counted on to do better in an ambuscade than in position warfare in front of the fort. His information was that the relieving force was approaching carelessly so that his chance of surprising them was good. The small number of white men detached would not much weaken his own force. With his contempt for provincials he probably judged that the garrison was not likely to sally out in force and defeat him in his camp. Moreover, he had no choice.

Herkimer's force was composed of the militia of Tryon County. On July 30 word had been received from a friendly Oneida that St. Leger was nearing the fort, whereat Herkimer had promptly ordered out all between sixteen and sixty capable of bearing arms. The eight hundred thus obtained had concentrated at Fort Dayton, near where the town of Herkimer stands to-day, about thirty miles down river from Fort Stanwix.

Herkimer himself was a brave man who sincerely loved his country. At the same time he was not a dominant character; for instance, he had allowed Brant to bluff him a few months before. Militia were notoriously ungovernable. Furthermore, his moral position was weakened by the fact that his brother was serving with St. Leger. Accordingly his operations were directed not so much by his own judgment as by the wishes of the men whom he was supposed to command.

The Tryon County militia were full of fight. After the despondency of the early summer the actual approach of the invasion had kindled instead of dampening their spirits. Such calculation as there was among their leaders may well have been that it was wise to use this new enthusiasm of theirs before it had time to cool. Very possibly there was also a political element involved; that is, that it was wise to strike

at once before any movement could come to a head among those of the Tryon County Tories who had remained at home. There was also some fear, based, no doubt, upon the example of Ticonderoga, that the fort might surrender if not promptly relieved. At all events, a prompt advance was made.

Herkimer and his command left Fort Dayton on the 4th. Encumbered though they were with four hundred heavy ox carts, they nevertheless made fair speed. Crossing the Mohawk near the present site of Utica they camped for the night of the 5th either at Whitestown, about twelve miles from Fort Stanwix, or at the present site of Oriskany village, between three and four miles farther on. Herkimer had sent forward four runners to tell Gansevoort of his approach and to ask him to fire three gun shots in succession as a signal that the garrison knew of their friends' coming and were prepared to coöperate. On the march the Tryon County men had been joined by a band of about sixty friendly Oneidas who were to act as scouts. Their total numbers were thereby raised to about eight hundred and sixty.

On the morning of the 6th a stormy council of war was held. The three gun shots from the fort had not been heard, so that it was certain that the messengers, whatever their fate, had not yet reached the place. Until the fort gave the signal Herkimer was unwilling to advance. He also talked of waiting for reënforcements. His subordinates, on the other hand, were for pushing on at once. The debate became an angry one. Herkimer said that it would be rash to go on. The objectors replied that he was a coward and a Tory at heart — and indeed that his brother was serving with St. Leger we have seen. For some time he stood firm saying that he refused to lead them into a scrape from which he might not be able to get them out, and insisting that the objectors themselves were light-headed cowards who would run at the first shot. But at last he yielded and gave the order — or rather the permission — to advance.

First went the Oneida scouts. Next came Herkimer himself upon a white horse at the head of six hundred militiamen in column of twos. Behind them lumbered the four hundred heavy ox carts, their wheels creaking loudly. The remaining two hundred militiamen, also in column of twos, marched as rear guard. Leaving out of account the Oneida scouts, eight

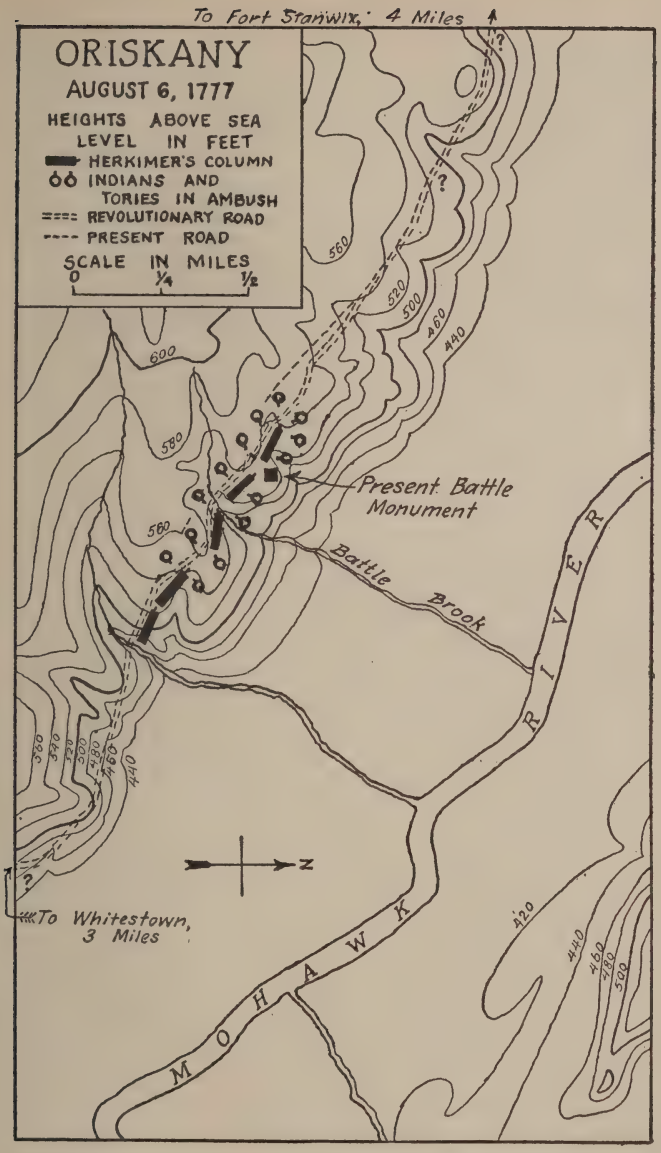
hundred militiamen in column of twos with four hundred ox carts must have made a column of well over three fourths of a mile long and probably nearer a mile.

The road along which Herkimer's command was advancing followed the general line of the present road south of the Mohawk between Oriskany village and the present city of Rome within whose limits Fort Stanwix stood. Since the local clay soil made for greasy going, the rude wagon track kept fairly close to the edge of a shelf of higher land, about a hundred feet above the swampy bottom lands. Even on this higher ground each little hollow is a bog. The ravines were crossed on rude causeways of 'corduroy'; that is, of logs laid crossways. The rude wagon track, winding about more than the present road, was hemmed in by the usual virgin forest thick with undergrowth and dark with hemlock.

About two miles northwest of the present Oriskany village, and thus about six miles by road from Fort Stanwix, the road negotiated an abrupt ravine carved out by the little brook known to-day as Battle Brook. To the eastward of it patches of marsh are still to be found north of the line of the old track and close to the edge of the high land. The ravine itself is a good fifty feet deep, and perhaps about an eighth of a mile across from level to level. Together with a second shallower ravine about four hundred yards to the west, it cuts out the promontory of high land from which to-day the shaft of the battle monument overlooks the valley.

Here the Indians and Tories had laid their ambuscade. The spot was well chosen, for in that rainy summer the ravine was passable only on the log causeway. Therefore the scouts and flankers of the advancing force would be held back and forced in by the narrowness of the passage. Moreover, even with the southward elbow by which the old track negotiated the slope the grade was still so steep that the ox carts could barely manage it. Finally, the depth of the ravine, together with the bend of the road and the narrowness of the cleared strip on either side, would make it impossible, when the middle of the advancing column was down in the ravine, for either the van or rear to see what was going on.

True to the misplaced confidence of the Tory leaders in their old neighbors, Butler had wished to parley. He had proposed to summon Herkimer's command to disperse and


To Fort Stanwix, 4 Miles
ORISKANY
AUGUST 6, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
HERKIMER'S COLUMN
INDIANS AND TORIES IN AMBUSH
REVOLUTIONARY ROAD
PRESENT ROAD
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2
Present Battle Monument
Battle Brook
MOHAWK RIVER
To Whitestown, 3 Miles
N

lay down their arms, precisely as the British officers had summoned the Minute-Men at Lexington over two years before. But Brant and the other Indian chiefs would not listen to such counsel, and indeed to have followed it would have destroyed all chance of a surprise. Accordingly it had been determined to spring the trap when the middle of the advancing column should have descended into the ravine.

Following the custom in such ambuscades, the white men of the ambuscading force were to check the head of Herkimer's column, and only when that column had been jammed together by the unexpected halt were the Indians to attack its flanks. So they waited in hiding.

Herkimer and his men walked straight into the trap. To the concealed Indians and Tories the first sign of their enemy's approach was the creaking of the wheels of the heavy ox carts. Still they kept cover so closely that the Oneida scouts with all their woodcraft could distinguish nothing. It was about ten o'clock.

Now came the critical moment. Among soldiers it is an axiom that the passage of a defile is a time of danger. It hinders the service of security, and if the force is attacked the defile prevents the rapid reënforcement of one part of the column by the other. The proper course would have been to halt the head of the main column before descending into the ravine, then to push out the advanced party and spread them out fanwise to explore the ground on the other side of the causeway, meanwhile keeping flankers and rear guard well out to protect the halted column from an attack coming from their own side of the ravine. That Herkimer knew how to do this is very doubtful. If, indeed, he had served in the Seven Years' War he had gained no distinction by his service. Certainly he had just been overruled and grossly slandered by his subordinates for what they considered overcautious behavior. Moreover, both he and they had been greatly misinformed as to the number of St. Leger's Indians and therefore underestimated the chances of ambuscade. Instead of halting, the column continued its march. Its head crossed the ravine, gained the higher ground beyond, and reached the second smaller ravine. Nowhere were the flankers far enough out to be of use, especially those covering the rear.

The reader will remember how Burgoyne's Indians, in front of Ticonderoga the month before, had spoiled Fraser's chances of capturing the garrison of Mount Hope as these last retreated to the French lines. Being drunk they had attacked too soon. Now — and for a like reason — the Indians in ambush opposite Herkimer's rear did the same. In a few moments the rear guard would fully have entered the snare and the Tories would have attacked the column's head. But without waiting, the Indians east of the ravine sprang up from behind their cover, delivered their fire, raised the war whoop, and rushed in upon the Tryon County men.

In war nothing is more fatal than to be surprised and most fatal of all is to be surprised while in column. Colonel Peter Visscher, the commander of Herkimer's rear guard, had given and was again to give full proof of his courage. Like all Americans and especially all American frontiersmen of the time, his men were braver and more energetic than the average European. But now he and they had no chance. Those who did not fall at the first fire and Indian rush broke and fled along the road over which they had come, keeping up a running fight against such Indians as pursued them. Skeletons have been found as far back as the mouth of Oriskany Creek, over two miles from the battle-field.

Meanwhile on the high ground west of the ravine Herkimer had heard the firing in the rear. Turning about his white horse, he started back. Hardly had he done so when the Indians and Tories surrounding the van fired, whooped, and charged with tomahawk and scalping knife. On the western slope leading down to the brook Herkimer and his horse fell — the horse dead and the General wounded in the leg. The survivors of his command found themselves hemmed in and cut off from retreat.

In the history of war soldiers so trapped have often become cowed and have allowed themselves without resistance to be butchered by enemies inferior in number. So — if one may cite great battles in the same breath with a backwoods skirmish like Oriskany — it was with the Romans surrounded at Cannæ and so it seems to have been with the Russians at Tannenberg. But at Oriskany the thing did not happen. Although losing heavily in casualties and prisoners, the Tryon County men turned back the hostile rush. Order

was brought out of the confusion and a circle was formed, the men facing outwards, on a knob of the rising ground west of the ravine and north of the wagon track.

Besides the toughness of the eighteenth-century frontier Americans, and besides the fact that in this case they still seem to have outnumbered the enemies surrounding them, there was, I think, another reason why the remnant of Herkimer's command were able to pull themselves together. I suspect that the Indians failed to press their attack home. My reason is that within the memory of many living men the Indians of the plains, having surrounded with superior numbers a handful of white men, would very rarely face the losses involved in exterminating the latter by a determined rush. Instead they preferred to mill around for hours at long range so that more than once their victims finally escaped. Now at Oriskany it was thought extraordinary that the Indians charged at all. Every one believed that they did so only because they were drunk. Drunk or sober, they would not long continue hand to hand with an enemy who was putting up any sort of resistance. I therefore conclude that after a few moments' or even seconds' close and murderous struggle, when they saw the hard-pressed militiamen still unsubdued, they bounded back and took up their usual method of fighting from behind trees.

The resistance of the Tryon County men was stiffened by the bearing of their wounded commander. When they raised him from beside the body of his dead horse, Herkimer had insisted that his saddle be set on the ground beside a large beech tree within the militiamen's circle and that he himself be placed astride of it with his back to the tree. There he sat directing the action. He even took out his pipe and smoked it among the whistling bullets. When some one urged him to take a less exposed position he said simply, 'I will face the enemy.' He had shown moral weakness in yielding to the railing of his subordinates and unwisdom in not halting until the ground about the ravine had been reconnoitred. But now that he had brought those who were left of his men so close to destruction, he was determined to share their danger to the uttermost.

A heavy shower of rain compelled a pause by wetting the priming of both sides. Like most American militia, many of

Herkimer's men lacked bayonets, and it had been noted that every now and then an Indian, directly a man in the widely spaced skirmish line had fired, would run in upon him with the tomahawk before he could reload. Two militiamen were therefore stationed behind each tree, one of whom held his fire and shot his Indian at close quarters as the latter ran in. Against the Tories the fighting was as fierce as against the Indians. Indeed, most actions between former neighbors are bitterly fought. Many individual combats were finished at close quarters with the knife — sometimes by the death of both contestants.

An action made up of so many fierce personal encounters naturally lent itself to many picturesque — not to say Homeric — incidents for which there is little space here. It is impossible, however, to pass over the Oneida girl of fifteen, the daughter of a chief, who fought side by side with the men of her tribe and the Tryon County militiamen, firing her musket and shouting her war cry with the rest. It is with regret that one passes rapidly over the story of how Abraham Quackenboss parleyed with Bronkahorse, the Indian who had been his friend and would have befriended him still had he consented to surrender, and how Quackenboss killed him at last. So, too, with the story of how a reenforcement of Johnson's Greens would have passed themselves off as friends had they not been exposed by Captain Gardenier, who killed three with his espontoon or officer's half pike; and how Captain Dillenback, also assailed by three enemies, brained one, shot the second, and bayoneted the third. Such things have always been the favorite stuff of poetry, and so they will remain as long as man is man.

When the conflict was renewed after the shower, the tide of battle began to run in favor of the survivors of Herkimer's sorely tried command. The Tories after all were few. The fighting of the Indians began to slacken. It was now afternoon, and those of the red men who had been drunk in the morning must now have been feeling the reaction of their liquor. Some Indians even believed a rumor that the whole affair was a white man's plot to destroy them, and so believing fired into their own Tory allies. Presently the retreating cry, 'Oonah! Oonah!' was raised, and the red men began to draw off through the woods. Their retreat neces-

sitated that of the Tories. Herkimer and his battered remnant were left masters of the fiercely fought field.

The Tryon County men were in no condition to pursue. Some of the Oneidas may have been pushed forward to observe the retreating enemy; even that is doubtful. As the wounded Herkimer was raised on a rude litter, three Indians approached and were shot down. The bullets which killed them were the last fired that day. Bearing with them their wounded general and fifty other wounded, the remnant of those men who had pressed forward so eagerly a few hours before now retreated eastward.

Both sides had lost heavily. Besides their fifty wounded the militiamen had a hundred and sixty, perhaps two hundred, dead. Many had been taken prisoner; St. Leger claimed two hundred, but that figure seems too high. Most of the patriot leaders of Tryon County were killed or captured. Of the Indians and Tories perhaps as many as a hundred and fifty had fallen. In particular the Indians were appalled at the number of braves and even, in the Seneca tribe, of chiefs who were dead. It was ominous for the future of St. Leger's expedition that the red men were easily discouraged by losses and brooded over them resentfully.

Meanwhile a limited but nevertheless very real success had been won by a sortie from Fort Stanwix. The reader will remember that in the early morning Herkimer's unwillingness to march had arisen from the failure to hear the expected signal guns announcing the arrival of his messengers at the fort. These messengers, however, although delayed, nevertheless succeeded in reaching Stanwix between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, slipping through the cedar swamp between the observation posts of Indians southwest of the fort. The three signal guns were promptly fired, and if they were not heard by Herkimer and his men it must have been because the din of Oriskany had already begun. Willett, with two hundred and fifty men and a field piece, was detailed to make the requested sortie. The movement had to be put off because of the heavy shower which had interrupted the fighting at Oriskany. As soon as it was once more possible to keep dry the priming of the muskets, Willett attacked the Tory and Indian camp near the lower landing south of the fort.

St. Leger's men had seen Herkimer's messengers enter the works and were therefore expecting an attack from the garrison. At the same time the position of the besiegers was a most difficult one. Out of the two hundred and fifty white regulars in camp after the departure of those detailed to work on the communications, at least thirty had gone to Oriskany, leaving behind less than two hundred and twenty. Moreover, this small remainder, together with those of the rangers and Indians still before the place, were spread out in an irregular circle over three quarters of a mile in diameter from north to south with the fort in the centre. Gansevoort in his central situation outnumbered St. Leger's remaining white troops over three to one. St. Leger's camp was as yet lightly entrenched if at all. Therefore, even after allowing generously for the superior quality of St. Leger's main camp north of the fort, he might then and there have defeated the latter and either destroyed him or at least caused his retreat.

As it was, Willett with his two hundred and fifty conducted a pretty little operation. An Indian having reported the Indians and Tories at Oriskany to be hard-pressed, St. Leger's detachment of white troops stationed at the lower landing had left their post and moved out to support them. Almost without resistance Willett occupied the besiegers' southern camp. The Tories there ran for the river and the Indians for the woods. Sir John Johnson, sitting under his tent in his shirt-sleeves, had not even time to put on his coat. Willett plundered the camp methodically and retired in triumph with his spoils upon the approach of a detachment sent from the northern camp by St. Leger to cut him off. Not a man had been lost in the sortie.

Willett's plunder was of a sort calculated to raise the spirits of the besieged and correspondingly lower those of the besiegers. He could congratulate himself on capturing all Sir John Johnson's letters and papers. Also he had carried off the packs of many of the Indians. Since these last had gone out to Oriskany naked except for the breech clout, they now returned to find no blankets with which to cover themselves at night. Their discomfort was later on to tell heavily against St. Leger.

All told, the net result of the two actions fought on

August 6, Oriskany and Willett's sortie, although indecisive, was if anything favorable to the United States.

Oriskany was a conflict of the sort which can be and is claimed by both sides as a victory. Strategically St. Leger's detachment had won, for Herkimer's immediate purpose, that of relieving the fort, had been thwarted. Moreover, St. Leger could point to the heavy loss among the Tryon County militia and the number of prominent men fallen or captured.

On the other hand, Herkimer and his men, although forced to abandon the strategic purpose of their march, were nevertheless tactically victorious. They had not only saved themselves from destruction; they had finally repulsed the enemy and had remained masters of the field. Amid the prevailing discouragement of the patriots even this much of success was welcome. That which our own generation would have called its propaganda value was diligently worked up. Even in fact as opposed to propaganda Oriskany had not been fought in vain. Throughout the country even the most timid could see that at least St. Leger was held. Fort Stanwix had not gone like Ticonderoga.

Moreover, Oriskany had made possible Willett's success and within the fort the garrison were more encouraged by this exploit than they were cast down by Herkimer's failure to relieve them. In St. Leger's camp, on the other hand, the Indians were mourning not only their gear captured by Willett, but still more their losses at the hands of the Tryon County men. Although those losses were less than the red men themselves had inflicted at Oriskany, they were nevertheless enough to take the heart out of St. Leger's savage allies.

On receiving at Stillwater the news, first of St. Leger's arrival before Stanwix, then of Herkimer's retreat from Oriskany, Schuyler had determined to relieve the fort. According to the military custom of the time he called a council of war in which he proposed detaching a part of his own dispirited forty-five hundred to act against St. Leger.

The risk involved was high. Within twenty-four miles of them — a single day's forced march — Burgoyne lay at Fort Edward with seven thousand victorious troops. He

might come down upon them. Indeed, as the council sat he was issuing orders to his main body to advance eight miles to Fort Miller, and for Fraser and his advanced corps to go on four miles farther to the mouth of the Battenkill, where they would be only twelve miles from Schuyler and his unhappy little force. Of course Schuyler's council did not yet know of this advance, which was intended merely to cover the Bennington expedition, but as they saw the situation it is not surprising that all except Arnold opposed Schuyler's plan.

On the other hand, Schuyler undoubtedly reasoned from Burgoyne's delay that the army from Canada was having trouble with its transportation. He knew that to the eastward patriot forces were gathering which would soon either reënforce him or cut in on Burgoyne's left and rear. Finally, he thought it necessary to run risks on the Hudson in order to save the Mohawk. All along he had known the political situation in that district to be unsatisfactory. Should a Tory rising spring up there to assist St. Leger, the example might spread and the whole political basis of the Revolution in the North might go.

Schuyler's arguments failed to persuade his officers. In his agitation he walked to and fro in the room, a pipe in his mouth. While doing so he heard some of them say, 'He means to weaken the army.' He well knew the New England rumors that he was at heart a traitor. Was it possible, he thought, that officers under his command believed the slander? Almost as he heard their words he found that he had bitten his pipestem clean through. Never to the end of his life could he forget the bitterness of that moment.

Nevertheless he controlled himself quickly. Indeed his instant of rage helped him to make up his own mind. He made no further effort to persuade, but said that he would take upon himself the responsibility of the relief expedition. Whereupon the fiery little Arnold sprang up and volunteered for the command.

About the same time Schuyler determined to retreat twelve miles farther from Stillwater to the islands at the mouth of the Mohawk. Here he would be more in touch with events farther up the river and at the same time would be a little farther from Burgoyne should the latter advance. It

was an inglorious business this constant retreating before the enemy. Nevertheless it was a correct decision. Had Schuyler with his inferior force played the fool by standing and fighting a battle with Burgoyne, the latter's difficulties would have been solved.

I now turn away from the North to consider the movements of Washington and Howe.

The reader will remember that on July 23, just as Burgoyne was breaking camp at Skenesboro, Howe had finally sailed out of New York Harbor, leaving Washington perplexed. Indeed the anxiety of that commander was natural enough in view of the enormous advantage derived by the British from their control of the sea. He had believed that Howe intended to sail up the Hudson and strike hands with Burgoyne, before whom Ticonderoga had just gone down like a card house, and in order to resist such a move he had brought the main army of the United States — about ten thousand strong — to the west bank of the North River. Now, as far as he was concerned, Howe and the great fleet of over two hundred sail which carried the latter's fourteen thousand effective rank and file of regular infantry, together with their Tory auxiliaries, their artillery, horses, and equipment, had vanished into space.

As to Howe's intention Washington could only guess. Howe had written a letter to Burgoyne saying that he himself was bound for Boston, and had purposely allowed it to fall into Washington's hands. But Washington suspected the trick and was unwilling to believe that Howe would return to the district where the rebellion was strongest, even though such a move might bring in the British troops on Rhode Island and would certainly help Burgoyne by occupying the New-Englanders.

There was the further possibility that Howe's move was a pure feint intended to draw Washington away from the Hudson so that Howe might quickly return and ascend that river unopposed. This also Washington put aside, on the ground that it would be difficult for the British to keep their fleet together during such a manœuvre and that they would hardly risk having their ships dispersed.

With Boston and a return to the Hudson alike ruled out,

there remained the chance that Howe was making for Philadelphia. That he should thus leave Burgoyne in the lurch was astonishing. For the matter of that, Howe's subordinates thought so, too, for Henry Clinton later wrote that of all the army only Cornwallis and General Grant approved of the movement. Nevertheless Philadelphia seemed the only alternative worth considering.

Accordingly in the last days of July, leaving a division at Morristown within forty-five miles of Peekskill on the Hudson, Washington moved the greater part of his army to Coryell's Ferry on the Delaware. Here he was about thirty-three miles north of Philadelphia and at the same time still only about eighty miles from Peekskill.

On July 30 he was writing, 'Howe's . . . abandoning Burgoyne is so unaccountable . . . that, till I am fully assured of it, I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me.' Next day word came that the British fleet was in Delaware Bay. It had taken Howe's Armada a week to double the low sandy point of Cape May, but there he was.

Hardly had Howe been located in the Delaware when word came that he had again put to sea, leaving Washington once more at a loss.

What had happened, unknown of course to Washington, had been merely that after the fleet had worked its way some little distance up the Delaware estuary, the fierce tides that run there had troubled Howe's sailors and the marshy banks had struck him as unhealthy and difficult to land upon. Accordingly he had come to the extraordinary decision to put to sea again and make for Philadelphia by way of the Chesapeake.

Even in itself, without reference to Burgoyne, the thing was a folly. It meant a circuit of over four hundred miles by water, ending at a point no nearer to Philadelphia than Howe already was. His men and their horses had already been penned up for a month on their transports, and now he proposed to inflict further confinement upon them. It was true that by going up the Chesapeake he would alarm the Virginia and Maryland militia and keep them at home for the defense of their firesides, but that was a bagatelle.

As regarded Burgoyne and the Northern Army, Howe's decision was not only a folly but a crime. His letter of July 17

Lake Ontario
FORT STANWIX
FORT EDWARD
MOHAWK
FORT MILLER
RIVER
BENNINGTON
ALBANY
HUDSON RIVER
MOHAWK RIVER
PEEKSKILL
NEW YORK
MORRISTOWN
CORYELL'S FERRY
TRENTON
PHILADELPHIA
DELAWARE
DELAWARE BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N
CHESAPEAKE BAY
SINEPUXENT INLET
FORT STANWIX TO THE CHESAPEAKE
MOUNTAINS
SCALE IN MILES
0 20 40 60 80

to Burgoyne had promised the latter '. . . if he [Washington] goes to the northward . . . be assured *I* shall soon be after him to relieve you'; and now he was deliberately putting it out of his own power to keep that promise. To have left the Hudson at all had been bad enough, but now to leave the Delaware for the Chesapeake was out of all reason.

The disappearance of the British fleet from the Delaware again threw Washington back upon guesswork. His first thought was that this time Howe might really mean to return to the Hudson, and to parry such a move Washington ordered the division left behind at Morristown to join Putnam at Peekskill. He also wrote to the Governors of New York and Connecticut to urge them to send militia there. Nevertheless, uninformed as he was he did not at once start his main body northward — for the men were already fatigued with heavy marching and the stifling hot weather threatened severe march casualties. For the moment he judged it best to wait near Philadelphia, and this he did while the stench of his unsanitary camp went up to heaven. There he waited while St. Leger appeared before Stanwix and while Oriskany was fought. There, on August 10, he at last had news of Howe. At Sinepuxent Inlet — fifty miles from the Delaware Capes and eighty from the entrance to the Chesapeake — the great British fleet had been seen far out at sea, and had then quickly disappeared again.

This information seemed to dispose of the idea that Howe, after all, meant to go North. While it was possible that the British commander merely wished to draw Washington away from the Hudson in order to permit Sir Henry Clinton to move up that river and coöperate with Burgoyne, on the other hand, it began to look as if Howe meant to advance on Philadelphia by way of the Chesapeake. This — which the reader has already seen to have been Howe's real intention — seemed futile enough, but from such a commander anything in the way of bad strategy might be expected. If Howe meant to go up the Chesapeake, a few days of favorable winds would advance him to a point from which he could be observed. Washington therefore waited on for the situation to clear up.

Howe's favorable winds were slow in coming. It was August 14 before he was able to round Cape Charles and enter

the Chesapeake, his whereabouts still unknown to Washington. The latter now began to wonder whether his enemy might be intending to strike at Charleston, South Carolina, then the chief city of the Southern States. While the place seemed an inadequate object for so long a voyage, it was in any event so far off that under the sun of a Southern summer Washington could not hope to march his men fast enough to arrive in time for its defense. Furthermore, if Howe really meant Charleston, there would be plenty of time to go North either against New York City or against Burgoyne before the main British army could return. Washington accordingly continued to wait near Philadelphia for news.

While waiting, the American commander now felt himself in a position to send reënforcements to the North. He ordered up the Hudson two Continental regiments of the New York line which had been stationed at Peekskill, and from Trenton he sent Morgan's crack regiment of riflemen, about five hundred strong. Postponing to the next chapter an account of Morgan and his famous command, the reader should fix in his mind the date upon which they received Washington's order to march. It was Saturday, August 16.

I now anticipate the order of events in the North during the momentous week of August 16–23, in order to follow Washington.

As the third week in August dragged on without intelligence of Howe, the American Commander-in-Chief at last determined to strike either at Sir Henry Clinton in New York or at Burgoyne. It was true that as long as Burgoyne remained east of the Hudson, his retreat to Canada, as we shall see in a moment, was reasonably secure. Moreover, operations on Manhattan Island were peculiarly difficult in the face of the superior British fleet, for in spite of the great number of ships which had left with Howe, enough remained to retain control of the waters near by. Nevertheless the opportunity of moving against one or the other of the lesser British armies was too tempting to be missed.

According to his almost invariable habit when considering a change of plan, Washington called a council of his general officers, who agreed with him as to the wisdom of returning to the Hudson. He then judged it wise to lay the matter before Congress, which he did in a letter of August 21.

Howe, the letter ran, must be gone far to the south or east. The dangers of the sea, together with the injury to men and horses inseparable from long confinement on shipboard and the loss of time so late in the year, all made it improbable that his move was merely a feint preluding a return to the Delaware or to the Hudson. Probably he was bound for Charleston — '. . . had the Chesapeake been his object he would have been there long since and the fact well established.' No one could possibly have foreseen the length to which calms and contrary winds were spinning out Howe's voyage.

The letter then spoke of Washington's determination, backed by the approval of his generals, to go North. 'Nevertheless, as it [the Hudson march] is a movement which may involve the most serious consequences, I have thought proper to submit it to Congress for their deliberation and decision. If it is deemed expedient we have perhaps not a moment to lose. . . .'

Congress in this instance acted promptly and with wisdom in approving Washington's proposal. Within a few hours of their action, however, in the early afternoon of August 22, word came that Howe's fleet had been seen at anchor more than two hundred miles up the Chesapeake.

'Now,' wrote Washington as he prepared to oppose Howe south of Philadelphia, 'as there is not the least danger of General Howe's going to New England, I hope the whole force of that country will turn out and . . . crush General Burgoyne. . . .'

It has been held, and by a commentator not ignorant of war, that on August 10, on receipt of the news from Sinepuxent, Washington should have at once marched against Burgoyne. Thus, it is claimed, the army from Canada could have been annihilated and the surrender of its remnant compelled early in September. Meanwhile local militia could have observed Howe against whom Washington could presently have brought not only his own troops, but also the Northern Army set free by the destruction of Burgoyne.

It is true that a move by Washington against Burgoyne was obviously possible at this time. It is also true that Germaine feared for Burgoyne should Washington turn against him. Washington's own letters abundantly prove that he

understood the theory of a concentrated defense in which the defender, acting on interior lines, moves first against one and then another of his separated assailants. Indeed, it was by exactly such a move that he and Rochambeau — with the all-important assistance of the French fleet — afterward ended the war at Yorktown. Moreover, marching troops are notoriously healthier than stationary ones. Finally, the proposal has a Napoleonic ring.

Nevertheless such criticism neglects altogether the political necessities by which Washington was surrounded. It neglects the accepted eighteenth-century doctrine of war. Most important of all, even if these two points are ruled out and Washington's decision considered strictly on its merits, that decision was sound.

For this last assertion a writer must expect to defend himself against the charge of undiscriminating hero worship. To this I plead not guilty. To place Washington among the supreme masters of war is folly. But while it is true that his greatness was due to character more than to intellect, at the same time he was a highly talented man whose competence as a leader of armies is unquestionable.

The political factors underlying Washington's care for Philadelphia in general, and in particular his decision to remain near that city in the second week of August, were three in number. First, there was the sensitiveness of the Revolutionary Government to opinion. All *insurrecto juntas* are compelled far more than settled Governments to consider the passing moods of the community upon which they depend for their life. The appearance of weakness destroys them. To have permitted Howe and the main British army to occupy Philadelphia without a fight might have meant political destruction. Looking back upon the slight effect which Howe's actual capture of that city had upon the course of the war, it is easy for us to-day to blame Washington and the Congress for valuing its possession too highly. They saw the situation from close by. Moreover, the effect upon opinion might have been far greater had it been possible to say that Washington, in moving away from Philadelphia against one of the lesser British armies, was really moved by fear of Howe.

The second point was the political complexion of Phila-

delphia itself and its district. The Philadelphia rich, like the rich elsewhere, had many Tories among them. The city and its neighborhood were full of Quakers who would not fight. The militia within call were worthless even by militia standards. They were, for instance, far below the New England militia with all its shortcomings. Those of the eastern shore of Maryland had neither arms nor even designated officers. Those of Virginia and Maryland would be kept at home and prevented from intervening in time should Howe, as was indeed the case, be coming up the Chesapeake. It was idle, therefore, to expect anything in the way of local resistance to Howe's army.

A third point was the relation of Washington himself to the Congress. That body, existing only by the consent of the State Governments, was correspondingly touchy. The State Governments themselves, except that of Connecticut, were Revolutionary and illegally formed. Moreover, the Revolutionary movement was directed against what its makers considered arbitrary power. It was no wonder, therefore, that Washington, despite his strong sense of authority, was always careful to avoid anything remotely like dictatorship. It was to this end that he so constantly consulted his generals and, on the greater issues of military policy, Congress itself.

On the political side, therefore, while Howe's destination was still uncertain, it would have been a very doubtful experiment to have removed the army from Philadelphia. How strongly political reasoning counted with Washington had already been shown in the defense of New York in the previous summer, when for the sake of a lesser political object than Philadelphia he had risked the annihilation of his troops on Long Island. At the time neither he nor Congress could tell how much strain could be borne by the hastily raised State they were defending. They had always before them the danger that it might collapse altogether.

In this connection the eighteenth-century doctrine of war is also to be considered. Since the wars of the French Revolution and of Napoleon, it has come to be thought the essence of skillful strategy, whenever possible, to fall upon a divided enemy and annihilate him in detail. In attempting to persuade an unwilling political authority to permit him to leave a capital threatened by the enemy's main army for

the sake of a stroke at a lesser hostile force, a general of today would have precedent on his side. He would be able to cite many illustrious examples of such enterprise. The men of 1777 had no such background. To them war was a far slower and more formal game in which local objectives — the possession of important towns, fortresses, etc. — were often more considered than the defeat of the hostile army.

If it be objected that the Congress and the colonies contained few military scholars, the answer is that in a general way a doctrine of war, common to the educated soldiers of any period, is vaguely but powerfully impressed upon the minds of the educated men of that period. It constitutes an atmosphere.

It would be easy to press this point of the formality of eighteenth-century war too far. It was true that Frederick of Prussia — an absolute monarch whose traditional authority was worlds away from that of Washington and Congress — had recently shown the world what could be done by the rapid use of interior lines against a divided enemy. Nevertheless Frederick's strategic method had not yet changed the basis of military thought. With due avoidance of exaggeration the fact remains that the formal doctrine of eighteenth-century war existed and possessed great influence.

Turning to the military situation in itself, one must conclude, first, that Washington did not think the Sinepuxent information definite enough to go on. He himself merely checked his movement to cross the Delaware into New Jersey and in his own words '. . . halted for further intelligence.' Finally, his chances of annihilating Burgoyne were small. On August 10 Burgoyne was at Fort Miller, east of the Hudson. East of the Hudson he remained until mid-September, and as long as he did so his line of retreat was open behind him. Had Washington attacked him in front with superior numbers and had Burgoyne stood the shock, nevertheless the high quality of the British regulars would almost certainly have made retreat possible. Had Washington attempted to cut in behind Burgoyne from the east, the attempt would almost certainly have failed to destroy the latter.

About thirty miles to Burgoyne's left ran the formidable

barrier of the Green Mountains. These and their western outliers, together with the scarcity of roads in what was then wilderness country, would have made it peculiarly difficult for any force operating from the east to have reached the neighborhood of Fort Edward before Burgoyne at Fort Miller — less than ten miles and therefore less than three hours' march to the south — would have learned of the movement. A study of the old road maps makes the thing appear even more unlikely. Between the Fort Edward district and the southern end of Lake George there was no place to strike, for even if the Wood Creek line were cut, there was still the road which ran northwesterly from Fort Edward to Fort George, and this road from its direction would have been harder to cut from the east the nearer one approached Lake George. Finally, we know from Holden's local 'History of Queensbury' that a wagon track had been cut through the woods west of that lake from Fort George to Ticonderoga. South of Ticonderoga, therefore, Burgoyne's retreat from Fort Miller could have been cut only at Fort Edward. That Washington's hastily raised and ill-staffed army could have accomplished such a feat before some Tory had warned Burgoyne in time is an idea in the moon.

There remained Ticonderoga. Certainly without Burgoyne's knowledge a force from the east could have attacked that far-off stronghold in the wilderness. In mid-September we shall see Colonel John Brown actually doing so. But at the same time we shall see the extraordinary difficulties of such an operation. The stone ramparts of the old French fort were far too strong to be rushed, and neither ammunition nor food sufficient to supply the besiegers during a regular siege could be transported over the two miserable wagon tracks which alone connected Mount Independence with the region of Otter Creek. For Washington to have attempted such a thing with greater numbers would merely have increased the difficulties of supply. It is not necessary to assume that Washington knew the details of all this. Never having seen the North, he judged affairs there upon imperfect information, and at times judged them ill. Nevertheless he did know the American wilderness, and he knew that the country between the Green Mountains and the Hudson–Champlain line was almost untouched.

I conclude, therefore, that Washington's decision was sound. Even those graduates of an army staff school who have been taught — and rightly — to despise half measures must admit that when in the second week of August Washington merely waited on near Philadelphia, meanwhile reenforcing the Northern Army, it was because there was nothing better to be done.

From that which might have been I now return to what actually was. On Saturday, August 16, Morgan's five hundred, clad in the fringed hunting shirts familiar to the readers of Fenimore Cooper, could have been seen moving about Trenton in preparation to leave next day for the North. Meanwhile, in the lower Chesapeake, two hundred miles south of Trenton, a curious scene, close-packed with irony, was taking place.

Howe's great fleet was lying idly at anchor in the summer haze when a despatch ship appeared. She lowered away a boat, for she had a letter from London for the Commander-in-Chief, and the boat's crew pulled away for the flagship. As they approached her they were overshadowed by the height of her spars and frowned upon by her tiers of black cannon. The coxswain could see her stem curving up in a great sweep to the gilded figurehead, above the figurehead the long jib-boom which the old sailors still saw (and probably resented) as a novelty, and the ornately carved galleries of her stern. In the Admiral's cabin, inside the stern galleries, sat two men; one — a swarthy fellow whom his sailors called 'Black Dick' — wore the blue uniform coat of the British navy. He was Admiral Lord Howe. The other, plump and florid of cheek, clad in the scarlet of the British army, with the star of the Bath gleaming on his left breast, was his brother, Sir William.

The despatch was brought to them. It was from Germaine. They broke the seal and read the date — May 18 — just fourteen weeks before. The letter made no suggestion as to plans. Howe himself, so it said, being on the spot must be the best judge of what should be done — an observation so entirely just that one wonders why Germaine had not given some corresponding liberty of judgment to Burgoyne. The latter, however, was not entirely forgotten by the Secretary of State.

'I trust,' he had written, 'that whatever you may meditate, it will be executed in time to coöperate with the Northern Army.'

Even as the Howes shrugged their shoulders, four hundred miles away to the north, in the brick mansion still standing near by the Mohawk in what is to-day the little town of Danube, Herkimer lay dying. In the sultry weather his wounded leg had begun to infect and swell. A bungling surgeon had cut it off, but could not stop the flow of blood. Worse still, the weakened general insisted upon the folly of drinking deeply of wine. For a time he sat up in bed cheerfully smoking his pipe. But the blood continued to flow and his weakness increased until he felt that the end was near. Calling for his German Bible he read the thirty-eighth Psalm, 'O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath . . .' and the rest, and when he had finished the penitential verses he closed the book and died.

On that same Saturday, August 16, as the breath left Herkimer's body, Stark and his Vermonters had fallen upon Burgoyne's Germans at Bennington and were striking the first of the repeated blows that were to decide the campaign and with it the war.

CHAPTER VIII

BENNINGTON, THE FIRST CHECK

THIS chapter will consider, first, the circumstances leading up to the action of Bennington; second, the operation itself, covering eight days — August 9 to 16. The State of New Hampshire raises an independent brigade under Stark, who marches to Bennington preparatory to striking at Burgoyne's left rear. Meanwhile Burgoyne, knowing nothing of Stark, directs upon Bennington a detachment composed chiefly of Germans in order to seize a dépôt of supplies for the rebel army, the possession of which would make it possible for him to advance without further delay. This detachment is wiped out by Stark. A second German detachment, marching to the relief of the first, arrives just too late to intervene, and is finally compelled to retreat with heavy loss when Stark is reënforced by Seth Warner.

On July 15, hardly more than a week after Ticonderoga and Hubbardton, the Vermont Committee of Safety wrote to the Committees of Massachusetts and New Hampshire in terms that were at once an appeal and a warning. Vermont, they said, was determined to defend its liberties, but impotent to do so without assistance. Should she be attacked by Burgoyne, she would be compelled to submit and 'take protection,' in which case her forces would no longer be able to help in the common defense.

Massachusetts, it seems, took no action. New Hampshire, on the contrary, was quick to move. In that State the Committee of Safety had already decided to assist Vermont when on July 18 the latter's appeal was received and laid before the State Legislature, known as the 'General Court,' then sitting at Exeter.

For the New Hampshire men the chief stumbling-block was money. Most of their State had been settled only within the last generation and they were therefore without even the slender resources of accumulated capital available in the older colonies. The financial difficulty was solved by the generosity of a single man, John Langdon, Speaker of the

General Court. By no means all the American rich were Tories; indeed, had they been so the conflict would have had a different ending. John Langdon was a patriot and he was rich. He stood up in his place and offered his own personal fortune — three thousand dollars in 'hard money,' an equal sum to be borrowed on the security of his household plate, and seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum to be sold for what they would fetch. Should the Revolution succeed, the State, he said, could repay him; should the Revolution fail, he would have no further use for riches. Death, or at least the confiscation of goods, would then, he well knew, be the fate of the patriot leaders.

With such help, he said, New Hampshire could raise a brigade. Then, with a flourish that contrasted quaintly with the homely dress of the farmers composing that country Legislature, he went on, '. . . our friend Stark who so nobly sustained the honor of our arms at Bunker Hill may safely be entrusted with the command, and we will check Burgoyne.'

At once the Legislature accepted Langdon's offer and sent a messenger to Stark, who as promptly waited upon them.

The General Court now saw standing before them a man in the late forties, of medium height, well-proportioned and active. He was clean-shaven, with light blue eyes at once thoughtful and piercing, and lips closely, even severely, pressed together. In one respect his was an unusually early example of what has become the typical American face. Unlike most of the Revolutionary leaders whose portraits have come down to us, but like their descendants during and since the Civil War, his face showed the depression under the cheek-bone which differentiates the American of to-day from the European stock which engendered his ancestors, and likens him to his Continental predecessor, the Indian.

Stark had the energy, ability, and courage of the Yankee character at its best. Like many courageous men he was affectionate; he had a great fondness for pets and his devotion to his wife, whom he nicknamed 'Molly,' was famous. Together with the strength, the weaknesses of the New England character were in him, for his strong individuality tended toward crabbedness, or as New England itself would say 'cantankerousness.'

Although far from cultured — in one of his letters he

directs his correspondent to 'fix them cannon' — he was nevertheless not illiterate. He had some reading and was an admirer of Charles XII of Sweden.

The New Hampshire men well knew his long and honorable experience of danger and of arms. In his early twenties, when a prisoner of the Indians and compelled to run the gauntlet, he had delighted the chiefs by grabbing a club and laying about him so fiercely among the young men as to reach the finish line almost unhurt. When set to hoe corn he had left the weeds, cut up the corn, and finally thrown the hoe in the river in scorn of such squaws' work. Whereat the delighted savages made much of him, calling him the young chief, and during his stay among them their chieftain even adopted him as a son.

In the Seven Years' War he had been the right hand of the famous ranger Rogers. Under Abercromby before Ticonderoga he had attracted the attention and won the friendship of the gallant young Lord Howe, whose youngest brother as commander-in-chief was now bungling away Great Britain's excellent chances of success. He had served under Gage and so creditably that when the latter, before Bunker Hill, was asked whether the rebels would stand, Gage had replied, 'If John Stark, who served under me at Lake George in '58 be among them, they will stand.'

From the first Stark had thrown himself eagerly into the Revolutionary movement. When the news of Lexington found him at work in his sawmill, he had jumped on a horse without waiting to put on his coat, told 'Molly' Stark to forward his regimentals to Medford, and in ten minutes had been off to the front, arousing his neighbors as he went.

As a colonel in the Continental army he had served gallantly from Bunker Hill to Trenton. He had played a part in the invasion of Canada. Before Trenton he had persuaded the two New Hampshire regiments, whose enlistment was up, to reënlist; and in the council of war he had given Washington the soundest of advice. The army, he said, had been too long accustomed to rely upon entrenchments. If independence was to be won they must be taught to rely upon 'their fire-arms and their courage.' All of which was a just criticism of the tactical method in which Washington after Trenton was unwisely to persist until late in '77.

In March, '77, in the same list of promotions which had passed over Arnold, Congress had promoted several junior officers over Stark's head. It seems that the harsher side of his stern and unbending character had made him powerful enemies. The eighteenth century was touchy on points of personal honor. After such a blow in the face he had felt himself compelled to resign his commission, and through the spring and early summer had been living in retirement on his large farm beside the Merrimac. Later the scholars of a time that loved its classics were to call him 'a rustic Achilles, sulking in his tent.'

Such a character as Stark's naturally lent itself to the local New England prejudice against New York. With the Yankee egalitarianism strong in him, he was just the man to dislike Schuyler, with whom he had had a sharp disagreement the summer before over the evacuation of Crown Point. This narrow and bitter local feeling, together with resentment of his own personal wrongs at the hands of Congress, now governed his reply to the New Hampshire Legislature.

He had, he said, no confidence in the generals commanding the Northern Department, and by this he meant Schuyler. Furthermore, if their brigade were placed under Continental authority, it might be ordered away to the southward, leaving their wives and families defenseless. If, however, his proposed command were made independent both of Congress and the Continental army, so that he would be accountable only to the New Hampshire Legislature before whom he was speaking, he could not then be ordered away. Instead, he would cover New Hampshire and at the same time help to promote the defeat of Burgoyne by hanging upon the latter's flank and rear. On such terms and on such terms only he would accept the command.

The New Hampshire men needed little urging to act upon their dislike of New York and to prefer their immediate local interests to those of the United States. Even had they been otherwise minded, they must still have accepted Stark's terms, for he was their State's most distinguished soldier whose name was essential to the recruiting of the proposed brigade. Accordingly the General Court commissioned him brigadier-general and voted that he should '. . . be always amenable' to themselves or to the State Committee of

Safety, purposely saying nothing of Congress or of the Continental army. Next day, July 19, the General Court went even farther and specifically authorized Stark either to coöperate with the troops of Vermont, of any other State, or of the Continental army, or to act '. . . separately as it shall appear expedient to you for the protection of the people or the annoyance of the enemy.' This left Stark free to do exactly as he pleased.

On July 18, the date of Stark's commission, the New Hampshire General Court also commissioned as brigadier-general one William Whipple, whose name does not again appear in connection with the campaign.

The morality of New Hampshire's instructions to Stark was bad enough. Even in those days, when national patriotism was felt only by a few great souls like Washington and Schuyler, still it was a shabby trick. At the same time it is astonishing that the New Hampshire men did not themselves see that it was to their own interest to present a united front against Burgoyne. Such a division of authority as they had set up was admirably calculated to bring disaster not only upon the common cause but upon themselves. The fear of having their brigade sent too far away for local defense was only a scarecrow, for it had never been the custom to send militia far from their homes. The fact that even today at least one writer can be found capable of defending the folly of such an action is a reflection upon our national intelligence.

Most astonishing of all, such narrow localism produced not the disaster logically to be expected, but a victory which was to turn the tide of war.

The petty provincialism of the General Court had at least the merit of stimulating recruitment. At once the scattered New Hampshire farmers began to swarm like bees. Stark's commission was signed on Friday, July 18. By the evening of Saturday two hundred and twenty-one men, making up three of the proposed twenty-five companies, had enlisted. The more than Jewish strictness of the New England Sabbath was relaxed to permit the enlistment of seven more companies, totalling four hundred and nineteen men.

A colonel of militia rode all Saturday night, dismounted at the door of Concord Meeting House and strode stiffly up

the aisle in the midst of the Sunday sermon. The preacher paused, asked his message, heard it, and said, 'My hearers, those of you who are willing to go better go at once.' Whereat every man in the congregation rose and walked out, and after a night of preparation a company was ready to march in the morning.

In all three hundred and ninety men in seven companies enlisted on the Monday; two hundred and fifty-two men in five companies on the Tuesday; two more companies on the Wednesday; and on the Thursday the last of the twenty-five companies. Within less than a week the little hamlets of the State, most of them settled within a generation, had sent out no less than 1492 officers and men, 9.6 per cent — that is, nearly one in ten — of the voters in the last State election had come forward to serve.

Stark's fame, the prospect of local service only, and for a term not more than two months, besides the payment of advanced wages from John Langdon's fund, helped to bring about this result. But as in all human affairs the underlying cause was moral. The spirit of independence had been not dead but sleeping. New Hampshire had made good the boast of Pompey; the Revolution had stamped with its foot and soldiers had sprung from the ground.

What is more, the 1492, loosely organized though they were, were not a mere mob. Some at least were veterans of the Seven Years' War. Moreover, the worst enemy of the haphazard American militia system must admit that the eighteenth-century American possessed a talent for rapid and spontaneous organization which no European people, saving only the French, the Irish, and possibly the Poles, has ever shown. Stark himself was not only an experienced soldier, but an able man who understood perfectly the human material with which he was dealing. He busied himself over supplies — rum, sugar, camp kettles, bullets and bullet moulds. He found a surgeon and a chaplain. On July 30, his command was sufficiently organized to be marched to Charleston, New Hampshire, on the east side of the Connecticut River.

At Charleston, Stark was held up by a shortage of bullets. He had lead, but there was only one pair of bullet moulds in the town. His information of the enemy was that they had

broken camp at Castleton and intended to march on Bennington. That they had left Castleton was true enough; indeed they had done so on July 23, a week before. But it was not yet true that Burgoyne intended to move on Bennington or even knew of the existence of the rebel dépôt of supplies there. This last part of Stark's intelligence was only a baseless rumor, probable enough in itself, which chance in little more than a fortnight was to make come true.

From Charleston in the first week of August, Stark sent forward his brigade thirty-odd miles westward over the mountains to Manchester, Vermont. He himself followed them and reached Manchester August 7.

Here took place the clash with the Continental authorities for which the New Hampshire General Court had provided.

During the fortnight from July 9 to 23, while Burgoyne held Riedesel at Castleton and himself remained at Skenesboro, Schuyler (notwithstanding his own weakness at Fort Edward) had tried to build up a force to operate against Burgoyne's left. The reader will remember that Warner at Hubbardton had given the order, 'Scatter and meet me at Manchester.' Before July 14, Schuyler had ordered Warner and his regiment of Vermont Continentals to remain in their own district to protect it against hostile raids. On July 15, he had sent Warner an order for clothing and four thousand dollars (all he himself could spare) to pay his men.

At this point it should be said that, in spite of the bitter quarrel arising out of the secession of Vermont from New York State, Schuyler nevertheless treated the Vermonters and especially Seth Warner with marked consideration. Aristocrat though he was, he fully recognized the rough Warner's patriotism and courage. Moreover, the crabbed and petty localism of the New-Englanders had no counterpart in Schuyler. He considered the common cause and the interest of the continent.

Moreover, at this time Schuyler had good military reasons for holding some force in Vermont. During July, while Burgoyne sat still, it was always possible that the invasion might be turned, not south, but east. Also, since it was

Schuyler's game to delay Burgoyne by depriving him of local supplies, it was necessary to limit the invader's foraging parties on the east as well as on the south.

To this end he not only kept Warner on Burgoyne's left, but even directed several bodies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire militia to join the latter. As late as July 29, the day on which Burgoyne reached the Hudson at Fort Edward, Schuyler still attached enough military importance to Vermont to send a major-general, Lincoln, a New-Englander from Massachusetts, to command the militia forces gathering there.

During the first week in August, however, Burgoyne's advance to the Hudson, his concentration at Fort Edward, and his efforts to forward supplies to that point, together with the failure of the New England militia to reënforce his own army, convinced Schuyler that Lincoln and the militia under him must be withdrawn from Vermont to the Hudson. Burgoyne's main objective was now unmistakably Albany, and Schuyler's own force in the enemy's front was so weak that he judged it necessary to send even for the Vermont militia to join him. Only Warner and his regiment were to remain in Vermont to hold down the local Tories.

On the basis of what could be known of Burgoyne's intentions, Schuyler was right. Albany was of first-rate strategic and political importance. Moreover, the extremely difficult country east of the Skenesboro–Fort Edward line, together with the existence of Burgoyne's alternative line via Lake George and the west shore of that lake, made it very doubtful that anything could be done against the enemy's communications. That Washington was of a contrary opinion was probably due to lack of detailed knowledge of the terrain.

When Stark reached Manchester on August 7, he found that Lincoln, in obedience to Schuyler's order to concentrate in front of Burgoyne, had directed the newly raised New Hampshire brigade to march to the Hudson. In Stark's absence his subordinates had not contested the order. The packs of the men were already made up and they were formed for the march.

This was precisely the sort of thing against which Stark had provided in advance. He roundly told Lincoln to tell

Schuyler that he, Stark, 'considered himself adequate to the command of his own men,' at the same time showing copies of his commission and orders. Lincoln wrote to Schuyler that Stark seemed '. . . to be exceedingly soured . . . and is determined not to join the Continental army until the Congress give him his rank therein.'

In this difficult situation the fat general from Massachusetts deserved well of his country. He began by telling Stark that he, Stark, was taking a fearful responsibility. Stark replied that he was accustomed to taking responsibility and would continue to do so, maintaining that his disobedience was for the country's good. In the face of New Hampshire's action there was no way to force his hand. Lincoln could only report the matter through Schuyler to the Continental Congress. It did not help him in dealing with Stark that he had been one of the officers whose promotion over the latter's head had provoked the New Hampshire man into leaving the army.

Nevertheless Lincoln was wise enough not to give up Stark in disgust. It would take some time for Congress to overrule New Hampshire — if indeed they succeeded in doing so. Meanwhile, if Stark could not be commanded as a subordinate, some use might still be made of him and his independent brigade by treating with him as an ally. Finding that Stark wished to cut in on Burgoyne's left rear, Lincoln therefore agreed to this plan, and agreed also to try to persuade Schuyler to support the move. In the face of Stark's determination, this was the best that could be done.

Lincoln started off promptly to confer with Schuyler. Warner, who had kept his headquarters at Manchester, remained there with his regiment of Vermont Continentals and two hundred rangers whom he had recruited since Hubbardton. On August 8, Stark marched twenty miles southwest from Manchester to Bennington, halfway from Manchester to Schuyler's headquarters at Stillwater. At Bennington there was an important dépôt of supplies, flour and live cattle, which reached Schuyler's army from the upper Connecticut River, and here Stark would await Lincoln's return.

At Bennington it would also be easier for Lincoln to

get in touch with Stark than if the latter remained at Manchester, and meanwhile his presence there would protect the stores should Burgoyne send to seize them. On the other hand, Bennington was not so well adapted as Manchester for an attack upon Burgoyne's communications, being too far to the west. Had Stark tried to circle too close about Burgoyne's army he might have been roughly handled.

By August 13, having heard nothing from Lincoln, Stark was tired of waiting. He may have meant to attack Burgoyne's rear by himself. He may even, in a moment of shame, have consented in his own mind to join Schuyler. Probably he himself did not know what he would do. At all events, he was preparing to march — apparently northwest on Cambridge, New York — when he received intelligence which caused him to change his plan.

From the beginning of the campaign Riedesel had urged upon Burgoyne the desirability of mounting the German dragoons. Indeed, in a country of such great distances and such villainous roads it was clear that a body of mounted troops would greatly profit the invasion. The reader will remember, from Chapter IV, that Riedesel was particularly diligent in securing intelligence, and from Chapter VI that he had remained for a fortnight at Castleton watching Warner — the rough frontiersman whom Riedesel's despatches dignified as 'von Werner.' At this time Riedesel had learned that the country to the eastward of him on the Connecticut River abounded in horses.

Accordingly, on July 22, the day before Burgoyne broke camp at Skenesboro, Riedesel had submitted a memorandum urging the despatch to the Connecticut of the dragoons and Tories of the army in order to collect horses. He had dwelt upon the disadvantage of having the army tied to the water courses. Away from them 'one half of a regiment runs around to procure the necessities for the soldier.' The Canadian carts could move but slowly even on good roads. Moreover, they soon cut up the road surface. In three or four weeks, so Riedesel thought, the proposed detachment could bring back enough horses not only to mount the dragoons, but also to provide pack horses which would enormously improve the transport of the army. Moreover, if the move

were made by Castleton and Clarendon no enemy was to be feared.

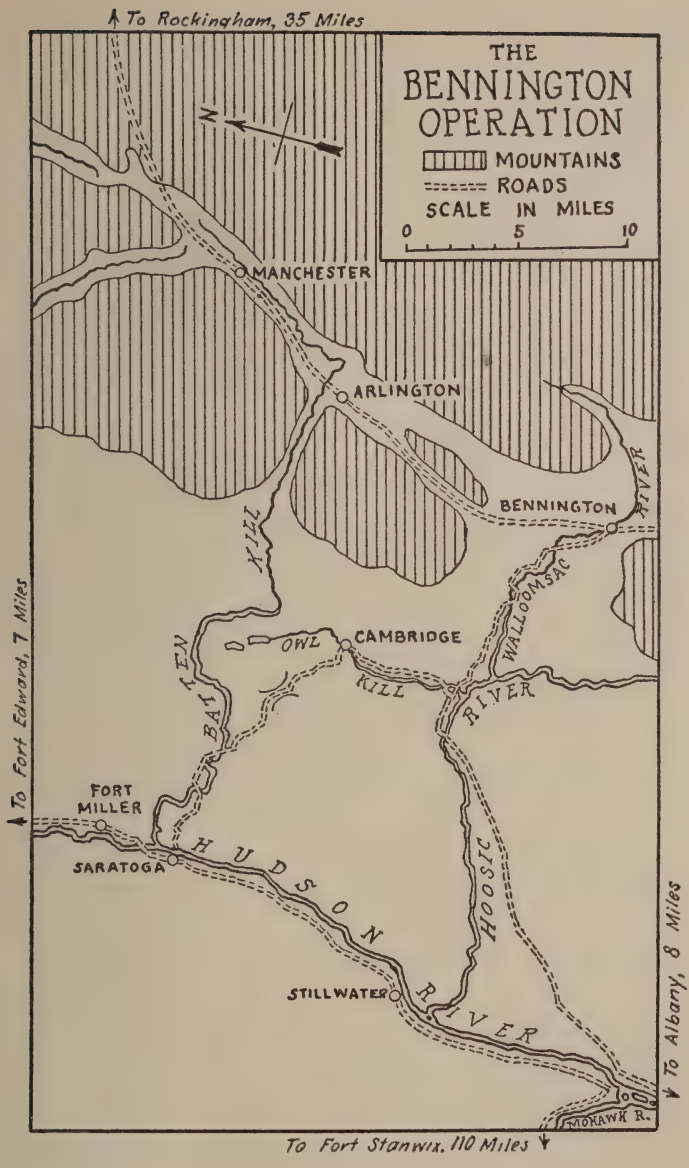
Burgoyne had approved Riedesel's suggestions. He had, however, been too intent upon his march southward from Skenesboro to the Hudson to put them in practice at the time.

Now at Fort Edward in the last days of July, Burgoyne was anxious to get forward. Besides the desire to avail himself of the panic caused by the fall of Ticonderoga — and this alone should have been enough to have spurred on even his complacency — he now had the additional motive of desiring to coöperate with St. Leger, whom he correctly judged to be approaching Fort Stanwix.

In order to get forward he must improve his transportation and build up his stock of provisions. At the same time the information he had received from Germaine, his own easy success at Ticonderoga, and the events since the fall of that place had bred in him a contempt for the rebels, and a belief that the countryside was far more Tory than was indeed the case. He was an Englishman, and between him and the American mind was that impalpable veil of uncomprehension which even to-day makes blind those who prate of identity between the two nations. Having found the inhabitants in his immediate neighborhood 'frightened and submissive' after the fall of Ticonderoga, he assumed that they were all like that and would remain so.

In this mind Burgoyne remembered Riedesel's suggestion. He proposed, however, to deform Riedesel's plan by changing the route of the proposed detachment from east to southeast, thereby making the operation far more hazardous than Riedesel had intended.

On July 31, Burgoyne at Fort Edward received Riedesel, who had ridden forward to confer with him. He would, he said, direct the detachment not upon Castleton and Clarendon, but upon Manchester. Riedesel, far more experienced than Burgoyne in staff work and in the planning of a campaign, was not content. He stood out for the original Clarendon route, saying that even then another detachment should be sent against Warner at Manchester so that the latter might be unable to interfere with the horse-gatherers. Burgoyne thought such caution misplaced. Warner, he


To Rockingham, 35 Miles
THE
BENNINGTON
OPERATION
MOUNTAINS
ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 5 10
N
MANCHESTER
ARLINGTON
BENNINGTON
RIVER
KILL
OWL
CAMBRIDGE
WALLOOMSAC
KILL
RIVER
BATTEN
FORT
MILLER
SARATOGA
HUDSON
HOOSIC
STILLWATER
RIVER
MOHAWK R.
To Fort Edward, 7 Miles
To Albany, 8 Miles
To Fort Stanwix, 110 Miles

said, had fallen back from Manchester to Bennington, and if the detachment were to march too far to the northward they would be unable to rejoin in time for the proposed advance toward Albany which Burgoyne was unwilling to postpone. Riedesel still objected that it was one thing to fight and another to burden one's self with horses and oxen. He approved of an attack on Warner, but disapproved of a foraging expedition pushed as far to the south as Manchester.

At this point Burgoyne put on the winning air of friendship which had charmed polite London. Tapping Riedesel familiarly on the epaulette, he told the German the news from St. Leger. Since he himself could not advance for want of provisions, he would send out the detachment to the eastward in order to draw the enemy's attention that way and thus prevent the relief of Fort Stanwix.

Riedesel, still unsatisfied, felt that he could say no more.

Two days later Burgoyne again saw Riedesel, laid before him in detail his plans for the detached expedition, and asked the Brunswicker to embody them in an order. This Riedesel did, and after certain erasures and additions by Burgoyne himself the document stood as follows:

Instructions for Lieutenant Colonel Baume (on a secret expedition to the Connecticut River)

Amendments made by Gen. Burgoyne

[Burgoyne's erasures in parentheses; his additions or 'amendments' in italics.]

The object of your expedition is to try the affections of the country, to disconcert the councils of the enemy, to mount the Reidesel's dragoons, to compleat Peters's corps, and to obtain large supplies of cattle, horses, and carriages.

The several corps, of which the inclosed is a list, are to be under your command.

The troops must take no tents, and what little baggage is carried by officers must be on their own bat horses.

You are to proceed (by the route) from Batten Kill to Arlington, and take post there, (so as to secure the pass from Manchester. You are to remain at Arlington) till the detachment of the Provincials, under the command of Captain Sherwood, shall join you from the southward.

You are then to proceed to Manchester, where you will take

post so as to secure the pass of the mountains on the road from Manchester to Rockingham; from hence you will detach the Indians and light troops to the northward, toward Otter Creek. On their return, and also receiving intelligence that no enemy is in force (in the neighbourhood of Rockingham) *upon the Connecticut River*, you will proceed by the road over the mountains to Rockingham, where you will take post. This will be the most distant part on the expedition. *And must be proceeded upon with caution, as you will have the defile of the mountains behind you, which might make a retreat difficult; you must therefore endeavour to be well informed of the force of the enemy's militia in the neighbouring country.*

You are to remain there (as long as necessary to fulfill the intention of the expedition from thence) *while the Indians and light troops are detached up the river*, and you are afterwards to descend (by) the (Connecticut) river to Brattlebury, and from that place, by the quickest march, you are to return by the great road to Albany. *Should you find it may with prudence be effected.*

During your whole progress your detachments are to have orders to bring in to you all horses fit to mount the dragoons under your command, or to serve as bat horses to the troops, (they are like-wise to bring in) *together with as many* saddles and bridles as can be found. *The number of horses requisite, besides those necessary for mounting the regiment of dragoons, ought to be 1300. If you can bring more for the use of the army it will be so much the better.*

Your parties are likewise to bring in waggons and other convenient carriages, with as many draft oxen as will be necessary to draw them and all cattle fit for slaughter, milch cows excepted, which are to be left for the use of the inhabitants. Regular receipts, in the form hereto subjoined, are to be given in all places where any of the abovementioned articles are taken, to such persons as have remained in their habitations, and otherwise complied with the terms of General Burgoyne's manifesto, but no receipts to be given to such as are known to be acting in the service of the rebels. *As you will have with you persons perfectly acquainted with the abilities of the country, it may perhaps be advisable to tax the several districts with the portions of the several articles, and limit the hours for their delivery; and should you find it necessary to move before such delivery can be made, hostages of the most respectable people should be taken, to secure their following you the ensuing day. All possible means are to be used to prevent plundering.*

As it is probable that Captain Sherwood, who is already detached to the southward, and will join you at Arlington, will drive in a

considerable quantity of cattle and horses to you, you will therefore send in this cattle to the army, with a proper detachment from Peter's corps, to cover them, in order to disencumber yourself; but you must always keep the regiment of dragoons compact.

The dragoons themselves must ride, and take care of the horses of the regiment. Those horses which are destined for the use of the army must be tied together by strings of ten each, in order that one man may lead ten horses. You will give the unarmed men of Peters's corps to conduct them, and inhabitants whom you can trust. You must always take your camps in good position; but at the same time where there is pasture, and you must have a chain of centinels around your cattle and horses when grazing.

Colonel Skeene will be with you as much as possible, in order to assist you with his advice, to help you to distinguish the good subjects from the bad, to procure you the best intelligence of the enemy, and to chuse those people who are to bring me the accounts of your progress and success.

When you find it necessary to halt for a day or two, you must always entrench the camp of the regiment of dragoons, in order never to risk an attack or affront from the enemy.

As you will return with the regiment of dragoons mounted, you must always have a detachment of Captain Fraser's or Peters's corps in front of the column, and the same in the rear, in order to prevent your falling into an ambuscade when you march through the woods.

You will use all possible means to make the country believe that the troops under your command are the advanced corps of the army, and that it is intended to pass the Connecticut on the road to Boston. You will likewise (have it insinuated) *insinuate* that the main army from Albany is to be joined at Springfield by a corps of troops from Rhode Island.

(You will send off occasionally cattle or carriages, to prevent being too much incumbered; and you will give me as frequent intelligence of your situation as possible.)

It is highly probable that the corps under Mr. Warner, now supposed to be at Manchester, will retreat before you; but should they, contrary to expectation, be able to collect in great force, and post themselves advantageously, it is left to your discretion to attack them or not, always bearing in mind that your corps is too valuable to let any considerable loss be hazarded on this occasion.

Should any corps be moved from Mr. Arnold's main army, in order to intercept your retreat, you are to take as strong a post as the country will afford, and send the quickest intelligence to me, and you may depend on my making such a movement as shall

put the enemy between two fires, or otherwise effectually sustain you.

It is imagined the progress of the whole of this expedition may be effected in about a fortnight, but every movement of it must depend upon your success in obtaining such supply of provisions as will enable you to subsist for your return to the army, in case you can get no more. *And should not the army be able to reach Albany before your expedition should be compleated, I will find means to send you notice of it, and give your route another direction.*

All persons acting in committees, or any officers acting under the directions of Congress, either civil or military, are to be made prisoners.

In spite of the subsequent last-minute change in the route, the order deserves reproduction because it shows so strongly the atmosphere of security in which Baum was sent out.

Riedesel himself was not further consulted. He had so often urged the mounting of the dragoons that it was difficult for him to go further than he had already gone in objecting to a plan which included his favorite idea. Furthermore, the appointment of Baum, a German, to command the detachment was in a sense a compliment to Riedesel himself. Phillips, being consulted, spoke of the difficulty as to provisions and approved the plan. To Kingston, who took up the matter with him, Fraser disapproved of the use of Germans in an operation requiring quick movement. 'The Germans,' he very justly objected, 'are not a very active people; but it may do.' But although urged by Kingston to tell Burgoyne if he thought it would not do, Fraser refused, and so the matter rested.

It is perhaps significant that of the four generals concerned, Fraser and Riedesel, who had their doubts, had both been present at Hubbardton, had seen the heavy fighting there, and had consequently come to respect the fighting power of the rebels; whereas Burgoyne and Phillips had had no such experience.

At the same time neither Riedesel nor Fraser seems to have put his finger on the capital weakness of the whole scheme, that is, that its success depended upon the friendliness, or at least the neutrality, of the countryside. Here the original error was that of Germaine whose belief in the strength of American toryism in general had been imparted

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAGOON OFFICER
Showing boots then typical of the German dragoon service

to Burgoyne with the original instructions to the latter. Secondarily, it was that of Skene and the other local Tories who (sincerely enough, perhaps) misrepresented to Burgoyne the state of opinion in their own districts. To say this is not to hold Burgoyne blameless; far from it. A shrewder man might perhaps have noted that the various Tory risings were suspiciously slow in coming. A greater soldier would either have listened to Riedesel's objections as to the route or would have seen for himself the inappropriateness of the heavy Germans for their allotted task. Nevertheless the mistake as to American opinion which lulled Burgoyne into a false security was by no means peculiar to that unfortunate commander, but was one which honeycombed all responsible British opinion during the early years of the Revolution. Burgoyne's share of the blame is only that he lacked penetration to get to the bottom of that widespread and self-pleasing error and failed to allow even for a sufficient margin of doubt.

The same overconfidence appeared in the motley character of the force which was to execute the raid. The core of it was composed of the greater part of the dismounted Brunswick dragoons under their lieutenant-colonel, Friedrich Baum, who was also to command the detachment as a whole. Deducting about seventy rank and file of dragoons who were to remain with the army, Baum had with him about one hundred and seventy rank and file of these clumsy soldiers. At the last minute, some difficulties arose as to the quota of Canadians and Indians. As early as August 5 the fickle savages had already begun to desert and of those who remained and were to have marched with Baum the greater part had been pushed southward toward Schuyler. Riedesel, therefore, added about a hundred rank and file of German infantry, most of them from the grenadiers and light infantry of the German advanced corps. There was also a squad of Hesse-Hanau artillerymen with two little three-pounders. Including artillerymen Baum had just under three hundred rank and file of Germans, three hundred and seventy-four Germans all told. There were about three hundred auxiliaries — Tories, Canadians, and Indians. The only British with the detachment were Captain Fraser's company of marksmen; excellent troops for such a service

and well led, but numbering only about fifty rank and file — too few to leaven the lump. The whole detachment numbered about six hundred and fifty rank and file, which (with an abnormally high proportion of officers, sergeants, musicians, and officers' servants among the Germans) gave a total combatant strength of about eight hundred.

So strong was the custom of women accompanying the eighteenth-century armies that certain women marched with Baum's Germans even upon such a raid.

As Baum's associate and adviser Burgoyne sent Skene. The latter, being practically political adviser to Burgoyne himself, would naturally dominate a German lieutenant-colonel like Baum, who spoke no English.

On August 9 the advanced corps under Fraser moved forward eight miles from Fort Edward to Fort Miller in order to support the proposed move, Baum going with them. On the 11th Baum moved out from Fort Miller upon his detached expedition.

As he was leaving, Burgoyne himself rode up and ordered him by word of mouth (or, as the United States Army says, 'verbally') to march not on Manchester, but directly on Bennington. The Lieutenant-General had just learned from one of his Tory captains that there was at Bennington an important magazine of rebel supplies, live cattle, horses, and flour, lightly guarded by three or four hundred militia. To Burgoyne such a windfall would be a God-send. Could Baum return bringing with him any considerable stock of provisions, Burgoyne saw himself in Albany at once. He was like a chess-player so intent upon the possible fruits of a given plan that he loses sight of the risk to be run during its execution.

Riedesel, who when Baum rode out happened to be absent at Fort George seeing to the communications of the army, had no such illusion. Instead he was (in his own words) full of 'astonishment and fear.' It had been bad enough, he thought, to send Baum southeast instead of northeast, but now the detachment was being directed still farther to the south. At Bennington it would be between Warner at Manchester and the main American army at Stillwater. Moreover, the Tory captain had said that the road was bad and through dense woods and that three thousand men would be

needed to overcome the heavy resistance likely to be met.

Burgoyne, with the ever-present contempt of the British regular officers for all provincials whatsoever, evidently thought little of the warning. He replied to Riedesel that the Bennington supplies would be invaluable. A threat by Fraser would prevent any strong detachment being sent from Stillwater against Baum. Finally he repeated that something must be done to prevent the relief of Stanwix. With these arguments Riedesel again found himself overruled.

For the night of August 11 Baum halted his ill-assorted force near the mouth of the Battenkill, about four miles from Fort Miller. Here he was overtaken by a reënforcement of fifty chasseurs which raised his numbers to seven hundred rank and file. On August 13 he marched southwest, struggled up to the high notch of the watershed between the Battenkill and the Hoosick River, saw the great southward view from that point and continued on down to Cambridge, fifteen-odd miles from the mouth of the Battenkill. On the same day both Burgoyne and Fraser moved forward; the former with the main body, including Breymann and the German advanced corps, from Fort Edward to Fort Miller, and the latter with the advanced corps from Fort Miller to the Battenkill and thence in boats westward across the Hudson to Saratoga.

On his way Baum's advance had several trivial skirmishes with parties of rebels from whom they took a few prisoners. The detachment was able to collect certain cattle, carts, and wagons, but its attempts to seize horses bore little fruit on account of the insubordination of the Indians. These last, as usual, ran wild; looting and wantonly destroying right and left, so that the inhabitants were frightened into driving off their stock, and Baum found it necessary to ask Burgoyne's permission to pay the Indians a fixed rate for any horses they might bring in. At the same time he sent back to Burgoyne the alarming news that the rebels at Bennington numbered, not four hundred, but eighteen hundred, and promised caution in approaching them.

Meanwhile Stark, at Bennington, about eighteen miles by road from Cambridge, being informed that a party of Indians had reached that point, had detached two hundred

men against them. In the evening a second message came telling him that the enemy were no mere chance party of Indians, but a considerable body of troops under the command of Skene and provided with field pieces. Stark at once prepared his brigade to march next morning in support of his detached two hundred, sent word to Warner, twenty-odd miles northeast from Bennington at Manchester, to join him at once, and also sent to arouse the militia of the countryside.

On the morning of the 14th contact was established. Stark's detachment had posted itself in a mill known as that of Sancoick or St. Coick, over the stream known to-day as Owl Kill, near where that good-sized brook empties into the Hoosick River and probably near the point at which the present road between Eagle Bridge and North Hoosick crosses Owl Kill. At Baum's approach they fired a single volley from the bushes and at once retreated toward Bennington pursued by Baum. After a couple of miles southeastward between the hill country and the broad meadows on the right bank of the Hoosick River, pursued and pursuers turned eastward up the narrower valley of its tributary, the Walloomsac River. About a mile from its mouth the latter stream itself receives a tributary, known to-day as Little White Creek, which flows from northeast to southeast. Close to the right bank of the Walloomsac the road from Sancoick to Bennington crosses Little White Creek on a bridge known as St. Luke's Bridge. As Stark's detachment crossed the bridge, one man, a carpenter from Bennington, Eleazer Edgerton by name, volunteered to gain time by remaining behind to burn it. He was an eccentric fellow, of whom local traditions say that he was a strong builder who always went bareheaded and was beloved by children. With two companions he succeeded in destroying the bridge as the bullets of Baum's advance whizzed close by — a feat which delayed Baum's march over an hour and permitted the escape of the two hundred.

When the bridge was at least passable, Baum continued to advance until, about four miles from Bennington, he saw before him Stark's force. At this point the road crosses on a bridge from the right or northwest bank of the Walloomsac to its left or southeast bank. Although Baum estimated

Stark's force in his immediate front as only seven hundred strong, nevertheless he halted. Stark on his side hoped that Baum would attack him. When the latter did not do so he withdrew about a mile toward Bennington and encamped.

From St. Luke's Bridge at nine in the morning Baum had sent off a short letter to Burgoyne, saying that renewed intelligence had again fixed the number of rebels at Bennington between fifteen and eighteen hundred, but that they might be expected to retreat before him. During the day, however, he had been informed that, instead of retreating, the force facing him was only waiting for further reënforcements before taking the offensive. This news, together with Stark's firm attitude, convinced him that the situation was utterly different from that which he had been led to expect.

At this point, on top of Burgoyne's original error in sending out such a force on such a mission, Baum now added three capital errors of his own, all three springing from a failure to realize his peril. Hence, in writing post-haste to Burgoyne for reënforcements (which in itself was right enough and even obvious), he asked for them merely to enable him to carry out his original plan of attacking Bennington. Worse still, although over twenty-five miles from the nearest support at the mouth of the Battenkill and outnumbered more than two to one, he made no move to retreat. Worst of all, the position he took up was thoroughly bad in that it dispersed far too widely various units of his patchwork command.

On that same Thursday, August 14, while Fraser had remained west of the Hudson at Saratoga, the German advanced corps under Breymann, together with certain other units of the main body, had moved forward to the Battenkill. Burgoyne and Riedesel had advanced with them. At seven in the evening Burgoyne had answered Baum's confident letter of the morning. He had authorized his detachment commander, should the latter judge himself too weak to attack, to post himself strongly enough so as to be able to hold out either until the arrival of reënforcements or that of an order to retreat. This letter sent off, the lieutenant-general had turned in. In the small hours of the morning of Friday the 15th, came Baum's second letter of the previous day, asking for reënforcements.

The officer of the guard had Burgoyne roused. Baum's letter was read. Nothing in it alarmed Burgoyne; it gave no indication of danger, but merely asked for additional force with which to carry out the original mission. Burgoyne sent an aide-de-camp, Sir Francis Clark, to Riedesel to ask the latter to order out Breymann and the German advanced corps. This done he turned in again.

Why Burgoyne chose Breymann to relieve Baum is not clear, for the Germans were notoriously slow marchers and their grenadiers — second only to Baum's dismounted dragoons — were the most heavily equipped troops in the army. Years afterward in the House of Commons it was said that both here and at Trenton Germans had been selected for posts of danger because, being on the left of the line, the strict military etiquette of the day required their employment. In other words, there was a sort of duty roster of units which were supposed to be used in rotation, and it would have been an insult depressing to the morale of the Germans to have deprived them of a tour of duty and a chance for distinction to which they thought themselves entitled. Later Burgoyne also said that he was unwilling to risk his best troops, the British, upon such a side issue.

Clark went through the darkness to Riedesel's tent. The latter, awakened, had no such confidence as Burgoyne. Baum, he told Clark, was in grave danger and should be ordered to retreat. He himself, however, was unwilling to protest as much to Burgoyne. He had already too often and in vain tried to persuade Burgoyne to caution. Therefore he merely washed his hands of the matter. 'Let Burgoyne give his own orders,' he said, and to that end he sent a Brunswick staff captain back with Clark to the lieutenant-general so that the latter's order might go directly to Breymann. Burgoyne's order was cheerful and by no means urgent. It told Breymann that he was being sent out '. . . in consequence of the good news . . . received from . . . Baum,' and left him free to attack or not after joining the latter.

On Friday the 15th it rained. Baum's men, unsheltered, were soaked through and through. Stark's in their brush huts were little better off. Since their chief tactical asset was musketry, it would have been folly to attack in such weather. Accordingly Stark sent out only skirmishing parties, who in

some astonishing way managed to keep their powder dry enough to kill a few Indians, including two chiefs — which little success raised the spirits of the command.

Meanwhile Warner's regiment was approaching from Manchester and Breymann from the Battenkill. Stark's letter had reached Manchester on the day before, but since a considerable scouting party of Warner's men was then absent no move was made before Friday morning. The three hundred and fifty, sodden with rain, plodded on heavily through the mud.

Away to the westward Breymann's five hundred and fifty, equally sodden, came on even more slowly. Riedesel's sending back to Burgoyne with the request that the latter issue Breymann's order directly had delayed the start. The order had not reached Breymann until eight and he had not been able to march before nine. Two six-pounders went with him. The infantrymen carried forty rounds each, and, since no transport for reserve ammunition was available, boxes of it were placed upon the artillery wagons.

Breymann's Germans had to wade the Battenkill. They did so gingerly and slowly, so that still more time was lost. The road, only the usual dirt track to begin with and softened by the recent rains, had been cut up still more by the march of Baum's column. Under the rain that was now falling the mud became bottomless. The men had to help the horses tug the cannon and the ammunition wagons up the repeated hills leading at last to the high notch, eight hundred feet above the sea, by which they crossed the Hoosick watershed.

At such a time when every hour was precious, it was a folly to bring the cannon at all. Indeed Burgoyne later blamed Breymann for doing so — most unjustly inasmuch as the guns were permanently attached to Breymann's command and Burgoyne himself had sent no detailed order directing them to be left behind. In one sense the mistake arose from Baum's overconfident last letter. Nevertheless Burgoyne's responsibility as commander-in-chief was paramount.

In such weather and on such roads Breymann's march would have been difficult at best. With the cannon it was an appalling task. At least once the overloaded ammunition carts upset and had to be laboriously righted. The guide lost

his way and time was spent in finding another. The men grumbled, and Breymann, martinet though he was, saw fit to wait until they could coax the wet wood to burn under their camp kettles for cooking.

Besides all these causes of delay, the heavy equipment of the men, their clumsy packs, the swords that whacked against the legs of the grenadiers, and the high grenadier caps supposed to terrify their enemies, made the march still slower.

Worst of all was the military pedantry of the Germans. In Chapter I the reader has been shown how all-important to the linear tactics of the eighteenth-century armies was regularity of formation. But among the Germans the thing was carried to an absurdity. Foreign observers considered the movements even of Frederick's Prussians far too mechanical, and of Burgoyne's Brunswickers it has been well said that they made of regular formation a quasi-religious ritual. Struggling over the squashy dirt roads of the empty American frontier, Breymann and his officers carried it off as if they had been at home on their parade ground at Wolfenbüttel, halting continuously to dress and re-dress their ranks. It was said of them that they did so no less than ten times an hour!

All told, therefore, Breymann failed to get over the twenty-five-odd miles which separated him from Baum. Moving at a rate which he himself estimated as hardly half a mile an hour and with so many halts, he failed even to cover the fifteen miles to Cambridge. Instead he halted about seven miles short of that village and bivouacked for the night beside the road, having accomplished only about eight miles.

On halting, Breymann sent off an officer, who reached Baum at eleven o'clock at night and told him of the reenforcement's approach. Baum was thereby encouraged to remain where he was, and Skene at once sent certain horses and carriages to hasten Breymann's march.

A little after midnight on Friday night Stark was awakened in order to listen to a sort of sermon. A force of militia from Berkshire County, the westernmost county of the State of Massachusetts, had arrived; and the contingent from the town of Pittsfield was unclerically commanded by their Congregational minister, Parson Thomas Allen. This

worthy insisted upon being heard and at once. Entering the log cabin in which the brigadier was trying to sleep, he announced that the Berkshire men had often been called out to fight the enemy, but never permitted to do so. If Stark did not let them fight now, they had determined never to turn out again.

Stark knew his compatriots through and through. He kept his temper and answered the warlike minister with a pious phrase. 'Would you go now on this dark and rainy night? Go back to your people and tell them to get some rest if they can, and if the Lord gives us sunshine to-morrow and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never call on you to come again.'

Warner's regiment camped that night within about a mile from the six log cabins which composed the town of Bennington. Here they were only about six miles from Stark. Unlike Breymann they had marched until nearly midnight.

On the morning of Saturday, August 16, the rain was still falling.

Everything now depended upon time. Could Baum hold out until Breymann's coming, they would then have nearly nine hundred regulars between them — a force ample to resist Stark and perhaps, together with the auxiliaries already with Baum, even large enough to defeat him. Baum had been reënforced by ninety Tories under a retired British captain. Nevertheless, until Breymann should come, Baum was in danger. Stark, besides his own brigade and the four hundred Vermont militia whom he had found at Bennington, had not only the Berkshire militia, but also a number of other parties who had joined him from the surrounding country, including a detachment of Stockbridge Indians. He had probably over rather than under two thousand rank and file, all told. He therefore heavily outnumbered Baum in the proportion of over two to one. The question, therefore, was how long Baum's defensive position, his entrenchments and artillery, together with the discipline of his regulars, would enable him to resist.

Moreover, if the engagement should drag, Stark could certainly count on Warner's three hundred and fifty, who were already close by. Warner himself had ridden forward and was with him. Indeed after the action there were those

who said that Stark's measures were far more Warner's than his own.

However, no matter how much Warner and Stark might wish to gain time, the reader has already seen that they could not attack until the rain stopped. Had it continued Breymann would certainly have joined.

By another chance, added to all those which had already favored the United States in this episode of the campaign, it cleared shortly before noon. The wet leaves glistened in the sunlight and the sun came out so fiercely that the landscape steamed in the sultry heat.

As soon as his men could count on dry priming, Stark with Warner by his side led them against Baum. Skepticism has doubted the tradition — probable enough in itself because entirely consonant with his character — that he said, 'We'll beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow!'

Baum had taken up his position on and about the point at which, seeing Stark, he had halted on the Thursday. The logic of the position is so strong that we can be morally certain of the way his mind worked. On that Thursday he had just been held up over an hour by the need to repair St. Luke's bridge. Here in front of him was another bridge, commanded on the northwest by a hill which rose in a steep shoulder of land three hundred feet above the Walloomsac. That stream, although fordable, is three or four feet deep in normal times and its current runs swiftly. Moreover, it was swollen in that rainy summer and would be something of an obstacle to the clumsy, dismounted dragoons to say nothing of the guns and provision carts. He would therefore hold the bridge with detachments on either side of it, so that it could not be broken down to delay his advance eastward when his support should have arrived. Since it was impossible to hold the bridge without holding the hill as well, he would make of the latter a kind of citadel, occupying it with his dismounted dragoons — the largest single body of his patchwork force — and supporting them with half of Captain Fraser's company.

All might have been well with him had he been content to let the bridge go and concentrate his command on the hill. It was his desire to hold the bridge that weakened his position, for the bridge was half a mile from the hilltop. The men in the bridgehead he proposed to hold to the eastward

would be still farther away. Moreover — and this is a point which appears only on the ground itself — the slope from the hilltop to the river is so convex and so steep lower down that not only the bridge but the ground also for some distance east of it are invisible from the summit. One must go more than halfway down before they can be seen.

Nevertheless the obstinate Baum, full of the confidence instilled by Burgoyne and increased by the sanguine presence of Skene, accepted the dispersion of his command. His men were in high spirits. With his regulars and his cannon and with only uncouth militia in his front, he thought that that dispersion could be risked. He was a brave but stupid man. Riedesel would not have acted so.

On that Saturday morning Skene was absent, having gone off to hurry up Breymann. He had, however, left Baum full of his own exaggerated confidence in the toryism of the countryside. Indeed the ninety Tories who had just joined, raised the latter's numbers nearly to eight hundred rank and file.

The reader has been told that Baum posted his dragoons and half of Captain Fraser's company — a hundred and seventy-odd rank and file of Germans and twenty-odd of British — on the hill, the dragoons being over half his German regulars and the largest single coherent body of his command. Here the ground was wooded, so trees were felled to make breastworks, for the tree roots and the stony soil of the hilltop forbade digging. Here also was placed one of the little three-pounders. To the northwest the ground sloped away only in a little escarpment some ten feet high which the breastworks crowned. It then ran level for about a quarter of a mile and then rose again.

The rest of the motley command was scattered about in no less than four widely separated detachments. The largest of these was posted beyond the river and perhaps two hundred and fifty yards southeast of the bridge. It was composed of the greater part of the Tories, perhaps a hundred and fifty strong. There was no good reason for moving them so far from the bridge, itself half a mile from the hilltop. The only justification for doing so was the existence of a gentle little nose of higher land, less than twenty feet high, which ran out close to the left bank of the Walloomsac. Across this

nose, with their right covered by the stream, the Tories had thrown up an entrenchment by piling fence rails, taking flax from a near-by field and stuffing it between them, and throwing a little earth over the whole.

The German women who had marched with the troops were collected in a log cabin between the Tory redoubt and the bridge — why so far forward one cannot imagine.

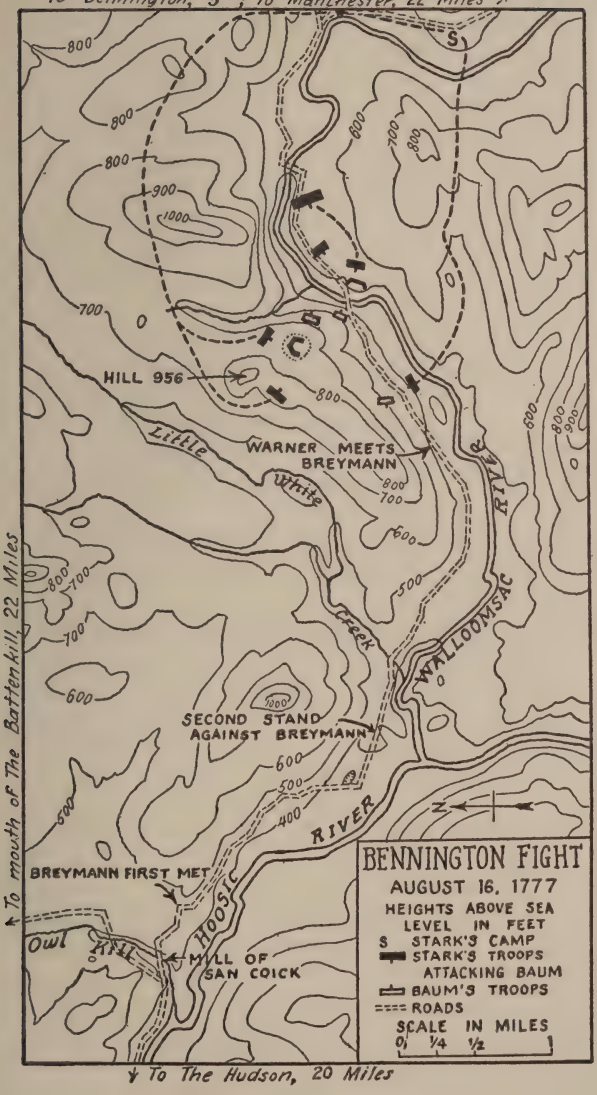
On either side of the bridge itself the Canadians were posted in several other cabins. Behind the bridge were the remaining half of Fraser's company and about fifty German infantry with the other three-pounder. In a field southwest of the hill and north of the road by which they had come stood fifty more German infantrymen and the rest of the Tories, to prevent those behind the bridge from being taken in the rear.

Southeast of the hilltop and a considerable distance down the slope to the Walloomsac the fifty chasseurs were stationed. Besides Fraser's British marksmen, these German riflemen were the only troops with Baum who had been trained to aimed fire. In their position they were supposed to prevent the enemy from working down along the right bank of the stream in the wide strip of dead ground hidden from those on the hilltop. The Indians were on the plateau northwest of the dragoons.

For serious resistance against heavy odds the position was thoroughly bad.

Stark and Warner were both well informed in a general way of Baum's dispositions from the reports of the parties who had skirmished with the enemy on the Friday. On the Thursday Stark himself had seen Baum take up his ground. Moreover, the log works on the hill, together with the fresh earth of the Tory redoubt, could easily be seen. Accordingly Stark, consulting with Warner, was able to take full advantage of Baum's error.

The leading idea of their plan of attack was to surround Baum by enveloping him from both flanks. Stark's main force was to advance westward along the Bennington road. While still on the right bank of the Walloomsac before crossing the upper bridge, a detachment was sent out on either flank to make a wide turning movement through the woods north and south and get around to the westward of Baum.


To Bennington, 5 ; To Manchester, 22 Miles
To mouth of The Battenkill, 22 Miles
To The Hudson, 20 Miles
HILL 956
WARNER MEETS BREYMANN
Little
Little
RIVER
WALLOOMSAC
SECOND STAND AGAINST BREYMANN
RIVER
HOOSIC
BREYMANN FIRST MET
Owl
HILL
MILL OF SAN COICK
BENNINGTON FIGHT
AUGUST 16, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
S STARK'S CAMP
STARK'S TROOPS ATTACKING BAUM
BAUM'S TROOPS
ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2 1

The party detached to the northward would make a holding attack against the Brunswick dragoons on the hill and keep them occupied by firing at them from behind trees. Meanwhile the other party on the southern flank would attack the fifty German infantrymen and those of the Tories who stood with them on the road southwest of the hill. Other detached parties, moving straight forward from east to west, were to approach the bridge and the redoubt garrisoned by the greater part of the Tories. Since the flanking detachments had by far the longest and most difficult route, the direct attack from the east was not to begin until firing was heard in Baum's rear. In all the various parties told off to begin the attack totalled eleven hundred and fifty, considerably more than Baum's whole force, leaving Stark still in reserve with numbers equal to Baum's.

The hill upon which Baum stood commands a magnificent view over a country of tumbled hills among which the winding river valleys are soon lost to sight. To the east rises the great wall of the Green Mountains. Below them Bennington is hidden by a fold of the lower hills. On the other hand, the spot on which the brush huts of Stark's camp stood can be clearly seen.

Watching through his glass from the hilltop, Baum saw Stark's flanking detachments move out and disappear into the woods, but in his overconfidence believed them to be retreating from the field. This overconfidence, which the unfortunate German had learned only too well from Skene and Burgoyne, was presently to lead him into a last crowning error.

Knowing Baum's trustfulness, the commanders of Stark's detachments determined upon a ruse. Instead of beginning the attack at once, they would pass themselves off as Tories coming to help Baum and try in this way to work in among the scattered hostile posts before firing a shot. By this trick the unsuspicious German was completely deceived. Stark's men had no uniforms. They were simply farmers in their shirt-sleeves. Very probably they wore in their hats pieces of white paper which Skene had designated as the distinguishing mark of Tories. Accordingly, when they began to appear in small bodies on his flanks and rear, Baum permitted them peaceably to work their way in between his

widely scattered units. On a tiny scale it amounted to the manœuvre of infiltration so successfully practised by the Germans in their last attacks during the summer of 1918.

Meanwhile Stark to the eastward was bringing up the main body slowly and with frequent halts. He was fretting with impatience, looked often at his watch, and kept saying of his flanking detachments, 'It is time they were there.' Once he and Warner rode forward to reconnoitre more closely. One of the enemies' little three-pounders was fired at them. As they came galloping back unharmed, leaning forward in their saddles, Stark encouraged his amateur soldiers with a joke: 'Those rascals know I am an officer,' he called out. 'Don't you see how they honor me with a big gun as a salute!'

It was three o'clock before the flanking detachments threw off the mask. The rattle of musketry first began on the wooded level northwest of the hilltop redoubt. It was answered by fire from the southwest near the road over which the enemy had come. At once the advanced parties detailed against the bridge and the Tory redoubt made their attack.

In any case Baum's detached posts could hardly have held out. As it was, attacked on all sides, and by enemies who had been permitted to work in all around them, they were simply smothered. Most of them threw down their arms and surrendered where they stood. Some tried to follow the Indians and Canadians, who ran away through the woods as soon as the musketry began. The bridge was now clear for Stark's advance.

The Tories in the redoubt across the river put up a better fight, but only for a few moments.

Here the naïve and irrepressible Parson Allen, not satisfied with having addressed Stark in the small hours of the morning, again put himself forward. Some of the Tories were from his own neighborhood at Pittsfield, and therefore known to him. Accordingly he came forward, stood up on a fallen log, and exhorted them in his best pulpit manner to come over to the cause of their country. The answer was a shout of 'There's Parson Allen; let's pot him,' and a volley which riddled the log on which he stood, but left him unhurt. Disillusioned, he now determined to help in the fight.

Once begun, the attack on the Tory fort was quickly suc-

cessful. A gully permitted Stark's men to get close to the breastwork. The defenders then made the mistake of failing to 'nourish' their fire, that is, to space it out so as to be able to keep up a continuous discharge. Instead they all fired together, and while they were reloading, their enemies, who detested Tories as renegades, rushed over their breastwork from all sides; whereat without further argument the Tories ran for it, splashing through the little river. Some of them scrambled up the wet and slippery slopes of Baum's hill, often slipping and falling backward as they did so, while the attacking party in the fort, exulting in their easy success, laughed and fired at the fugitives.

One of the women who had marched with the Germans, trying to escape across the bridge, was killed by a chance shot.

On the hilltop there remained Baum with his dragoons and his handful of British marksmen, scantily reënforced by individuals from the detached posts. The second phase of the action consisted in the attack upon this last remnant of the original raiding force. The assailants worked in as close as they could, firing from behind trees and fallen logs. The defenders' log breastwork covered only one sector of the hilltop; elsewhere they were compelled to fire downhill in the open against their assailants.

Stark's reserve had crossed the bridge, but had not yet come into action when the end came. The fire from the stumpy carbines of the dragoons was beginning to slacken; their ammunition was exhausted. Suddenly the wagon which held their reserve ammunition blew up with a loud report and a sheet of flame. At once the assailants rushed the breastwork, and the dragoons, running heavily in their huge jack-boots, made off down the hill to the southeast full upon Stark's reserve.

The end of Baum's command now became a confused *mêlée* in which the survivors were hunted right and left. One considerable body of dragoons stuck to Baum. With a last flash of the heavy German military precision he ordered them to sling their carbines and cut their way out with their huge straight broadswords. Since the militiamen were as confused as their victims, and, moreover, since few of them had bayonets, it looked for a moment as if Baum and this

last remnant might get away. But in the sultry heat of an American August the heavily equipped dragoons, lumbering along in their great boots, could not shake off the farmer militiamen in their shirt-sleeves. Twice the pursuers closed around them. Baum himself went down shot through the belly and mortally wounded. Of his command nothing was left but diminishing handfuls of fugitives straggling through the woods or pursued westward up the road by parties of militia. In every military sense the original raiding force was wiped out.

Parson Allen now found employment more congenial to his cloth than that of fighting. He had found a German surgeon's horse with panniers full of large square case bottles containing wine. The Mohammedan horror of the fermented drinks traditional to Christendom had not yet infected the American Protestant clergy. Accordingly he went about refreshing the wounded and tired soldiers with the wine, keeping for himself two of the curious bottles as mementoes of the day.

It was now about five o'clock. Stark's militiamen had suffered little loss. On the other hand, they were dispersed far and wide in pursuit of the fugitives. Some were guarding the numerous prisoners. Others, in accordance with Stark's promise before the action that the spoils of the enemy should belong to the victors, had scattered to plunder. Those still in hand were played out with the fighting and with the sultry heat. Warner's regiment had not yet appeared. At this point word was brought to Stark that Breymann was at hand.

Breymann had made not much better speed that day than he had done on the Friday. His heavily equipped men and overloaded horses were tired out by Friday's march. Moreover, the horses were now weak from lack of forage, for none could be found near the point at which the exhausted detachment had bivouacked beside the road. Accordingly the march was continued until nearly noon at the same snail's pace as on the day before.

Sometime before noon appeared the horses and carts sent by Skene. With their aid the march was continued through Cambridge, at which point Breymann saw fit to halt about

half an hour to collect his straggling columns. At two in the afternoon a message was received from Skene asking Breymann to send a detachment forward to the bridge and mill at San Coick as the rebels seemed to be advancing upon them. Breymann sent forward eighty men and pushed on as fast as possible with the rest of his command. Some of the ammunition carts again broke down on the road — a misfortune now familiar to the disgusted men. Nevertheless the advance was somehow continued and the main body reached San Coick Mill about half-past four.

At the mill now took place a curious scene vividly illustrative of the confusion and the amazing uncertainties of war.

As Breymann reached the mill he was within four miles, as the crow flies, of Baum and probably less than six miles in actual road distance. Baum's action was now at its height. Nevertheless Breymann afterward insisted, nor did Skene contradict him, that no sound of firing whatsoever came down the valley of the Walloomsac.

Breymann found his own advanced guard in peaceable possession of the mill. There also he found isolated fugitives from Baum's command — each one telling a different story. A Tory volunteer said Baum was cut off. A mounted dragoon said that the latter was in great danger. A British officer, who had been in charge of Baum's Indians and had fled with them at the first fire, said he believed things were not so bad. Skene, always sanguine, was inclined to believe the more cheerful account. Two or three more of Baum's officers who appeared were unable to clear up the situation. Probably they were from the detachments which had broken up at the beginning of Stark's attack, and therefore knew nothing of the final storming of the dragoons' redoubt on the hill, but thought of the action only as a confusion in which the little command of each one of them had been swept away. At all events, neither Breymann nor Skene believed Baum's command destroyed.

Their ignorance of Baum's fate, together with the fighting spirit still left in Stark's men notwithstanding their fatigue and dispersion, determined the course of the second action.

Obviously if Baum, as Breymann and Skene believed, was still holding out, the thing for them to do was to reach

him as quickly as possible. They consulted together and jointly decided to advance.

Within less than a mile, however, of the bridge and mill of San Coick, Breymann riding near the head of his advancing column saw a number of armed countrymen making for a rising round on his left. They wore the white paper badge of toryism in their hats and when Breymann pointed them out to Skene the latter, clinging to his illusions to the last, said that they were friends. When they began to post themselves behind a rail fence he was not quite so sure. Skene's courage was greater than his wisdom. Taking his life in his hands he galloped up within a hundred yards of the newcomers and asked them if they were for King George. For answer they aimed at him and fired a confused volley killing his horse.

Now began a sort of running fight. Breymann had plenty of spirit. Sending his light infantry up the slope to the left against the men who had fired on Skene, he put himself at the head of his grenadiers and continued his advance along the road. From the beginning of this second action the men of both sides were the worse for wear. In that sultry heat Stark's men had already fought Baum, and Breymann's heavy Germans at the end of their fatiguing march had now received the shock of finding not friends but foes.

At first the dispersion of the militia together with Breymann's cannon gave the advantage to the latter. The Germans continued to push back the various parties which could be brought up to oppose them in front. It was true that Stark's skirmishers from the higher wooded ground north of the road kept firing into the close German column, inflicting considerable loss and receiving none in return thanks to their open order and to the shelter of the trees. Nevertheless each attempt to halt the German advance failed.

Three such attempts were made on favorable places of rising ground. Each one broke down, as Stark's men retreated before the Germans could close.

Skene thought victory was near if only the clumsy grenadiers could have marched a little faster. As it was they were each time too slow to close and break up the elastic body of militiamen. At the same time, besides their slow march, the lumbering Brunswickers were also committing the fault

— a fatal one with the smoothbore musket — of throwing away their ammunition by firing too fast and at too great a range.

It has been said that Stark on his side had from the first been opposed to giving battle to Breymann and had been persuaded by Warner. Certainly many of his officers had been in favor of a retreat before this new enemy. It is also said that, as the second action developed and the American retreat continued, Stark was again for drawing off and was again stiffened by Warner. Another story has it that when the order was given to turn Baum's captured three-pounders against Breymann not a militiaman knew how to load a cannon and Stark had to load one himself to show them how it was done.

It was about sunset when the action was decided by the arrival of Warner's command and the exhaustion of Breymann's ammunition.

The reader has been told that Warner's three hundred and fifty had halted about midnight a mile short of Bennington after marching all day in the rain. On the Saturday their march had been a slow one with many interruptions. First they had had to dry their muskets when the rain stopped. Next they had halted in Bennington to draw ammunition, of which they were short. Accordingly it was noon or a little after when they marched westward out of the village through the sultry heat. Two miles out they began to hear the scattering fire of the first engagement. Nevertheless they again halted twice; first to lay down their coats and knapsacks at Stark's camp (four miles from Bennington), and receive a ration of a gill of rum and water per man, second to allow the men to drink from the Walloomsac after crossing the first bridge.

The second bridge at the foot of Baum's hill was reached just in time to see the dragoons running down the hill at the end of the first action. Here another halt was made, after which the march was continued westward along the road with covering parties out on either flank in due form.

The first collision of Warner's men with Breymann was near the present village of Walloomsac. Here an error in deployment spoiled the American position, for Warner's men deployed to the left on the low swampy ground near

the river instead of on the hills north of the road. Accordingly only a few shots were exchanged with the enemy and a slow orderly retreat was soon begun to more favorable ground. This was found not far west of the scene of Baum's fight and another stand was made.

The final shock, if shock it may be called, was a slight one. Both Breymann's troops and those of Stark's men present were alike played out, not so much from the actual severity of the fighting, for, as we shall see in a moment, the number of prisoners taken proves that the fighting was at no time really bitter, but from their hard exercise in the heat. Accordingly Warner's men were the only fresh troops present. The point is obscure, but it seems that these last were the first to be withdrawn after the short stand near Walloomsac village and that those of Stark's command present covered the retreat from the village and began the resistance in the final stand. Breymann began his usual turning movement from his left by means of his light infantry. These last began to gain ground as on each previous occasion, but this time they were themselves turned on their outer or northern flank by half of Warner's command. Meanwhile the other half of Warner's men came into action in prolongation of the left of Stark's troops near the road. This intervention, together with the checking of Breymann's turning movement, encouraged Stark's men (who were on the point of retreating once more) to stand their ground and for a time the fight was equal.

Skene on horseback was seen by the Americans waving his sword to encourage the Hessian artillerymen. He was fired at, and again, as at the beginning of the second action, his horse was killed. Still unhurt, he cut the traces of an artillery horse, mounted him, and rode off westward to bring up an ammunition cart which had been left behind.

In his absence the action was decided. Stark's and Warner's men fired faster, so fast that at least one of them found his gun barrel too hot to hold, so he threw the musket away and took one from a dead German. On the German side the cannoneers had not a shot left and the infantry scarcely a cartridge. God knew where Baum was, but the stupidest could see that he was not forthcoming. To retreat meant abandoning the cannon, for the artillery horses were

either dead or else so done up that they could scarcely move. Still there was nothing else for it, and, after having a number of men badly wounded in an attempt to drag the guns away by hand, Breymann gave the order to retreat, leaving the pieces behind.

It was now after sunset and the light was failing. For a couple of miles Breymann's retreat was orderly, the men keeping together and those who still had a shot left firing at their pursuers. But the superior mobility of the lightly clad militiamen again began to tell. Their pressure increased until the retreat became a rout.

For a time it looked as if Breymann might be wiped out like Baum. The clumsy Germans ran heavily through the dusk. Many threw down their muskets or held them out to their pursuers in token of surrender. Some kneeled down, even in the puddles of water still standing in the road, and begged for mercy. Once their drums beat a parley, meaning to surrender, but unfortunately the pursuers were too ignorant of military etiquette to understand what this meant, so the flight continued. Out of those of the clumsy grenadiers who left the road and tried to escape through the woods, many found themselves caught in the brushwood by their scabbards and so were captured.

Breymann himself, with a flesh wound in the leg and five bullet holes through his clothes, behaved well. Skene, returning with the ammunition cart which he had gone to look for, found the German commander still holding part of his men together and himself retreating last. This good countenance of Breymann's, together with the coming of complete darkness, permitted him to save the greater part of his exhausted command.

At least one of Stark's colonels was for continuing the pursuit through the night. But Stark himself, fearful of killing his own men in the dark, and saying he would run no risk of spoiling a good day's work, called a halt. Breymann with a little less than two thirds of his battered force was allowed to drag himself off to safety.

So ended one of the most extraordinary engagements of military history, and almost the only one of modern times in which a force almost entirely of improvised troops has succeeded in defeating regulars. The sequence of chances

which combined to bring about so unusual a result can only be compared to the turning up of the double zero three or four times running at roulette.

Of these chances the most extraordinary was that of Stark's presence in Baum's path. That the narrow New England localism of Stark and of New Hampshire should have failed to bring about disaster is in itself surprising enough. That Stark should reach Bennington unknown to Burgoyne and remain there just long enough to meet there a raid of which nothing whatsoever had been known in advance remains such an improbable stroke of luck that it would ruin the reputation of a writer of fiction. On the side of the invasion there is the long string of errors all growing out of the original error of overestimating American toryism particularly in and around the theatre of operations. First there is the atmosphere of overconfidence in which Burgoyne, acting under the influence of Skene, despatched so motley and unsuitable a force as Baum's upon so distant an expedition — and this in spite of Riedesel's objections. Next there is the liberal crop of errors which Baum added on his own account, growing out of his failure to realize the extent of his danger. Finding the rebels in force in front of him, he sent back for reënforcements in a tone so confident as to mislead his superiors; he failed to retreat to safety when he had the chance, and instead invited disaster by dispersing his defensive posts in the face of his numerous enemies. Baum's letter opened the way for another error of Burgoyne's, this time unprotested by Riedesel, that of selecting Breymann's corps as the relieving force. Breymann now became the butt of misfortune in losing his way, and of his own German stupidity in slowing down still further the march of his heavy column by his observance of the formal pedantry of the parade ground. The mistake of Breymann's taking his cannon with him was really more Burgoyne's than his.

Still another pure chance favorable to the United States was the weather. It rained long enough to delay Breymann's march and then cleared in time for Stark to annihilate Baum before the support could come up. Baum's permitting himself to be duped by Stark's advance parties was a final piece of unwisdom on the part of that unfortunate officer, as the

explosion of the ammunition wagon on the hill was a final stroke of fortune against him. Again it was touch and go whether Breymann would get up in time and on his arrival whether enough of Stark's men could be rallied to check him. Finally, the slow march of Warner's men kept them out of the first action, where, as it happened, their presence was not needed, and brought them up fresh just in time to turn the tide against Breymann.

After such a consistent and overwhelming run of luck the coming of night which saved Breymann and his remnant was but a small return.

Of the personal narratives of those engaged under Stark and Warner, one is particularly vivid. Its author, when he enlisted as a private in Stark's brigade, was a young man of twenty-one. He brought with him his own musket, a horn of powder was issued to him and he 'ran himself [that is, moulded] a lot of bullets.' On Friday, August 15, he was at Manchester and marched all that night through the rain, mud, and darkness, halting at dawn near Bennington for a short sleep on a wet haymow. In the morning he pushed on with others to join Stark. In the action against Baum he soon lost his fear of the enemy's cannon seeing that they hurt no one. When the musketry began, he was struck by the contrast between the regular platoon volleys of the Germans and the scattering reply of the American skirmishers who '. . . fired each on his own hook, aiming wherever they saw a flash.' At the close of Baum's action he helped to chase straggling Germans in the woods.

In the first stand against Breymann the enemy's grapeshot riddled the rail fence close to him, and one struck a small white-oak tree behind which he stood, whereat he promptly ran away, but rallied on being supported. During the second stand he was overcome with thirst, having drunk nothing all day, but only chewed a bullet to keep his throat moist. He therefore left the line and started for a brook a little to the rear. Here he was met by an officer who was about to cut him down with his sword for skulking. But when he complained of thirst the officer handed him his canteen. This was full of rum, but when the young man drank from it he forgot his thirst.

In the final and ultimately successful stand, he and his

comrades were about to retreat when a major on a black horse rode along behind the line shouting, 'Fight on, boys; reënforcements close by.' A grapeshot went sidewise through the black horse's mouth and knocked out two teeth, but the major managed to keep his seat and spurred on to encourage others.

After nightfall, as the young man was making his way back to camp, he was personally ordered by Stark to help drag in one of the captured cannon. He knew the General, having been one of his bodyguard in Canada, and he made bold to reply that he was worn out. Stark's answer shows once more how admirably that commander knew his human material. 'Don't seem to disobey,' he said, 'take hold, and if you can't hold out, slip away in the dark.'

Before the gun had been dragged far, Warner rode near by. Pointing to a dead man by the roadside, some one said to him, 'Your brother is killed.' In reply Warner asked, 'Is it Jesse?' And when the answer was 'Yes,' he dismounted, stooped and gazed in the dead man's face, and then rode away without a word.

Of Stark and Warner's men only about thirty had been killed and forty wounded. Most of Baum's Indians had saved themselves by their prompt flight. Captain Fraser, the commander of Baum's company of British marksmen, had escaped and so had the commanders of most of Baum's detached posts. But of Baum's three hundred and seventy-four Germans of all ranks, only nine privates ever returned. Of Breymann's six hundred and forty-two of all ranks, twenty were dead and a hundred and forty-two missing, and of the remaining four hundred and eighty, sixty-nine were wounded.

Bennington, a mere hamlet of half a dozen log cabins, was unable to hold the seven hundred-odd prisoners. Of these the handful of British were the most respected by their captors. The four hundred-odd Germans, gabbling their unintelligible tongue, were alternately despised as hirelings and pitied as victims of their Prince's greed. The hundred and seventy-five Tories, on the other hand, were fiercely hated as traitors.

The entrance of these last into Bennington was made a

sort of Saturnalia. The women of the village took down their old-fashioned beds so that the cords which in that day held up the mattresses instead of springs could be used to bind the captives. They were tied in pairs; to each pair a horse was attached by traces and on some of the horses, in token of contempt, negroes were mounted. One Tory who had had his left eye shot out was led past mounted on a horse which had also lost its left eye!

With such base show of rustic contempt was celebrated the turning of the tide against Burgoyne.

CHAPTER IX

ST. LEGER RETREATS; BURGOYNE ADVANCES

This chapter will consider, first, the effect of Bennington upon the campaign; second, the continued resistance of Fort Stanwix to St. Leger and the retreat forced upon the latter by the desertion of his Indians at the approach of Arnold; third, the replacement of Schuyler by Gates; and finally, Burgoyne's advance across the Hudson at the expense of his communications with Canada. Including a digression backward in time to the evening of Oriskany, August 6, these events cover a little more than four weeks from August 17 to September 15. Together they conclude the middle period of the campaign and usher in its third and last phase.

To the invading army the first news of the disaster upon the Walloomsac was brought by the Canadian de Lanaudière. This man, fleeing through the night, reached Burgoyne near the mouth of the Battenkill in the small hours before daybreak of Monday, August 17. Baum, he said, had surrendered; Breymann's fate he did not know, but only that the latter had been fighting fiercely. As on the preceding Friday, Burgoyne and Riedesel were awakened. In the gray of the morning they consulted together. Fraser and the advanced corps were out of touch west of the Hudson, for a heavy rain had broken down the bridge of boats and swollen the ford. Burgoyne and Riedesel therefore decided to advance the main body east of the river to save what they could from the wreck of the unhappy detachments. Hardly had this decision been taken, however, when messengers arrived from Breymann to say that he was retreating safely, whereat Burgoyne himself, stung out of his complacency, rode out at the head of the 47th British regiment and met the battered and bedraggled remnant of the German advanced corps.

There was a report that the main army of the rebels was moving upon Fraser, but the latter on the Tuesday succeeded, although with some difficulty, in recrossing the flooded Hudson on boats and scows.

Fraser once in safety, Burgoyne began to cast up his losses. Except for the Indians, Baum's command had been wiped out. Of his two hundred and eighty-nine German rank and file only nine had returned. Of Breymann's five hundred and forty-two rank and file, just over four hundred were left, including wounded. In prisoners and permanent casualties alone Bennington had cost between eight hundred and eight hundred and fifty officers and men, of whom nearly four hundred and fifty were rank and file of regulars. On September 1 the effective rank and file of regular infantry, already reduced by the necessity of garrisoning Ticonderoga and by the surprisingly high wastage of nearly a thousand deserted and gone sick, numbered less than forty-three hundred and fifty.

Still worse were the effects of Bennington upon the Tory and Indian auxiliaries. Upon the four hundred remaining Tories the effect was gradual. Here and there individuals, discouraged, began to slip away. But with the Indians the desertion was general. The reader will remember their resentment at Burgoyne's efforts to control them and limit their savagery, their threat to leave him should he execute the murderer of Jane McCrea, and the numbers of them who had gone off after the council of August 4 at Fort Edward. Now they had the example of La Corne St. Luc and his son-in-law Lanaudière to follow in quitting Burgoyne.

A council was held at which the red men announced their intention of going home. Realizing his lack of control over them, and fearing that if angered they might either join the rebels or commit outrages in Canada on the way back to their hunting grounds, Burgoyne gave them leave to go, whereat most of them with their white leaders at their head stole northward. The savage old Auvergnat St. Luc, tall and still erect and vigorous notwithstanding his sixty-six years and his long experience of savage border warfare, departed, grumbling that Burgoyne, although brave, was 'as heavy as a German.' Soon only about eighty of Burgoyne's five hundred Indians were left. Even though held in leash by Burgoyne they had stirred up such a hatred against him and his cause that in the long run that hatred more than outweighed even the considerable services rendered by them in the approach to Ticonderoga and indeed up to Bennington.

The morale of Burgoyne's regulars still remained high. Indeed the British advanced corps thought themselves ill-used that Breymann and not they had been chosen to bring off Baum. Even the remaining Germans — and this in spite of the loss of the four cannon with all that that meant in eighteenth-century military prestige — seemed to have had some success in believing Burgoyne's official statement that the rebels had 'severely felt their little success.'

Meanwhile the British camp buzzed with rumors, most of them discreditable to their German allies. Loose talk flew about as usual in cases of military scandal. It was said that Baum's dragoons had put up no sort of fight. It was whispered that a long-standing and bitter quarrel between Baum and Breymann had led the latter to march slowly on purpose so that Baum might not be too rapidly rescued from his difficulties. Some even claimed that Breymann had said, when he heard the firing, 'We will let them get warm before we reach them.' In particular the British spoke of the heavy German equipment. Baum's shortcomings and his ignorance of English were enlarged upon.

To all of this Riedesel, speaking for the Germans, very reasonably asked who it was that had chosen Baum and Breymann for the expedition in the first place. This last point was not entirely lost even upon the British. Skene, too, came in for his share of blame.

Some of the British officers made fun of New Hampshire's present to Stark of '. . . a compleat suit of clothes becoming his Rank, together with a piece of Linnen,' remarking that '. . . either the general was Stark naked or Congress was stark mad.'

Underneath all the talk it was clear both to the army and its commanders that Bennington had rudely changed the complexion of the campaign. Even among the British regulars, armored in their impenetrable pride, it was clear that the work ahead would be vastly harder and the issue far more uncertain than they had supposed. Among the junior officers the shrewder men noticed that their seniors were beginning to look grave. That confidence in an easy and certain success which had cradled the army ever since the fall of Ticonderoga was gone.

Burgoyne's own state of mind was even more affected than

that of the army. His comfortable illusion as to the strength of American toryism had vanished. In the light of Bennington, the continued resistance of Fort Stanwix and the failure of the various Tory risings to materialize had an ominous look. Even the Tories along the Mohawk had not moved. Burgoyne wrote as much to Germaine; complaining also that the inactivity of the British garrison of New York had permitted the reënforcement of the rebel army in his front and that the unexpected necessity of providing for the garrison of Ticonderoga had weakened his force. That fortress he had expected to be garrisoned from the troops left in Canada.

Had his orders from Germaine left him free to decide for himself, he would, he said, have planned to wait east of the Hudson and perhaps as far back as Fort Edward until something turned up elsewhere which might facilitate an advance. As it was he wrote that he considered that the command laid upon him 'to force a junction with Sir William Howe' left him no choice but to advance toward Albany. Since his failure to seize the stores at Bennington had lost him his chance of provisioning himself at his enemy's expense, he must now wait and build up a stock of foodstuffs, dragging them laboriously over the watershed between the lakes and the Hudson. When he had collected twenty-five days' rations he would go forward.

Near the close of the letter he let fall the telltale phrase, 'I do not yet despond.'

Nevertheless Burgoyne never wavered in his decision to advance. As early as Tuesday, August 18, the very day that Fraser and the advanced corps had ferried themselves back to safety on the east bank of the Hudson, the Lieutenant-General had sent back Riedesel with the German Rhetz and Hesse-Hanau regiments and the 47th British, together with six heavy guns, to cover his communications across the watershed. Already the 53d British regiment had been ordered back to Ticonderoga to take the place of the 62d, the latter regiment being sent forward to Fort George. Fraser and the British advanced corps were held near the mouth of the Battenkill. Burgoyne himself with the rest of the army remained at Fort Miller. So the time passed with alternate thunderstorms and hot sultry days, and many of the army of the invasion down with dysentery.

Meanwhile the victory of Bennington had everywhere stirred the rebellion to new vigor. That militia should successfully storm works held by European regulars and should capture from them no less than four cannon thrilled the countryside like an electric shock. Washington, who had hoped for some such success over some one of Burgoyne's detachments, rejoiced in his grave heartfelt way. Even the irrepressible Parson Allen, chastened for once by the greatness of the issue, wrote to the Hartford 'Courant,' 'It is the opinion of some that if a large body of militia was now called to act in conjunction with our Northern Army the enemy might be entirely overthrown.'

On the other hand, the patriots, or if you will the rebels, made no move whatsoever to turn their victory at Bennington to positive strategic account. On August 16, the day that the action was fought, Lincoln with five or six hundred men was marching from the Hudson on Bennington to join Stark in an attack upon Burgoyne's left rear. Were we dealing with regularly organized troops, after so decisive a success as that won by Stark and at so little cost, we might expect that this plan would be put in execution vigorously and at once.

Nothing of the sort occurred. To expect sustained effort from the eighteenth-century American militia was like asking for the moon. The Berkshire men, the Vermonters, and the men from the near-by districts of New York State left Bennington and drifted back to their homes as quickly as they had come. Stark and his New Hampshire brigade seem to have been even more paralyzed by their easy victory than regular troops would have been by a check. Stark himself not being in the best of health his command simply sat still upon the scene of their triumph. After the illustrious 16th of August it was an inefficient and unheroic sequel.

By daytime a visitor to the British camps beside the Hudson would have found them not very different from what they had been during the first fortnight of August. At night, however, such a visitor (had he been permitted to remain) would have noticed a slight but significant change. From time to time he would have heard the report of scattering shots fired from the darkness at the outposts.

What had happened was that, after the departure of the

Indians, whose quick senses and general aptitude for bush-whacking had compelled respect, the more ardent Whigs of the neighborhood had now begun to come out either singly or in little groups to try their luck at potting a sentry from ambush. Jane McCrea was beginning to be avenged.

This sniping at Burgoyne's outposts was the one positive and immediate effect of the victory at Bennington.

Nevertheless, although that victory was not promptly followed up, and although its immediate effect was thus limited, what may be called its negative effect upon Burgoyne's operations was enormous. The reader will remember that Baum's mission had been to bring back horses and provisions so that Burgoyne might be able to advance. He will remember also that among Burgoyne's motives for advancing was his desire to assist St. Leger by preventing Schuyler from detaching troops to relieve Fort Stanwix. Now after Bennington St. Leger must shift for himself.

Nevertheless, even after Bennington, Burgoyne, disillusioned though he was, could still hope that St. Leger unaided might succeed. In less than a week the basis of this hope was destroyed.

To understand how this second blow fell, we must go back in time to the camp of St. Leger on the evening of August 6. That evening, after Oriskany, the Indians returned to their joint camp with St. Leger before Fort Stanwix to find their blankets and personal property carried off by Willett's sortie. They were able to relieve their feelings by torturing and killing a number of the prisoners taken from Herkimer's command, St. Leger's guards permitting these wretched victims so to be used. The red men may even have eaten the bodies of some of their victims. Nevertheless all this was cold comfort to the braves compelled to sleep night after night without covering, and by day to mourn for the loss of no less than seventy of their number, among them several chiefs of the Seneca tribe.

Crouching over their camp-fires they told one another that the white chief in the red coat had broken his word. It seems that at the beginning of the expedition he had told them that they would not have to fight. They would only, so he had said, be expected to sit and smoke their pipes while he and his white troops engaged the enemy. Now the re-

verse had proved true. They and not the whites had done most of the fighting and borne most of the loss. To all those acquainted with Indians it is well known that the keystone of their savage code of honor is the sacredness of the given word. To them, therefore, St. Leger was no longer to be trusted.

Of all this St. Leger himself knew little. His concern was to use what he considered his victory at Oriskany to persuade Gansevoort to surrender. On the very evening of the 6th he forwarded to Gansevoort a letter, written by two of the chief prisoners taken from Herkimer's brigade, which announced the defeat of that force with heavy losses and said that Burgoyne had probably reached Albany. Therefore, the letter continued, it would be well to make terms. It was sent in under flag of truce by St. Leger's adjutant-general, who demanded a surrender. Gansevoort refused.

Next day another white flag was sent in with a second verbal demand for surrender. This time the message was that if the place did not yield, it would not only be captured, but that the Indians could not then be restrained from massacring the garrison. Furthermore, the Indians would then march down the Mohawk, killing every one, men, women, and children, in the settlements.

The officers bearing this message were received with all the courtesy of the eighteenth century. According to custom they were blindfolded as they entered the works. They were brought to the commandant's quarters, where their eyes were unbound. They were seated and given wine. Not until they had drunk were they told to deliver their message.

Gansevoort and Willett had assembled as many as possible of the officers of the garrison to hear the enemy's proposal and their own reply. In substance St. Leger's message was as follows: Herkimer was defeated, Burgoyne was in Albany, therefore the fort had no hope of relief. He himself had with difficulty persuaded his Indians to agree that if it was surrendered at once these last would not plunder the personal property of the garrison. The Indians, however, were 'greatly exasperated,' and if he were forced to continue the siege they, when the place was taken, would not only rob but massacre those within.

Gansevoort made Willett the spokesman of his reply and

the latter answered in phrases that still stir the blood. 'By your uniform,' said he to the messengers, 'you are British officers. Therefore let me tell you that the message you have brought is a degrading one for a British officer to send and by no means reputable for a British officer to carry.' Surrender was refused and the besiegers were defied to do their worst. As for Indian massacres, said Willett, it would not be the garrison, but St. Leger who would be responsible.

There was later a rumor among the Tories that Gansevoort might have accepted St. Leger's terms had not Willett stiffened his back. But now the besieged officers agreed that St. Leger's hurry to get an immediate surrender looked as if he were not too confident of the future.

This impression was strengthened by the fact that St. Leger's messengers, before leaving the fort, asked for a three days' armistice which Gansevoort was glad to grant.

Two days later St. Leger whom Willett's bold reply had now put morally on the defensive, sent in a curious letter. It began with an apology for the threat of Indian massacre, explaining that the Indians had insisted upon this part of the message by which he himself intended no insult to the garrison, and then repeating in a postscript the same threats he had just disavowed. Gansevoort answered in a single sentence that he would defend the fort to the last.

By this time the besieged were convinced that their works could not be taken by storm or battered down by St. Leger's light artillery. They could therefore hold out as long as they had food. Nevertheless it was determined to send out for a relief. Willett volunteered. With one companion he retraced the route followed by Herkimer's messengers and worked his way through the besiegers' chain of posts across the swamp. After enduring hardships in the woods he managed to reach Fort Dayton and thence continued down the valley.

On his way eastward Willett met Arnold advancing toward the west. By the 21st the relieving force, struggling over abominable roads, had reached Fort Dayton. Governor Clinton had ordered half of the Tryon County militia to turn out, but the latter had been so hard hit at Oriskany that only a hundred came, and Arnold, who could do wonders with militia, judged even this handful to be undependable

enough. In rank and file of Continentals he had less than nine hundred and fifty. His intelligence of St. Leger was that the latter had nearly seven hundred white troops, plus some Tories who had joined him before Fort Stanwix, and over a thousand Indians.

The worst of Arnold's many enemies had never accused him of overcaution. None the less he judged it best to hold a council of war at Fort Dayton and when that council voted it unwise to advance without reënforcements he accepted their decision. He wrote back to the main army asking for no less than a thousand light troops. The militia began to come in and he had hopes of being joined by friendly Indians, Oneidas and Tuscaroras. For the moment, therefore, it seemed that time was on his side.

Arnold soon had reason to change his mind. August 22, the day after the council, he received word that the crisis of the siege was approaching.

What had happened was that St. Leger, seeing that his light guns and mortars made no impression, had begun what were known as 'regular approaches.' The method was to advance under cover by making a zigzag trench of which each limb was at a wide enough angle from the point to be approached to prevent its being swept or 'enfiladed' by the defenders' fire. Thus the trench gained ground like a sailing ship going to windward in a series of tacks. By such a trench St. Leger had approached the main or northwest bastion of the fort to within a hundred and fifty yards. And from this point he was now preparing to run a mine under the northwest bastion.

Under the strain of so near an approach some of Gansevoort's officers were weakening. They were beginning to say that it would be better to surrender on St. Leger's terms rather than run the risk of being massacred by the Indians. Gansevoort himself, however, was still full of fight and answered that he would defend the place as long as his food held out. If he were not relieved before his supplies were gone, he would sally out with the entire garrison and either cut his way through the besiegers or die in the attempt.

While Gansevoort's determination is worthy of high praise, it is nevertheless true that he had already on August

6 let slip a good opportunity of crippling St. Leger when the latter had weakened his camp, not only to the east to resist Herkimer, but also to the west to open up his communications. On that day Herkimer's approach was known inside the fort, and although those within could not be sure of the numbers of St. Leger's westward detachment, nevertheless they knew that they themselves had so thoroughly blocked Wood Creek that it would be no easy job to open it.

Meanwhile, as the second and third weeks of August went by, idleness and discomfort began to tell more and more upon St. Leger's Indians. The causes of their discontent the reader has already heard. Also, as Washington later remarked of this very operation, the Indians were not by nature a 'Persevering people.'

It was on August 22 that Arnold, learning of St. Leger's near approach to the fort, saw he must advance at once whatever the risk. Accordingly he prepared to do so next day. At the same time he knew enough of the Indian character to believe it worth while to try to alarm St. Leger's red allies by a stratagem.

In the detection of a Tory plot for a rising in Tryon County some prisoners had been captured and condemned to death. Among them was a half-witted fellow named Hon Yost, who had lived most of his life among the Indians. Like all mental defectives, he was looked upon by the savages with awe and reverence. The underlying idea common among primitive peoples seems to be that such unfortunates are from their very limitations more open to inspiration from the Great Spirit.

Taking Hon Yost's brother as hostage for his good conduct, Arnold told the half-wit that his life would be spared if he would go to St. Leger's camp and frighten the Indians there by playing upon their emotions and especially by exaggerating the numbers of the relieving force. The half-wit, delighted at the chance of saving himself, prepared with considerable cunning for the attempt. In order to represent himself as an escaped prisoner who had been fired upon, he caused several bullet holes to be shot through his clothes. Such were the political relations of the various Iroquois tribes that it was possible for a friendly Oneida in Arnold's camp to offer to follow Hon Yost and confirm his story.

Circumstances admirably set the stage for the half-wit. Rumors of the coming of Arnold, 'The Heap Fighting Chief,' had already disturbed St. Leger's Indians. St. Leger on his side seems to have committed the error of proposing that the red men should again take the lion's share of resisting this new effort at relief as they had already done against Herkimer. They had refused. In order to persuade them to march at all he had had to promise that he would lead them in person and support them with three hundred of his best white troops. Even so the incident had made them still more suspicious of them.

At this moment the half-wit appeared, pointing to the holes in his clothes as proof of the story of his escape. When asked Arnold's numbers he looked upward vaguely and pointed to the leaves on the trees. Such a message from one so mysteriously stricken by the Great Spirit was enough to put the Indians in commotion.

Brought before St. Leger, Hon Yost repeated his story with a wealth of detail. Arnold with two thousand men, he said, would be upon them within twenty-four hours.

About this time the Oneida appeared, and he too played his part well. On his way through the woods he had met certain other Indians whom he knew and had persuaded them to follow him one by one in order to increase the effect of what he proposed to say. His message was that Arnold had no quarrel with St. Leger's Indians, but proposed to attack only the British and Tories. One by one according to their agreement his friends took up the tale. One of them went so far as to say that a talking bird had warned him that great numbers of hostile warriors were on their way. On top of the existing discouragement among St. Leger's Indians, all this was irresistible. Oriskany had taken all the fight out of them, and now they were determined to go.

St. Leger did his best to stem the current; it swept him away. With Johnson, Claus, and Butler he held a council with the Indian chiefs, but before its adjournment he learned that two hundred warriors had already made off. Presently the chiefs told him that if he did not retreat at once, they and all the Indians would abandon him. He was forced to consent, for without them he was helpless. They would not even wait until nightfall, as he wished, before

moving off, and when he stuck to his decision to do so, they began to get out of hand. They stole the liquor and clothes from his officers' tents. They pretended that the terrible Arnold was only two miles off. Finally they became so threatening that he found himself forced to make off at once — in such haste that he left his tents standing and his bombardier asleep in the bomb battery.

The Indians amused themselves in their savage fashion at the expense of their retreating allies. From time to time, as the white soldiers under their heavy packs struggled forward over the squashy clay soil, the red men would suddenly cry, 'They are coming! They are coming!' — at which the whole column would rush forward in a panic, many of them dropping their packs for the Indians to plunder. White stragglers were massacred precisely as St. Leger had threatened that these same Indians would massacre the settlers along the Mohawk.

On August 23, Arnold and his nine hundred had advanced about ten miles westward from Fort Dayton, when a messenger from Gansevoort appeared with the news of St. Leger's flight. Instead of the hazardous task of an attack, Arnold had before him only a tempting opportunity for pursuit. The distances, however, were even too great for his fiery spirit. Although he pushed on by forced marches over the remaining twenty miles to Stanwix, he reached the place too late to go farther that evening. Early next morning five hundred men set out in pursuit of St. Leger, but another of the heavy rains of that rainy summer drove all back to cover except a small party who reached the shore of Oneida Lake just in time to see the last boats of the western invasion going off.

Leaving about seven hundred men at Stanwix and in small posts at Fort Dayton and Fort Johnson farther down the Mohawk, Arnold with about twelve hundred men at his back made haste to rejoin the main army.

St. Leger himself was still unsubdued. When at last he could shake himself free from his Indian allies, now become his tormentors, he thought of nothing but of joining Burgoyne. To do so, however, he must descend the St. Lawrence and then follow Burgoyne's own route up the Richelieu and across Lake Champlain — over four hundred miles in

all. This intention he announced to Burgoyne in a letter written August 27 from Oswego.

At the same time the vast distance to be covered made it doubtful whether he could join Burgoyne in any useful time. Even should he accomplish the miracle of doing so, the reënforcement he might bring would at best be a poor consolation for his failure on the Mohawk. Had he been able to descend the Mohawk Valley in triumph and approach Albany from the west, increasing his forces as he came like a rolling snowball thanks to the numerous Tryon County Tories, then indeed the face of the campaign would have been changed.

As it was, if Burgoyne was to win Albany he must do so alone. Moreover, the tame and inglorious retreat of St. Leger would not only set free additional troops for the army of the United States on the Hudson, but would everywhere raise still higher among the rebels the tide of hope and of enthusiasm which had sprung from Bennington.

A second heavy blow had fallen upon Burgoyne.

The army to which Arnold returned was no longer commanded by Schuyler. Indeed the decision to relieve Fort Stanwix was the last taken by Schuyler during the campaign. That commander, whose indomitable spirit had upheld the war when everything was blackest, was not to reap the fruits of his own wise caution and now of the recent successes. Instead he now saw himself relieved from command by Congress, ordered — with St. Clair — before a court-martial, and succeeded by his old rival and bitter personal enemy, Gates.

Except for his policy as to Ticonderoga, Schuyler's conduct of the campaign had been wise and sound. There, it is true, he had either committed an error in military judgment or else had shown moral weakness in yielding to public opinion and in allowing St. Clair to play scapegoat for the evacuation. To say this is not to suggest that the weak and ill-advised course followed at Ticonderoga was peculiarly his. Nevertheless, as in the case of Burgoyne's undue reliance on the American Tories, Schuyler as commanding officer in the Northern Department was the responsible man.

After Ticonderoga he had more than made amends. He had shown boldness in advancing with his handful of troops to Fort Edward so close to Burgoyne's vastly superior army, good judgment and diligence in obstructing Burgoyne and in devastating the countryside. While it is true that at this stage of the campaign he was fortunate in his opponent, since Burgoyne's sluggishness gave him opportunities he would not otherwise have had, nevertheless he had improved those opportunities to the full. Moreover, when Burgoyne did at last advance, a vainer man and one of less stability than Schuyler, stung by the charges of treason and cowardice made against him, might well have made the mistake of trying to fight Burgoyne instead of retreating before him. Schuyler was entirely right in running no such risk. Had he chanced a general action he would probably have lost it to Burgoyne and the latter's difficulties would then have been solved. In his successive retreats from Fort Edward to Moses' Kill, from Moses' Kill to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Stillwater, and from Stillwater to the mouth of the Mohawk, he was pursuing the course most likely to lead to ultimate victory.

Moreover, throughout the dark six weeks between Ticonderoga and Bennington, Schuyler's unflinching moral courage, his refusal to despair had been the main stay of the resistance.

Finally, his acceptance of risk upon the Hudson in order to relieve Fort Stanwix showed not only moral courage in its highest form, but also a correct estimate of Burgoyne, that is, that the latter was unlikely either to make or to drive home a sudden dash forward. And in this case Schuyler had at least been justified by the event.

Horatio Gates was a man of very different and morally far lower type. His mother had been the Duke of Leeds's housekeeper. Since she was intimate with Horace Walpole's mother's waiting-maid, Horace Walpole had been his godfather. Indeed, a silly scandal years afterward made Walpole his real father, although the former had been at the time only a little boy of eleven.

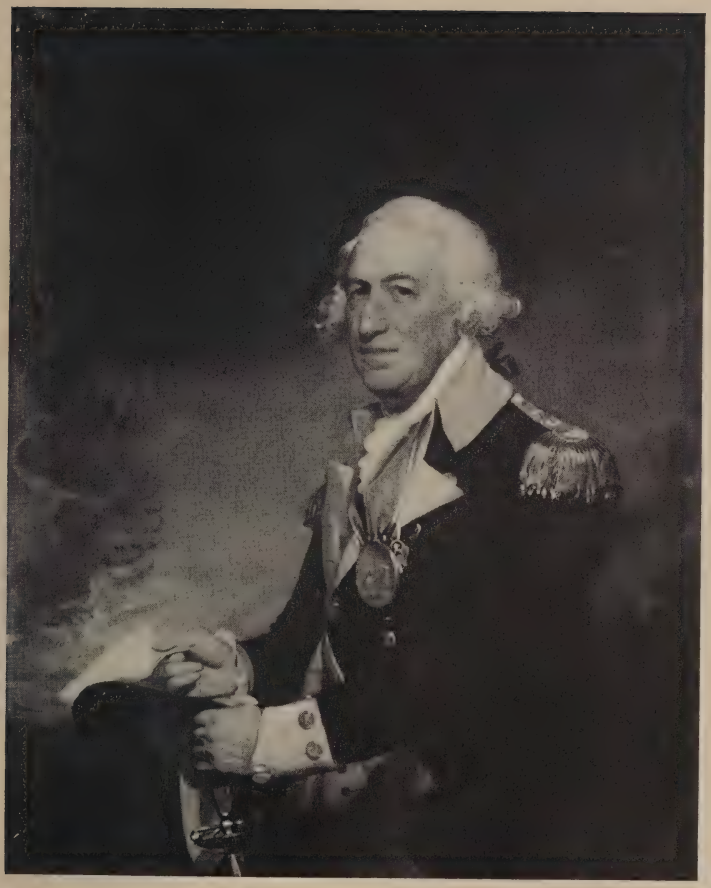
The son of an upper servant of the rich, Gates carried throughout his life the stamp of what was at best his lower middle-class origin. He was a snob of the first water. Also

he had an unctuously pious way with him, not entirely unlike Dickens's immortal Uriah Heep. If neither of these qualities is entirely unknown among the English lower middle class, that fact makes them in no way more prepossessing.

So distasteful has the man's personality remained that, in spite of the number of those who for a hundred and fifty years have busied themselves with the actors and events of the American Revolution, he still awaits his biographer. Hence the details of his life are little known. For instance, it seems impossible to say what influence first opened to him the aristocratic profession of arms. At all events, he served as a volunteer under Cornwallis at Halifax. In 1755 at twenty-seven he was already a captain in the Royal Americans; a regiment in which, since it was stationed in America, commissions were probably easier to get than in those stationed in Europe. In Braddock's defeat he was wounded. Seven years later he had succeeded in so commending himself to the general officer appointed to command the expedition against Martinique in the West Indies as to be appointed his aide. At the capture of Martinique he distinguished himself for gallantry, was selected to carry to London the despatches announcing the conquest of the island, and was in consequence commissioned major.

In the eighteenth-century British army for a man of base origin and as yet only in the middle thirties, this was rapid advancement. Nevertheless Gates was unsatisfied. Having married a woman of better social position than his own, after the peace of 1763 he sold his commission, and tried to get himself into some highly salaried post under the Government. Failing to muster up sufficient influence to do so, he returned to America and bought an estate in Virginia.

Here, following his usual course of cultivating those who might be useful to him, he became acquainted with Washington and happened to be dining at Mount Vernon when the news of Lexington was received. Although there were many who had seen service in the Seven Years' War, few men on the side of the Revolution had had the experience of being an officer of regulars. Accordingly Washington had Gates commissioned brigadier and appointed him adjutant-general of the Continental army.



GENERAL HORATIO GATES
By Gilbert Stuart

Gates made a success of his new position. He was a good organizer who understood the paper work necessary to the regular administration of an army and understood also the training of recruits. He was therefore of great assistance to Washington in the complicated and difficult task of bringing some sort of order out of the chaos in the camp before Boston. In May of '75 Congress commissioned him major-general and soon afterward appointed him to command the army retreating from Canada.

In the Northern Department he promptly set up as the rival of Schuyler. Their first clash came over the nature of Gates' authority. Although the army he had been sent to command had now been forced out of Canada and had returned to the department which had been under Schuyler since the beginning of the war, Gates nevertheless claimed independent authority not subject to Schuyler's orders. When Congress disallowed this claim the mean side of Gates came to the surface. In Chapters V and VI the reader has already been told something of the intense feeling between New York and New England. Instead of trying to reconcile the two parties, as he was bound to do in the interest of the common cause, Gates deliberately set himself to stir up the bitter localism of the New-Englanders. He intrigued with the New England delegates to Congress. In particular he championed the people of the Hampshire Grants, now Vermont, in their secession from New York State. Indeed the name Vermont is said to have been suggested by him while in command at Ticonderoga.

In March, '77, the result of Gates' manœuvres had been his appointment to supersede Schuyler as commander of the Northern Department, a trivial disagreement having arisen between Schuyler and the Congress. Two months later — with even less reason — Congress veered around again and reinstated Schuyler. The latter then did his best to keep Gates in the department, offering him the command of Ticonderoga — subject, of course, to his own authority as department commander. But Gates, realizing perhaps the weakness of that overrated fortress, and certainly unwilling to serve as second to Schuyler, preferred to go off to Philadelphia to continue his intrigues with Congress.

In all this it seems that Gates' ambition was continually

goaded forward by his wife. Very probably she wanted her base-born husband to distinguish himself in order to justify her condescension in marrying him. It would be interesting to know more of the influence of her domineering spirit upon his life. Of her we know at least that in the heat of his struggle against Burgoyne she wrote him a weepy and complaining letter showing her at that crucial time to have lacked the self-control which is still the boast of the English gentry from whom she claimed to have sprung.

After the fall of Ticonderoga the clamor against Schuyler brought Gates again to the fore. On July 29, Congress had passed a resolution for an inquiry into the evacuation of Ticonderoga and the conduct of the general officers concerned in it. A few days later other resolutions directed St. Clair and Schuyler to report to Washington's headquarters and also directed Washington to name a successor to Schuyler in the Northern Department. When Washington, always Schuyler's friend, respectfully declined to name his successor, Congress by a vote of eleven States appointed Gates.

The fact that the action of Congress was personally unjust to Schuyler, together with Gates' baseness and final disgrace three years afterward, has usually persuaded historians to condemn Congress for the change of command. Nevertheless, if we consider only the military situation in the first week in August, rigidly putting aside our knowledge of the future in order to appreciate events as a contemporary (necessarily ignorant of that future) would see them, and if we look not to the personalities involved, but only to the merits of the appointment as a piece of public policy, we must, I think, admit that in this instance Congress was wise. Let us put ourselves for the moment in the position of Congressmen from any one of the eight States south of New York. Such a man would naturally condemn the factionalism of the New-Englanders and the sour localism from which it sprang. Indeed contemporary letters tell us that between the Southerners and the New York State delegates there was a regular understanding against which the New-Englanders raved as that of 'the Yorkers and the southern Bashaws.' Gates himself, the darling of the New England Congressmen, had cut a pitiable figure in at least one of his appearances before Congress. Nevertheless, the

New-Englanders existed. They were a fact, and a most important fact. Earlier in the summer it had been feared that if Schuyler were removed many of the people of New York State might go over to the enemy or at least stand neutral. But now resentment against Burgoyne's and St. Leger's Indian scalpers had made this unlikely.

Moreover, New York, despite her overwhelming strategic importance, was in point of population a weak State. It has been said that seven of the thirteen exceeded her in numbers. Certainly in 1776 (before the occupation of New York City, Long Island, and a part of Westchester County by the enemy) four, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, had raised more Continental troops than New York, while New Hampshire and New Jersey had not been far behind. In the same year, notwithstanding all the fighting that had taken place upon her soil, and adding militia to Continentals, New York falls to sixth place, being surpassed by New Jersey. On the other hand, the four New England States, omitting Vermont with her small population and doubtful status, had furnished as many troops as all the other nine put together.

Knowing all this, Congressmen who were neither Yankees nor Yorkers were certainly justified in considering the wishes of the New-Englanders who had after all provided a full half of the common defense, no matter how narrow and crabbed such Congressmen might consider the New-Englanders to be.

As befitted such a crisis Congress gave Gates wide powers. On August 14 a resolution made him a sort of dictator in the Northern Department, empowering him to suspend officers from duty and appoint others 'until the pleasure of Congress can be known.'

Gates himself was in no hurry to take up the command he had coveted so long. Indeed the military situation of the comparatively tiny forces involved was quite as discouraging as that which confronted Foch when that great soldier in the spring of 1918 after the success of the first German offensives of that year, took over the command of the enormous Western Front. A more chivalrous man than Gates would have made haste to relieve his superseded predecessor of responsibility. Instead, after his appointment of

August 4 he dawdled so between Philadelphia and Albany as to reach the latter town over a fortnight later on August 19.

It was the Wednesday in Bennington week. Since Gates' appointment the spirits of the people, already somewhat heartened by the bravery of Herkimer and his remnant at Oriskany, were uplifted by Stark's victory.

Schuyler, bitterly though he regretted his loss of the opportunity for improving the new and happy turn of fortune and deeply though he felt the personal affront put upon him by Congress, nevertheless bore himself like a great gentleman and a great patriot. When the little ruddy-faced Englishman, peering through his thick spectacles with something of slyness in his expression, presented himself at the Schuyler mansion still standing in Albany, he was received with openness and courtesy. Schuyler not only gave him all the information he possessed, but offered his own assistance in any capacity whatsoever. In so worthy a fashion this tall patrician of the frontier, with his proud, angular face, laid down his command.

Gates on his side behaved with studied rudeness. At his first council of war, to which he invited not only all the Continental general officers present, but also Ten Broeck, the brigadier commanding the Albany County militia, he pointedly failed to invite Schuyler; whereat Gouverneur Morris remarked in his lively way: 'The new commander in chief of the Northern Department may, if he please, neglect to ask or disdain to receive advice; but those who know him will, I am sure, be convinced that he needs it.'

Gates' repellent personality, together with the ignominious end of his career, have so alienated most historians that they have been slow to recognize that with all his shortcomings he had certain qualities as well. It is true that at this stage of his career he was already morally base, full of bitter jealousies, and so empty of individual fighting spirit as to lay him open to suspicion of personal cowardice. Nevertheless he had not only some skill as an administrator, but also not a little of sound military judgment. Furthermore, events were to prove that he had thoroughly gauged the character of Burgoyne.

Gates' first care was to placate Stark. On the evening

of his arrival at Albany he wrote to him praising his victory. He sent him a detachment of artillerymen to work the captured guns. In particular he asked for Stark's and Lincoln's opinion as to what ought next to be done. He hoped, so he wrote, that Arnold would soon beat St. Leger. Then, 'When the wings of General Burgoyne are thus discomfited, I shall rejoice in yours and General Arnold's assistance to try our best with him and his main body.' In case Stark and Lincoln should determine to move westward to the Hudson and join him, he promised to throw a floating bridge across the river so that they might do so more easily.

Gates next went on to take stock of the general situation. His own army he found temporarily weakened by the detachment of two brigades, one under Arnold having marched westward up the Mohawk Valley on the preceding Friday, August 15, and another under Lincoln having marched eastward about the same time to join Stark at Bennington. Indeed these last had already started on their way while Stark was annihilating Baum and defeating Breymann. Of the remainder of the army — perhaps forty-five hundred effective rank and file — a brigade was posted opposite Loudon's Ferry, about five miles up the Mohawk, and the rest on the island at the mouth of that river.

Meanwhile, as late as August 22, Gates' information of the enemy was that Burgoyne's main body was still at Saratoga, only a little over twenty miles away, having repaired the floating bridges there.

Although far from satisfied with the dispersion of his forces at so short a distance from the enemy, Gates nevertheless reasoned — correctly as the event proved — that the defeat of Burgoyne's detachments at Bennington made it unlikely that that commander would promptly advance against his own weakened main body. For the moment, therefore, he felt himself in no danger.

As he looked out at the crumbling slaty rocks of the islands which divided the swiftly flowing Mohawk, he congratulated himself not only on the recent improvement in morale both of the army and of the people in general, but also on the approaching arrival of Morgan's riflemen. In this connection he remarked, in a letter to Washington, 'until the late successes . . . the army were quite panic

struck by the Indians and . . . Tory and Canadian assassins in Indian dress.'

For the time being one of his chief anxieties was the condition of the supply departments. These last, in addition to the inherent difficulties of their problem, had been thrown into confusion by changes in personnel. Indeed throughout the campaign Gates' letters to the arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, are a succession of complaints at 'the scandalous delays' in forwarding ordnance stores. The Commissary Department seems to have been centred at Continental Village, near Peekskill, whence one of Gates' subordinates wrote to him, 'The whole race of commissaries Ins and Outs . . . look at one another like cats in a strange garret, and not one of them knows what he is about.'

If either Gates or Congress thought that the new commander's arrival would promptly bring out the New England militia, they were disappointed. In the fortnight intervening between his appointment and his arrival at Albany, the news of his coming had been actively spread throughout New England. Nevertheless as late as August 27 he is found complaining to Washington that no 'malitia' are yet arrived.

In the first week in September, however, Arnold returned in triumph from the Mohawk with about twelve hundred men at his back. In the same week Morgan's riflemen reached the army. These last, although hourly expected as early as August 23, had been delayed on the Hudson by contrary winds, for instead of marching they had covered the last stage of their journey by boat. Even so, they had so large a sick list that on joining they numbered only three hundred and thirty-one effective rank and file.

They were nevertheless of an importance out of all proportion to their small numbers. In the first place, they were backwoodsmen from the western counties of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, skilled in woodcraft and in Indian warfare. Furthermore, they were armed with a unique weapon. The first chapter has already explained to the reader the enormous superiority of the so-called Kentucky rifle over all other firearms of the day. Morgan's men were experts in its use. With it they could shoot the nose out of a squirrel at ranges over which no one armed with a smooth-

bore could count on hitting a man fully exposed. Moreover, the rate of fire was almost that of the smoothbore. Accordingly the presence of these men, dressed in the fringed hunting shirt so famous in tradition, assured to Gates an overwhelming superiority in skirmishing and sniping, indeed in all light infantry work.

Daniel Morgan himself was a fine type of the natural leaders thrown up by the rough life of the frontier. The grandson of a Welsh immigrant to Pennsylvania, he had been born in 1736 in the same State. It is interesting to know that Daniel Boone was his first cousin.

Morgan's whole life was marked by his impetuous, fiery temper. At seventeen he quarrelled with his father and ran away from home to shift for himself. At nineteen he volunteered as a wagoner, that is, teamster, for Braddock's expedition. The following year, for striking back at a British officer who had struck him with the flat of his sword, he was condemned to receive five hundred lashes. Under the brutal floggings common in the eighteenth-century armies men often died. With his back cut to ribbons Morgan's iron constitution and determined will pulled him through. Indeed he not only persevered in the service, but within two years he had risen to be an ensign — then the lowest grade of commissioned officer in the army as it is to this day in the United States navy. An Indian shot him through the neck and mouth, knocking out all his teeth on one side; again his amazing toughness pulled him through.

At the peace he settled down as a farmer in Virginia, soon becoming known in his neighborhood as a crack shot, a keen hunter, and a born leader of men. During his bachelorhood he also became known as a gambler and a hard drinker who was always ready to fight, and it is typical of the man that, after he had married and given up gambling and drunkenness, he still felt called upon to thrash any man who made fun of his sudden reformation.

The rank injustice of his flogging had probably not increased his affection for the mother country. At any rate, upon the news of Lexington he declared for the Revolution, was unanimously elected captain by his neighbors, and raised a company of ninety-six men who made the six hundred miles to Boston in twenty-one days, an average of

twenty-eight and a half miles per day, without a man falling out. When he reported to Washington, the latter — who was anything but what is known to-day in the American service as a handshaking officer — was so moved at Morgan's feat that he at once dismounted, and went along the company front shaking hands with each man, while for once the tears typical of eighteenth-century sensibility streamed down his cheeks.

Indeed the achievement of Morgan and his ninety-six can be paralleled only by that of the five hundred men of Marseilles who in July, 1792, marched five hundred miles up from the torrid Mediterranean to Paris, dragging with them two little cannon, at the rate of eighteen miles a day, and arrived like Morgan's company without losing a man. A third example of rapid and spontaneous organization combined with such astonishing endurance would be hard to find.

Morgan accompanied Arnold on the latter's famous march through the Maine wilderness to Quebec. There he was captured, and while a prisoner refused the offer of a colonel's commission in a British provincial corps. On being exchanged he was selected by Washington to command the rifle regiment with which he now joined the Northern Army.

Gates received Morgan with every mark of favor. The rifle regiment was designated as 'the advance of the army,' to receive orders only from the commander-in-chief. A picked battalion two hundred and fifty strong, under Major Dearborn, a New Hampshire man who had served with Morgan in Canada, was raised and added to Morgan's command.

Meanwhile, as the first week in September closed and the second began, Lincoln from Bennington, Manchester, and Pawlet was doing his best to persuade Stark to coöperate with Gates and was also preparing an attack upon Ticonderoga from the eastward.

For want of good communications over which to bring up artillery and supplies for a regular siege, this last operation could be no more than a sudden dash through the wilderness by lightly equipped men dependent for their success upon surprise. At the same time, since they could count upon no local supplies of food throughout the entire operation, they

must carry with them on their backs enough to subsist them until their return. To get together such a stock took time.

Stark's behavior during this period has been passed over altogether — and for good cause — by his biographer. Indeed it seems to have been discreetly left in the shade by students of the Revolution. It is nevertheless essential to an understanding of the characteristics of hastily raised short-term troops.

Stark's brigade had enlisted for two months. Accordingly their term would be up soon after mid-September. Even within this limitation, however, a competent trained officer might have turned them to good account. Stark, a man of undoubted ability, was so content with his own position of complete independence and with his victory over Baum and Breymann that he made no move whatsoever to follow up his success. It is true that he himself had been in poor health and that the effectives of his brigade had been drastically reduced by sickness. But that is no reason why those who were well should not have been used to harass the enemy or else have joined Gates for the rest of their term of service. One reason for Stark's inactivity seems to have been the petty one that, as he himself wrote to Lincoln, his men thought themselves 'slighted' in Lincoln's letter describing the battle of Bennington to the Massachusetts authorities!

Consequently all Gates' and Lincoln's tact was wasted on Stark. Through Lincoln, Gates asked him to move down to the east bank of the Hudson. Stark on September 6 replied to Lincoln that he had but eight hundred effectives. Therefore '. . . the task is too hard for me in my present circumstances . . . the whole of Burgoyne's army are on this side of the river — General Gates may as well tell me, go and attack General Burgoyne's army with my brigade as to desire me to march between him and the enemy.' Again he wrote that his numbers had been so reduced by 'meazels' that he had less than seven hundred effectives, and no wheeled transport for provisions. Nevertheless, perhaps somewhat ashamed of himself, he went on, 'I am ready and willing to go if I can be supported.' On September 9 he was still in camp a few miles west of Bennington and writing to Gates that he was sick and therefore could not come to the Hudson. Gates on his side wrote to him several times begging him not

to tarnish the glory of Bennington by failing to do his duty now, but Stark still delayed. It would be hard to find in military history a more complete and depressing example of practical paralysis on the part of a victorious command.

While this was going on, Gates, alive to the importance of affecting opinion by means of what our own time has learned to call propaganda, seized an opportunity offered him by Burgoyne for doing so. The latter had written complaining that some of Baum's Tories had been refused quarter after having asked it; that is, they had been killed while trying to surrender. Gates was easily able to turn the tables. He replied denying the charge, and throwing in Burgoyne's teeth the outrages committed by the Indians, especially the murder of Jane McCrea. 'That . . . the famous lieutenant-general Burgoyne, in whom the fine gentleman is united with the soldier and the scholar, should hire the savages of America to scalp Europeans and the descendants of Europeans, nay more that he should pay a price for every scalp so barbarously taken, is more than will be believed in England until authenticated facts shall in every gazette convince mankind of the truth of this horrid tale.'

When Gates, before sending his letter read it over to Lincoln (then temporarily present in camp) and to Wilkinson, they both objected that it was too personal. Whereat Gates, nettled, replied, 'By God, I don't believe either of you can mend it,' and sent it off as it stood.

Indeed the letter, diligently reprinted in the newspapers fully served its purpose. Even Burgoyne with all his fluency felt himself put upon the defensive. He answered admitting the murder of Jane McCrea and excusing his failure to punish the murderer on the ground that by pardoning him he had been able to get the Indians to promise future good behavior. At the same time he quoted his standing orders to the savages and boldly denied that they had been broken in any case other than that of Jane.

Since this last statement was notoriously untrue, Gates emphatically had the better of the exchange.

Returning from propaganda to strategy, even without Stark and with Lincoln committed to the attack on Ticonderoga, the return of Arnold and the arrival of Morgan had now raised Gates' numbers to about six thousand effective

rank and file, that is, over seven thousand all told. At the same time he correctly estimated that Burgoyne would not long remain in his present position, but would soon either retreat to Ticonderoga or advance against Gates himself. The army of the invasion could find no possible winter quarters between Ticonderoga and Albany. In either case it would be wise for Gates to advance.

If Burgoyne retreated, Gates would thus be in a better position to harass his retreat. If Burgoyne advanced, now that the danger on the Upper Mohawk was over, it would be well to take up a defensive position farther forward. Across the Mohawk, Burgoyne's powerful artillery could play freely and in the broad meadows along its banks the European regulars could use their specialized linear tactics to advantage. On the Hudson, Burgoyne would be advancing parallel with the river and the greater part of Gates' defensive position would be covered by woods in which regular formations would be impossible and the superior individual marksmanship of the Americans would tell. Another reason for advancing was that the farther northward Gates went the more he would reduce the extent of country open to devastation by the invaders. Finally after so many retreats an advance would raise the spirits of the army.

Gates therefore decided to advance. On September 8 the army moved northward from the Mohawk. On the following day it halted at Stillwater, about thirteen miles to the northward. There Kosciusko, acting as chief engineer, laid out the trace for a line of entrenchments and work was begun. It was soon found, however, that the river meadows were too extensive to permit the occupation of the heights to the westward in sufficient force to prevent the position from being turned. Accordingly another one had to be found.

Perhaps at the suggestion of Wilkinson, perhaps at that of a local farmer named Neilson — father to Neilson the historian — a new position was located some three miles farther to the north. Here the river, bending to the westward, cramps the road into a narrow defile overlooked on the west by bluffs which rise steeply more than a hundred feet above the stream. In the defile stood a tavern kept by a man called Bemis from whom the place was called Bemis Heights, and here a new line of trenches was begun, extend-

ing from the river westward to the bluffs and thence northwestward according to the accidents of the ground.

Meanwhile in Pennsylvania Washington and Howe were once more repeating the moves they had so often rehearsed through the summer and autumn before. On September 11, the day before Gates' arrival at Bemis Heights, with Washington still unwisely sticking to his defensive tactics and Howe to his turning movements, the latter was victorious at the Brandywine. Howe now had his chance of destroying Washington's army by catching it in the angle between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. But again, as he had so often done after his victories of '76, he let his moment slip.

Since Riedesel's detachment to the rear, the army of the invasion had for three weeks remained stationary. Of the eighty Brunswick dragoons remaining, Burgoyne had been able to mount thirty, although on wretched animals. To cope with the sniping and small war at the outposts, about a hundred picked men had been added to Captain Fraser's company of marksmen. On September 3, three hundred recruits for the regular infantry regiments joined the army, bringing up the effective rank and file of regulars, including artillerymen. to about fifty-five hundred. At the same time some of the more warlike of St. Leger's Indians arrived, having worked their way through more than a hundred miles of Adirondack wilderness.

Riedesel had set up his headquarters near Fort Anne. Just before Bennington he had been joined by his wife and their three little girls aged six, three, and a year and a half, respectively. The little blue-eyed Baroness, with her high spirit and her devotion to her husband, was determined not to be parted from him any longer. She herself was a soldier's daughter, and it was no hardship to her that their little house was so small that they used to have their meals in the barn upon an improvised table made of boards laid upon barrels set up on end for table legs. Food being short, they often had bear meat and found it very good, especially the paws. The other German officers used to dine with them and play cards in the evenings so that the time passed pleasantly enough.

On September 7 a deserter from Gates' army had told Burgoyne that Gates now had between fourteen and fifteen thousand men. Burgoyne had properly discounted such figures.

Gates had taken up the Bemis Heights position on September 12. Meanwhile he had spared no pains to keep himself informed of the position and intentions of Burgoyne. He did his best to get information from the prisoners taken at Bennington, preparing a systematic questionnaire which would have done credit to any intelligence officer, although in the event they could tell him little he did not already know. On August 26, however, he had learned of the strong detachment sent back by Burgoyne to protect the communications of the invasion. On September 1 a sergeant-major of Warner's regiment, having been captured and confined at Ticonderoga, escaped and said that that fortress was weakly guarded, that Burgoyne's Indians had almost all deserted, and that Burgoyne himself with seven or eight thousand men meant to 'press for Albany.' On September 4, Lincoln had written from Bennington that Burgoyne's intention to move down-river was '. . . confirmed by every person who comes out.' The nature of the war, and especially the impossibility of distinguishing Tories from rebels, made it possible for people to come and go freely from the camp of the invaders.

However, since the above letter from Lincoln no further word of Burgoyne had come in. Therefore, on the evening of the 12th, Wilkinson having volunteered to lead a reconnaissance, Gates sent him out with twenty picked riflemen and a hundred and fifty other infantry.

Wilkinson's reconnaissance was successful. He returned about noon reporting bodies of the enemy already west of the Hudson at Saratoga and a column on the march east of the river and south of the Battenkill. From this it was clear that Burgoyne was moving. It was possible that he intended to strike at Lincoln, and as a measure of precaution Gates wrote at once to the latter, warning him to keep on his guard. On the other hand, it was far more probable that Burgoyne meant to move, not eastward against Lincoln, but southward against Gates himself. Accordingly work on the entrenchments at Bemis Heights was pushed forward energetically.

Gates' estimate of the situation was correct. Burgoyne was indeed preparing to come down upon him.

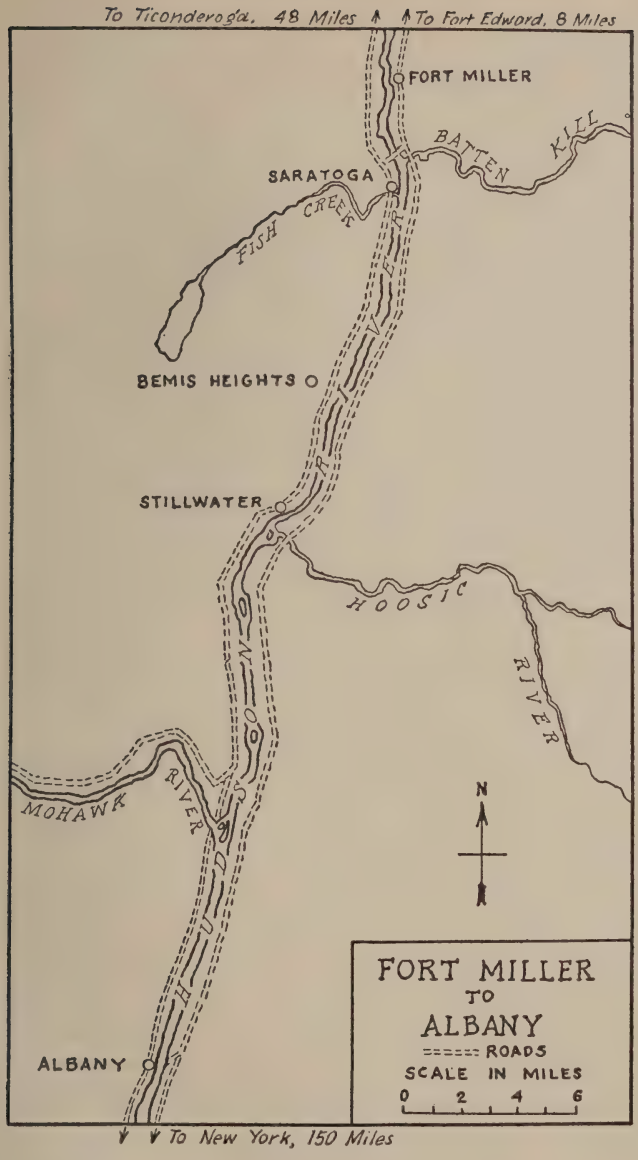
Notwithstanding the defeat of his Germans at Bennington and the heavy losses which that defeat had cost him, the retreat of St. Leger, and above all his abandonment by Howe, the commander of the invasion was still determined to cross the Hudson and to advance.

It was a decision which involved great risk. In the first place, he must cut his communications. While he remained at Fort Miller these communications were already difficult. To go farther to the south would make them impossible. He was already gravely reduced in numbers by the necessity of garrisoning Ticonderoga, so that any other considerable detachment would destroy his offensive power. Nothing but the coming and going of messengers between the army and Ticonderoga by which to keep in occasional touch with Canada and through Canada with far-off England would still be possible. Even this would be uncertain, for Burgoyne well knew that rebel parties from the east would soon be across every path in his rear.

The second source of peril was that in advancing he must cross the Hudson. Therefore, should he afterward attempt retreat he would have that broad river as an obstacle in his rear.

Had Burgoyne still considered his army merely as the auxiliary of a larger force which was to move northward and meet him, then there would have been something to be said in favor of moving down the east bank of the Hudson until he should strike hands with that force. As it was, Howe's letter had at least shown him that any support he received would almost certainly be given by numbers smaller than his own. He must therefore rely chiefly on his own efforts.

Immediately he found himself compelled to consider the operations of his army as the chief factor in the problem, the necessity for crossing the Hudson — and as high up as Saratoga — at once appeared. His objective was Albany. Only in that considerable town, which already boasted from four to six hundred houses, could he hope to find shelter and food for his army through the winter. And Albany was on the west bank of the Hudson. Therefore, to move down the east bank would mean the necessity of fighting his way


To Ticonderoga, 48 Miles
To Fort Edward, 8 Miles
FORT MILLER
BATTEN KILL
SARATOGA
FISH CREEK
BEMIS HEIGHTS
STILLWATER
HOOSIC
RIVER
MOHAWK
RIVER
HUDSON
N
ALBANY
FORT MILLER
TO
ALBANY
ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 2 4 6
To New York, 150 Miles

across the river, enlarged as it is below its confluence with the Mohawk, opposite the town. There it would be an impassable obstacle to any force not furnished with river gunboats. Furthermore, his information of the east bank of the Hudson between the Battenkill and Albany was that marshes and a mountain would compel the army to détour away from the stream, thus uncovering the boats which carried his supplies. It was true that in advancing down the west bank he must cross the Mohawk, but that stream was an obstacle far less formidable than the Hudson and he had boats in which to cross and cannon to protect his crossing.

Of course, when he should advance, the further arrival of supplies from Canada would be out of the question. After Bennington he had planned to wait until he should have collected provisions for twenty-five days ahead. Now by steady toil he had accumulated enough for thirty days. With this in hand he could advance. But before his stock was gone he must either establish himself at Albany and tap new sources of supply or else recross the Hudson and reach Ticonderoga. The only alternative would be to starve. To go forward with the Hudson behind him was therefore to launch out among increasing perils.

Moreover, the advance must be made without full information — almost blindly. The rebel deserter, who had lied in saying that Gates already had more than fourteen thousand, would have been well within the truth had he said merely that Gates' numbers were increasing and likely to increase much more in the near future. The enthusiasm over Bennington and Fort Stanwix would take care of that. Also the fellow had truly said that the people near Albany (like those in Burgoyne's present zone of operations) had been ordered to drive off their cattle so as to deprive the invaders of food, and that Gates in his turn was advancing.

To insist upon the hazard of Burgoyne's decision is by no means necessarily to condemn it. It was a decision of that sort which when they succeed are praised for their boldness, and when they fail are blamed as rash. Since the beginning of time the greatest captains have not only accepted, but over and over again have deliberately courted, high risk. Every schoolboy will remember Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon having done so. So did

Simon de Montfort at Muret, Gustavus Adolphus at the Alte Veste, Marlboro at the Schellenburg, just before Blenheim, and Carnot at Wattignies. The line which divides these men from those of the lesser rank of Charles XII, Nivelle, and Ludendorff is uncertain. It is not even that of mere chance, for Gustavus was beaten at the Alte Veste, both Hannibal and Napoleon failed at last, and yet the names of all three remain among those of the supreme masters of war. Let us leave it then at this, that in war as in all human affairs, chance, if one wishes to call it chance, is of enormous power; and a commander acting upon the offensive will again and again find himself compelled to choose between accomplishing nothing and deliberately accepting the risk of disaster.

In itself Burgoyne's decision to advance deserves not blame, but praise. He himself has outlined the situation as he saw it. He had left England in the belief that his move was only a part of a general plan in which the main British army in America would coöperate with him by an advance up the Hudson, and that belief, modified though it was by his knowledge of Howe's intention to attack Philadelphia, he was not yet prepared altogether to give up. He knew from Howe's letter that Sir Henry Clinton at New York was to '. . . act as occurrences might direct,' and while he did not know Clinton's numbers, he did know that reënforcements were scheduled to leave England for New York early in the summer. Furthermore, Howe's letter had clearly implied that that commander expected Burgoyne and the Northern Army to advance to Albany. At the same time Howe had given his word to return northward at once should Washington turn against Burgoyne. Burgoyne could not know that, by sailing up the Chesapeake, Howe had taken a course which would make it impossible for him to keep his promise. Even had he known it, he might still have felt justified in assuming that where Howe went Washington would go also, and such an assumption would not only have been justified by the general practice of eighteenth-century war, but also in the event by what Washington actually did.

Therefore to Burgoyne his course was clear. He could not long remain where he was, for even in the height of the season it was only with the greatest labor that his supplies

could reach him from Canada, and to have Lake Champlain freeze in an early cold snap might mean actual starvation. Even could he have fed his troops, he could not have sheltered them against the savage cold of the winter. Should he retreat the rebels would then be able to unite their forces in front of Howe, who might then fail of decisive success exactly as in the year before.

Moreover, Burgoyne's British troops had so far been everywhere successful, even in forest fighting; and his own presence, together with that of Riedesel, could be counted upon to prevent repetition of the German sluggishness and folly which had lost Bennington. There was before him no position which compared in strength with Ticonderoga. He himself had seen with his own eyes the rebel errors there and the confusion of St. Clair's retreat. Of the stubborn fighting at Hubbardton and Fort Anne, together with Stark's skillful dispositions at Bennington, he had heard only from others. As he neared Albany his chance of open ground for fighting would increase. St. Leger's force might perhaps be counted upon to advance across Lake Champlain and help keep open his line of retreat.

In addition, all his own habit of mind and experience of life disposed him to be bold. He was naturally sanguine. He was a cavalryman. In Portugal he had gained the great success of his life by means of dash, and it had been this quality in him, in contrast with the slowness of Gage and Howe, which had commended him to Germaine. After his undistinguished, perhaps shameful, birth and his years of poverty and retirement, the brilliance of his middle life had probably gone to his head a little and made him believe in his luck. Most important of all he was a confirmed and generally a fortunate gambler.

Finally, the immediate personal and selfish interest of this cavalryman were in favor of an advance. Should he tamely retreat he would be tarred with the same brush as the other British commanders in America. It had been sluggishness that had displaced Gage, had already raised angry murmurs against Howe, and had cost Carleton the command of Burgoyne's own army. Burgoyne was an ambitious man who could become a great one only by some striking success.

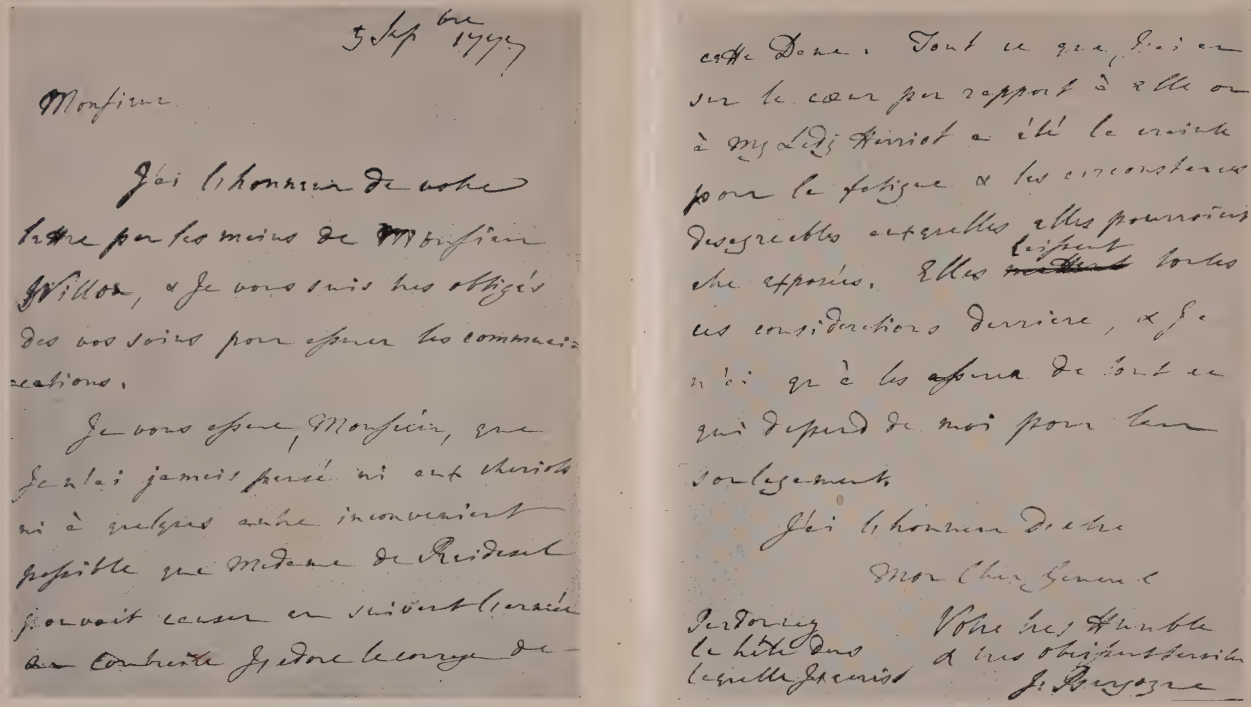
Nevertheless, while we must allow in some measure for an element of undue self-interest in Burgoyne's decision to cross the Hudson and advance, I repeat that that decision in itself was that of a brave man and a zealous soldier.

The little Baroness Riedesel had Burgoyne's leave to follow the army; the courteous letter in which Burgoyne had given permission is still preserved. She and her three little baby girls, with her two maidservants, travelled in a specially built coach; a faithful old soldier-servant of Riedesel's beside the driver on the box. Lady Harriet Acland also, with child though she was, had refused to be parted from her husband. Several other officers' wives were also to go forward with the troops.

In the second week of September, Burgoyne began concentrating toward his front. Of all the posts south of Ticonderoga only two were to be held, Diamond Island in Lake George, which was garrisoned with two companies of the 47th under Captain Aubrey, and Fort George itself with two more companies of that regiment.

On September 13 the British troops — Fraser's corps, and the 9th, 20th, 21st, and 62d regiments, together with the remaining six companies of the 47th, which were detailed as guard for the bateaux — all crossed the Hudson on a long bridge of boats about three quarters of a mile above the mouth of the Battenkill and camped on the western bank. For a day the greater part of the Germans remained east of the river and the country roundabout was so close and bushy that Burgoyne, fearing a surprise attack against his divided army, threw out strong outposts and even pushed caution so far as to begin entrenching as he had done on Lake Champlain and at Skenesboro. But on the 15th the Germans also crossed and the march southward was begun. With colors flying and drums beating the whole army defiled past their general, their arms flashing in the sunlight of a beautiful autumn day. So high were their spirits that Burgoyne himself, catching the infection, was moved to the folly of a boast; 'Britons never retreat.'

To have left a guard over the bridge would have too much weakened the army, and, moreover, the boats which composed it were needed for transport. Accordingly, as soon as



5 Sep^bre 1777

Monsieur

J'ai l'honneur de votre lettre par les mains de Monsieur Willon, & je vous suis très obligés des vos soins pour assurer les communications.

Je vous assure, Monsieur, que je n'ai jamais pensé ni aux chariots ni à quelques autre inconvenient possible que Madame de Riedesel pouvait causer en suivant l'armée au contraire j'adore le courage de cette Dame. Tout ce que j'ai eu sur le cœur par rapport à elle ou à Mr Ledg Harriot a été la crainte pour la fatigue & les circonstances desagreables auxquelles elles pourroient être exposées. Elles laissent toutes ces considerations derriere, & je n'ai qu'à les assurer de tout ce qui depend de moi pour leur soulagement.

J'ai l'honneur d'etre

Mon Cher General

Votre tres Humble & tres obeissant serviteur

J. Burgoyne

Pardonnez la hâte dans laquelle j'ai ecrit

BURGOYNE'S LETTER AUTHORIZING BARONESS RIEDESEL TO FOLLOW THE ARMY

the last units had crossed over, the bridge was broken up. The long and slender thread of the toilsome communications with Canada was snapped and the army went forward alone like a ship launching out upon the sea.

CHAPTER X

THE DEADLOCK

This chapter will cover nineteen days from September 15 to October 3. It will concern itself with Burgoyne's march to the neighborhood of Gates' position, with the partial and indecisive but bitterly fought meeting engagement of September 19, and with Burgoyne's decision to entrench and stand where he was. It will then show how, during the seventeen days' deadlock which lasted until October 7, various factors and particularly the increase in Gates' numbers made Burgoyne's position less and less favorable.

The road which ran before Burgoyne down the west bank of the Hudson, although unmetalled, was a better highway than any he had yet found during the campaign. Had it been possible for the army to advance along it in single column, fair speed could have been made; for although the rebels had broken down the bridges across the creeks tributary to the river on the west, still these last were nowhere long enough to make their replacement difficult. As matters stood, however, speed was out of the question, for the river meadows through which the road ran, hardly ever more than a quarter of a mile broad, were everywhere overlooked by a steep wooded bluff, rising a hundred feet above the stream. For troops to be caught in column of route is bad enough at best. For Burgoyne to have marched along the meadows leaving the wooded heights to the rebels would have been to give them the chance of breaking his column by a sudden attack in flank which would have pinned his divided army against the river. Accordingly the order of march must be such as would permit combat front to be made at once to the right in case of attack, and the pace must be slow so that the march formation might be exactly observed. All told, therefore, an advance of not quite three miles was made on the 15th. For the night the army camped at Dovecote, now Coveville, on the ground occupied the night before by a rebel outpost several hundred strong.

Since crossing the river the invaders had seen nothing of

their enemy. The improvement in rebel morale, and especially the desertion of most of the Indians, who had been the eyes of the army, made distant reconnaissance impossible. Burgoyne, therefore, had no definite idea whatsoever of the position and movements of Gates. When on the morning of the 16th the American reveille drums were plainly heard, he decided to halt for the day. Meanwhile he would reconnoitre forward cautiously and in force, at the same time working to improve the communications in his front.

During the night an accident had come near costing the army the services of Major Acland, the commander of the grenadiers. While he was sleeping in the same tent with his wife, Lady Harriet Acland, who was far gone with child, a pet dog set the tent afire by upsetting a candle, and the major was severely burned while looking for Lady Harriet, not seeing that she had crawled out on the opposite side of the tent.

On Wednesday, the 17th, starting in a leisurely fashion no earlier than ten o'clock, Burgoyne again moved slowly forward for another three miles, camping for the night with headquarters in a house known as Sword's house. From Sword's a wagon track led westward up from the river and across the wooded plateau, sending out a southward fork from a point about a mile and a half from the river-bank. Near this fork the remaining auxiliaries and the British light infantry were posted. The Germans camped in the river meadows and along the edge of the bluff. The six companies of the 47th British Regiment, permanently detailed as guard for the bateaux, halted in their rear. The remainder of the British troops were strung out along the wood road from the crest of the river bluffs to the neighborhood of the fork. Near the wagon track the woods were somewhat thinner than usual and occasional clearings gave a field of fire in case of attack.

By contrast with Burgoyne's ignorance of Gates' position, the latter was well informed of the advance of the invasion. On the 18th, Burgoyne, having halted for the day and contented himself with sending out parties to repair the small bridges broken down by the Americans, Gates sent out Arnold with several regiments to skirmish. Arnold came in sight of the enemy, but in such close country even that fiery

spirit saw no chance of delivering a successful stroke. A single small incident, however, did something to depress the morale of the invaders. A party of British, including some women, while gathering potatoes were surprised by a larger number of Americans. The potato gatherers could easily have been taken prisoners, and under the conventions of European warfare this would have been done. The American levies, on the contrary, seem to have believed that making war meant killing the enemy, and kill them they did.

At this point the reader must understand in some detail the terrain on which the actions of the next three weeks were to take place.

At Sword's house, Burgoyne was less than four miles from the American position. The last chapter has already told the reader of Gates' advance from the mouth of the Mohawk to Stillwater and from Stillwater to Bemis Heights, where a westward bend of the river ran close under the bluffs. At Bemis Heights (so called from a tavern kept by a man of that name) a wagon track climbed the bluff in a northwestward direction. About a mile from the road and river this track divided, one fork continuing a little north of west, while the other climbed a swell of land marked by the house of a farmer named Neilson and continued on in a general direction northward. Almost a mile north of the Neilson house the northward wagon track made an elbow to the westward in order to avoid the deeper part of a ravine carved by a brook known as Mill Creek which here flowed from west to east. About a mile east of the crossing, Mill Creek (whose ravine was by this time a formidable affair) turned and flowed almost due south to the Hudson. About a mile and a half southward from Sword's house the river road crossed a brook running from northwest to southeast into the Hudson through another deep and abrupt ravine, almost a little canyon, whose importance as an obstacle so impressed the invaders that they called it 'the Great Ravine.' At its mouth the river meadows were narrowed by a westward bend of the Hudson like that at Bemis Tavern, some two and a half miles south.

The other accidents of terrain which played a part in the operations are easily located with reference to the foregoing main features. The reader will find certain other details, and

especially those connected with the present appearance of the ground, in the appendix on 'The Localities of the Campaign.' As to the Revolutionary roads, let it here suffice that the main river road then followed closely the bank of the river itself and that several wood roads, or rather wagon tracks, not always following the trace of their present-day successors, connected Sword's house and the mouth of the Great Ravine with the road running northward extending past the Neilson house. North of Mill Creek this last crude road ran farther to the westward than does its successor, the State road, to-day.

In 1777 the alluvial bottom lands along the river were already clear of trees and for the most part under cultivation. The bluffs, on the other hand, and the plateau were covered with woods of pine, oak, and maple, broken only here and there by clearings whose owners had for the most part fled from their cabins at the approach of the invasion. Back from the river it was only in those clearings that the regular formation of European soldiers was possible. On the higher grounds the soil was sandy. In the ravines it was a sticky clay. Even so early in the autumn these ravines were dank and cold at night, and in the early mornings the whole countryside was covered with a thick mist that made it hopeless to try to coördinate troop movements before it lifted.

On taking up the Bemis Heights position Gates and Kosciusko had begun by blocking the river road. They had next dug trenches and built log breastworks northward along the edge of the bluffs; then northwestward, following the accidents of ground so as to include the Neilson house on its commanding knoll, and thence southward again. The redoubt in the angle by the Neilson house was called Fort Neilson. The work of entrenchment had been pushed with the usual vigor of Revolutionary Americans and the earth and log breastworks reënforced with closed redoubts for artillery. Along its actual trace the main line of resistance was two miles long, but, since the centre and most of the right were hard to approach, the actual distance to be defended was far shorter. In front of Fort Neilson, the most exposed point, a beginning had been made in clearing the ground. Some of the trees were still standing, although

girdled and dead. The trunks of others had fallen and lay every which way among the stumps.

The rebel army thus strongly posted numbered over six thousand effective rank and file. They may have been but little above that figure, and again they may have amounted to about seven thousand. The troops were encouraged by the successes of August and by their own advance toward the enemy. Especially Arnold was as usual full of fight — and no wonder, for had he not by the mere terror of his name just sent St. Leger's Indians and St. Leger himself flying headlong from before Stanwix?

The spirits of the men were not even depressed by a grotesque incident — farcical to the historian — which might have discouraged troops of longer service than those of Gates. On the 18th, Stark, the victor of Bennington, and his independent brigade of New Hampshire militia arrived in camp early in the morning, only to leave about noon! The reader will remember from the last chapter how these men had done nothing for a month but sit still in camp near Bennington and rest on their laurels. But if this idleness of theirs is chargeable chiefly to their commander, in the present instance the fault was inherent in the system — perhaps politically necessary — of enlisting militia for short terms. The New Hampshire men had engaged themselves for only two months. Whether because of the deliberate slowness with which Stark brought them on or from whatever cause, they reached Gates' camp on the very day their term of service expired. Contact had already been established with Burgoyne's advance and a general action was to be expected at any moment. Had Stark's men possessed a spark of professional military honor, they would have stayed to fight, and naturally every effort was made by Gates and his officers to persuade them to do so. Instead they insisted upon the letter of their bond and to a man marched out of camp so shortly before the impending action that it was thought that the sound of its musketry must have come to them as they trudged homeward!

It would, of course, be unjust to blame these militiamen too much. They had already once fought and conquered at Bennington. For the most part it had been an easy victory over an enemy quick to surrender by droves, but neverthe-

less they had much reason to feel that they had done good service and were now entitled to go home. The fault lay with the militia system itself.

In Burgoyne's camp the morale of his auxiliaries, reduced as they now were to about eight hundred, was not what it was, but his fifty-five hundred-odd regulars were well in hand and in good spirits. In particular his British redcoats exaggerated their own just pride of soldiership into an undue and unwise contempt for the rebels. It was to them unthinkable that British regiments famous on so many European fields could fail to defeat the homespun rebel levies.

In order to reach Albany, Burgoyne must beat Gates. The commander of the invasion was therefore compelled to attack. His difficulty in doing so was his ignorance of his enemies' position. He knew in a general way that the rebels were somewhere close in his front, and probably knew or assumed that they were entrenched. But of their numbers and exact position he seems to have known no more than when he had crossed the Hudson; that is, nothing at all. Later, when, on his defense in London, he claimed to have reconnoitred the roads before him only so far as the 'passage of' the Great Ravine. Even to-day, after the deforestation of a century and a half, no part of Gates' position can be seen from anywhere within half a mile southward of this ravine. In the woods of 1777 no distant views whatsoever could be had. Even to-day in the river meadows and along the edge of the bluff, one must push well over a mile to the south of the Great Ravine before the ground held by the defending force comes into view.

In order to accomplish his purpose, Burgoyne was therefore compelled to march southward until he struck his enemy, and all the time he must dispose his troops so that they might resist effectively should that enemy seize the initiative and in his turn advance and attack them as they went forward. It remained for him, as he made up his mind at Sword's house on September 18, only to determine how he should attempt this necessary task.

In his situation one would have expected him to move straight down the river road, timing his march on that of a considerable body of his best troops who should work slowly along the edge of the bluff, covered in their turn in front and

on their exposed right (western) flank by the auxiliaries. Such a movement would have been slow, but not much slower than thrusting out troops along the winding wood roads farther west. Moreover, he had deliberately sacrificed speed by dragging with him so considerable a weight of guns. To have followed the river as closely as possible, while it would have brought him up against the strongest part of Gates' position, would at the same time have not only permitted him to use these heavy guns against the defenders' trenches, but would also have kept his whole force together within supporting distance.

Instead he chose to divide his army. The six companies of the 47th British Regiment he had already permanently assigned as guard for the bateaux. The Hesse-Hanau infantry regiment he would leave behind as baggage guard. Heavy baggage guards from the other units seem also to have been left behind. The German advanced corps under Breymann he would add for the time being to Fraser's command.

Of his striking force he would make no less than three columns of which that on the left, under Riedesel, included no more than the three remaining German infantry regiments — from eleven to twelve hundred effective rank and file, together with the heavy and reserve artillery of the army. These troops, and these troops only, were to advance along the river road. Phillips was also to accompany them.

With the rest of his army Burgoyne proposed to attempt the difficult task of advancing through the woods. The reader has already been told that about a mile and a half from the river the wood road leading westward from Sword's house threw out a southern fork. Along this southern fork Brigadier-General Hamilton was to lead the four regiments collectively known as the 'British Line'; the 9th, 21st, 62d, and 20th, in the order named. Burgoyne himself would accompany this centre column, which numbered a little over eleven hundred effective infantry rank and file. Fraser, with the British advanced corps, composed of the grenadier battalion, the light infantry battalion, and the 24th Regiment, together with Breymann's German advanced corps and practically all the auxiliaries, was to follow the right or westward limb of the wood road for about a mile and a half beyond the fork. Since this right-hand column

comprised in infantry rank and file over nine hundred British, about five hundred Germans, and the eight hundred irregulars, it was considerably the strongest of the three.

A brigade of light artillery accompanied each of the three columns, that with Riedesel being composed of Pausch's Hesse-Hanau gunners armed with six six-pounders and two threes, that with Hamilton being British with four or perhaps six sixes and threes, and that with Fraser, British with four sixes and four three-pounders.

Burgoyne probably knew that a mile and a half along the western fork of the wood road Fraser would find some cultivated fields through which he could work southward, and it was probably understood that the latter would do so. Also it may have been understood that Burgoyne and Hamilton, after crossing the Great Ravine, were to work to the westward so as to approach more closely Fraser's zone of advance. Owing to the difficulty of coördinating detached movements in woods, a gun was to be fired as a signal for the columns to move out. When the centre column had crossed the Great Ravine, it was to halt so that Fraser might have time to make his circuit and get into position and that Riedesel might repair certain small bridges broken down by the Americans in his front. When it should be judged by Burgoyne in the centre that the flank columns were in a position to advance, three signal guns were to be fired to let the wings know that the centre was about to move forward again.

What was next to be done — if the Americans did not come out and attack one or more of the advancing columns — we do not know. Perhaps it was understood that all three columns would go forward until they struck the American position. Perhaps they were merely to take up a position south of the Great Ravine and halt until the enemy had been further reconnoitred.

In either case the plan was thoroughly bad. It risked a division of force. It committed the British — Burgoyne's best troops — to the woods in two detachments almost certain to get out of touch with each other. All of which meant that its author was committing one of the worst errors possible to a general, that of despising his enemy. Only on the supposition that nothing was to be feared from the Ameri-

cans could this parcelling out of the available troops be justified. Moreover, even had the rebels deserved such typically insular contempt, still it is hard to see what could have been gained by so wide a turning movement which would not also have been accomplished by a concentrated advance straight down the river road and along the edge of the bluffs. Such unwisdom invited disaster and in the event almost achieved it.

On the night between the 18th and the 19th of September the invaders were aroused to stand to before daybreak for fear of an American surprise attack. The day dawned coldly, and even after the fog had lifted and the morning showed itself clear and fine, still every leaf and grass blade sparkled with white hoar frost. The preparations for the attack were made in the usual leisurely way, the signal gun being fired as late as eleven o'clock. The grandeur of its echoes, rolling among the hills as the columns moved out, sank deep in the minds of the men who heard it.

The three columns had no sooner started than they lost sight of one another, and in a few moments were completely out of touch. All three, however, succeeded in crossing the Great Ravine separately and unopposed.

Having crossed the Ravine, the centre column found itself upon a wagon track running east and west. To the southward extended a plateau on which the pinewood was thinner than that through which they had been marching, but over it no track led forward. Whether by prearrangement or not, Burgoyne chose to turn to the westward. The new direction led them up a steep draw draining into the Great Ravine, then along the flat and densely wooded strip of tableland which forms the watershed between the Great Ravine and the North Branch. After marching about half a mile they halted. Some five hundred yards to the southward across the North Branch their patrols came upon an abandoned clearing. A picket was posted in the empty cabin on its knoll. In the woods the main body formed in line to their left and stood so facing southward, waiting to give the flank columns time to get into position.

Early in the morning Gates had sent a reconnoitring party northward on the east bank of the river. These men by

climbing trees had seen the bustle in Burgoyne's camp preparatory to his advance, then the striking of most of his tents, and finally his forward movement — at least that of his left column. At the same time they saw either the movement of troops up the slope west of Sword's house, or later (from some point opposite the mouth of the Great Ravine) made out something of the advance of the centre column as well.

The report of this eastward patrol made it clear that Burgoyne had divided his force and was advancing. As surely as the commander of the invasion was compelled to attack, so surely was it Gates' business as chief of the defense to postpone the issue and gain time. There was everything to be said for a waiting game, for in spite of Stark's desertion American numbers were likely to increase. Lincoln was attacking Ticonderoga and the British posts on Lake George, and whatever the result of these movements the greater part of his force would soon join. Furthermore, the defenders clearly understood that their enemy, having cut his communications, could hardly expect reënforcement and must as time went on find himself increasingly short of supplies. Accordingly it was well understood in the American camp that to gain time was wise.

The question for the defenders to decide was what policy might best serve this end. Had Gates been left to himself, he would have awaited the attack behind his breastworks. Indeed, it is an axiom of war that whoever wishes to postpone a decision will do well to stall off his enemy by entrenchment.

In the present case, however, special factors came in to modify the axiom. These factors were vehemently set forth by Arnold, who maintained that the dangers of standing still were greater than those of sending forward detachments to meet Burgoyne's advance. In the woods neither Burgoyne's great weight of artillery nor the close-order volleys of his regulars could be used, while the marksmanship and individual fighting of the Americans would come into play. To let him approach the camp unopposed was to give him the chance of bringing his heavy guns to bear. If with the aid of those guns the camp were to be stormed, it might then be hard to rally the army; whereas, even if they were beaten

in an engagement in the woods, they would still have the defenses of the camp behind which to reform.

It was therefore agreed that Morgan, with his riflemen and Dearborn's picked light infantry, should march out and meet the enemy and be supported from the American left wing, which was Arnold's command. Morgan accordingly moved out along the wagon track northward from the Neilson house, presently dividing his force into separate bodies at a considerable distance from one another so as to comb the woods widely in order to locate the advancing enemy.

The first phase of the action was the chance collision between Morgan on the one side and Burgoyne's centre and right columns on the other.

Not quite a mile and a half north of the Neilson house a sort of promontory, more than two hundred feet above the level of the Hudson, rises above the first shelf of the level plateau extending eastward to the bluffs overlooking the river. On the south side of this promontory the ground slopes down to the ravine carved out by Mill Creek; on the north and east it is marked out by a tributary of the former stream known as the 'North Branch.' About twelve or fifteen acres of the summit and of the lower shelf of the plateau to the eastward had been cleared by a farmer by the name of Freeman, whose empty log cabin stood among the weeds of his abandoned farm. From east to west the clearing was not quite three hundred and fifty yards across.

During the halt of Burgoyne's centre column it was this cabin which had been occupied by its advanced guard. With them one of Morgan's detachments, obliquing through the woods east of the wagon track, established contact about a quarter to one. In the closely wooded country the entire forces of the two armies had been within four miles of each other for hours without so much as exchanging a shot between outposts.

The first fire settled the fate of the British picket. Every officer with the detachment and many of their men fell dead or wounded by the deadly rifles. Indeed the very completeness of the little success came near bringing about a corresponding check still more severe; for Morgan's advanced elements, rushing forward eagerly in pursuit of the survivors, ran straight upon the main body of the British line. In the

face of such overwhelming numbers the riflemen scattered every which way through the woods.

Morgan himself was in his habitual place a little in the rear of the centre, and indeed this is the only proper station for the commander of a force widely deployed as skirmishers; particularly in close country, for there only can messages reach him and can he himself best keep in touch with the greater part of his command. Whereas, if he mingles with the firing line he becomes impossible to find and can influence only the individuals immediately on his right and left.

For the moment, however, the situation was beyond control. Wilkinson, who had ridden forward at the sound of the firing, found first Morgan's field officers, with small parties clustered about them, and each party ignorant as to where the colonel and the rest of the corps might be. Presently, however, as he rode through the woods he heard what was to him an odd sound and following it discovered it to be the note of a 'turkey call' — that is, an instrument used for decoying the wild turkey — in the hands of Morgan, who was accustomed to use it for rallying his men. Between sobs, typical both of the eighteenth century and of his own Welsh ancestry, Morgan told Wilkinson that his famous corps was ruined. The latter encouraged him by informing him of the whereabouts of his majors and then rode back for reënforcements. Presently Morgan began to see, one by one, and in little groups, the lean, tanned faces, coonskin caps, and fringed hunting shirts of his men as they rallied towards him.

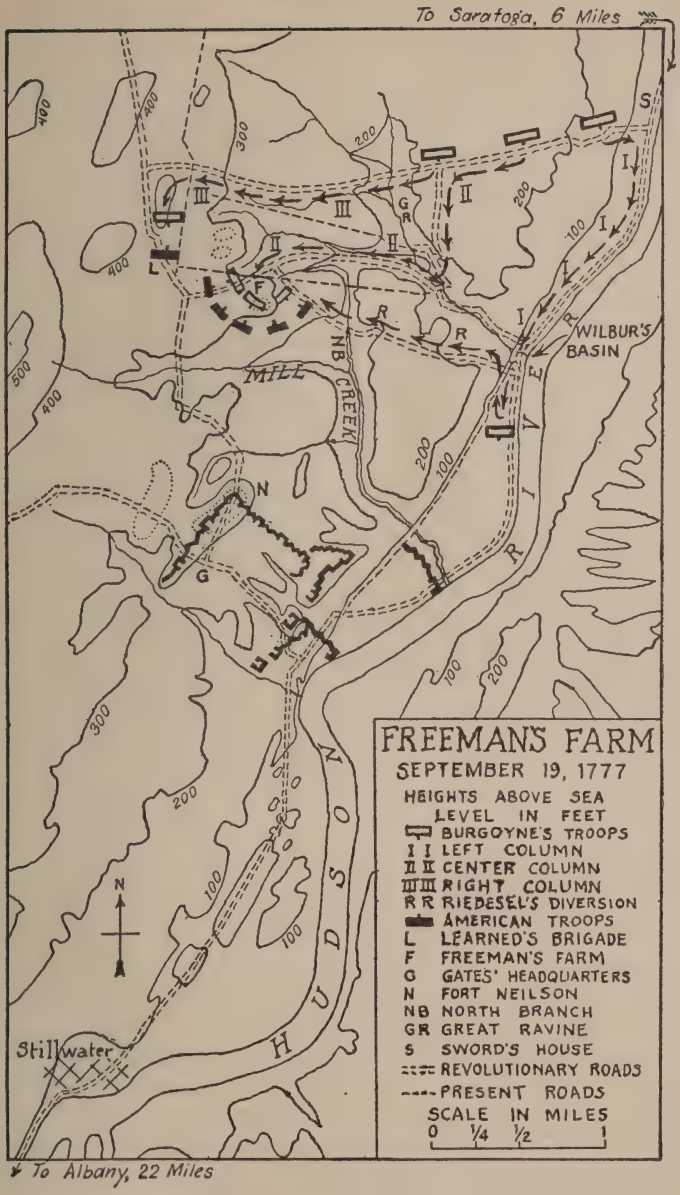
By the river-bank, a mile and a half away to the eastward, Phillips and Riedesel had heard the firing. The latter's Germans were halted while certain little bridges were repairing, and he promptly formed them to resist possible attack. The eager Phillips galloped off to investigate. Very reasonably fearing to go westward through the woods, he rode northward and then struck across to the line over which the centre column had advanced.

Burgoyne himself was not altogether pleased with the conduct of his own troops. When their picket came suddenly tumbling in upon them, they had begun to fire without orders, and so wildly as to kill several of their own fugitives.

Nevertheless he had the three signal guns fired and he prepared to advance. The 9th he would hold back in reserve. His other three regiments he moved forward (probably in line of columns) across the North Branch and its ravine, then southwestward up the steep slope toward Freeman's farm. During the approach march a cannon shot was fired through the Freeman cabin where the skirmish with Morgan had begun. It was now empty, so that the three regiments reached it without opposition. Burgoyne, seizing the opportunity offered him by the clearing, formed them in line near its northern edge, the 21st on the right, the 62d in the centre, and the 20th on the left. It was now about one o'clock.

The second phase of the action was the encounter between Burgoyne's centre column and Morgan, together with the American regiments — at first two in number and afterwards increased to seven — sent out one by one to support him. The first two of these regiments ordered out were both of New Hampshire Continentals, one of them the 1st New Hampshire under Colonel Cilley. Morgan having formed his line in the woods along the southern end of the clearing, under Arnold's orders, the newcomers took position on the riflemen's left. With Morgan they opened fire upon the admirable target presented by the British, who were standing shoulder to shoulder in line and fully exposed in the clearing. These last, suffering severely from the American marksmanship, and unable to fire effectively at their opponents in the woods to the south, drifted back across the clearing. On reaching the shelter of the woods at its northern edge, however, they quickly rallied and drove back the Americans who had advanced across the open ground. Still more American regiments now began to arrive and continued to extend the line on its left flank.

For three or four hours the fight in the clearing swayed back and forth, the Americans superior in numbers and marksmanship, the British in discipline and in the possession of artillery. At intervals there would be a lull, then firing would spring up again. Neither side could push home a temporary advantage, because neither side could hope to stand in the open exposed to the fire of an enemy sheltered by the woods and brush. Meanwhile the British were suffering more severely than the Americans. Since the eastern


To Saratoga, 6 Miles
WILBUR'S BASIN
MILL CREEK
NB
HUDSON RIVER
Stillwater
To Albany, 22 Miles
FREEMAN'S FARM
SEPTEMBER 19, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
BURGOYNE'S TROOPS
I I LEFT COLUMN
II II CENTER COLUMN
III III RIGHT COLUMN
R R RIEDESEL'S DIVERSION
AMERICAN TROOPS
L LEARNED'S BRIGADE
F FREEMAN'S FARM
G GATES' HEADQUARTERS
N FORT NEILSON
NB NORTH BRANCH
GR GREAT RAVINE
S SWORD'S HOUSE
REVOLUTIONARY ROADS
PRESENT ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2 1

flank of both sides was covered by the lower part of the North Branch Ravine (there possessed not only of deep sides but also of a swampy bottom), each fresh American unit as it came on the field prolonged their comrades' line more and more to the west. To meet this enveloping movement the 21st Regiment on the right was compelled to face more and more to its right — that is, to the westward. Thus the 62d in the centre found itself in a salient exposed to fire from both flanks. Some of the riflemen climbed trees, the better to pick off the British officers. The British had an advantage in their guns, for the Americans had no cannon with which to answer them; but so persistently did the American marksmen make targets of the British artillerymen that the latter were almost wiped out, and again and again the guns were taken. Then, however, since the Americans had neither linstocks to fire them nor horses to drag them away, they were each time retaken by the next disciplined rush of the redcoats, and once more turned against their recent captors.

The British regiments upheld the great tradition of their service. Again and again they charged with the bayonet, but each time — what with the thick woods and the heavy, well-directed American fire — failed to break the elastic swarm of rebels in their front. The rebels too were doing well. Although some of them were homespun militia, the greater part were Continental units, a number of whose men were in their third year of service. Moreover, they had the luck to be fighting in woods.

As far as Burgoyne and the centre column were concerned, God knew where Fraser was. Had he appeared and put in vigorously he might have enveloped the American left. As it was, after taking a few prisoners from one of Morgan's parties during the first phase of the action in the centre, he stood fast in the woods on some rising ground, and even withdrew some of his outposts slightly when certain American detachments came sifting in through the woods and fired upon them.

Once the hard-pressed 62d almost broke. A partial bayonet charge pushed far beyond support had left perhaps twenty-five of those who had made it prisoners. For the moment Phillips was able to save the situation. In person

he led the 20th into the woods east of the clearing, recklessly exposing himself in order to inspirit the men, and by this movement lightened the pressure upon the 62d sufficiently to permit its remnant to reform. Burgoyne also exposed himself gallantly from time to time.

Nevertheless the situation was becoming desperate. The British guns were silent, having shot away all their ammunition. Every one of the artillery officers was dead or wounded, save only Hadden, the diarist, who had escaped by a few inches a rebel bullet that had pierced his cap. One of Burgoyne's aides, Captain Green, conspicuous because of a gorgeous laced saddle cloth with which he had adorned his horse, had been badly wounded: whereat the rebels, seeing so elegant an enemy fall, were encouraged to believe that they had hit Burgoyne himself. It began to look as if the battered centre column, unsupported from the wings, might go under. The three regiments engaged were being fearfully mauled and the American pressure was becoming more and more threatening. Defeat began to seem certain and disaster only too probable.

The day was saved for Burgoyne by the arrival of Riedesel whose intervention constitutes the third and last phase of the action.

As early as two o'clock an officer from the centre column had appeared among the Germans by the river-bank with the message that a general action was imminent. When the messenger had ridden back to Burgoyne, taking with him four guns to support the centre, Riedesel had sent one of his own aides with him. About five o'clock this aide had returned with orders from Burgoyne. Riedesel was to leave a part of the left column to hold the river road and stand on the defensive against a possible rebel attack there; while with the rest of his command he was to march westward as fast as he could and strike the right (eastern) flank of the rebels engaged with the centre column.

As yet the left column had hardly seen an enemy. Certain Indians had come scuttling in through the woods with the report that considerable rebel detachments close by were advancing as if for an attack. But in the event the only enemy who had appeared had been mere patrols who had contented themselves with killing the horse of a dragoon on

sentry duty. For his westward thrust Riedesel chose the infantry regiment known by his own name, together with two companies (two fifths) of the Rhetz regiment. This would give him about five hundred infantry rank and file. He would take also two six-pounders under the stout old veteran Captain Pausch.

The movement involved risk. When Riedesel and the troops with him should have moved off, there would be left by the river covering the all-important bateaux and supply train only Specht's regiment, three fifths of the Rhetz regiment, and probably the six companies of the 47th British. These last must have numbered about two hundred and fifty rank and file. They may have remained near Sword's house, as did the Hesse-Hanau infantry in their capacity of baggage guard, and without them Brigadier-General Specht, whom Riedesel was leaving in command at the river, can hardly have had more than six hundred. Should the rebels attack in force, they might sweep the river road and take or destroy the stores. Burgoyne's whole army, which he had thrust out so boldly across the Hudson and so deep into the enemy's country, would then be jeopardized. Between that army and starvation there was only the stock of food so laboriously dragged over the watershed between the Lakes and the Hudson. Nevertheless, in the face of Burgoyne's order Riedesel was compelled to take the chance. Moreover, the Brunswicker must have been encouraged at having as yet seen nothing of the enemy, and certainly both he and his men were keen to smell powder.

Already Riedesel had taken the obvious and necessary step of occupying the heights overlooking the position at which he had halted. Like a wise commander he had also sent out a number of patrols, who had informed him of a wagon track starting just south of the gorge of the Great Ravine, up the southern shoulder of that ravine, and then across the plateau. Along this track he could march straight toward the firing.

On gaining the plateau, Riedesel saw at once that the white sandy track before him led through a pinewood thinner and more open than most of the near-by woods. Accordingly he could safely make greater speed along it than would have been prudent in closer country. He therefore pushed on his

detachment vigorously, the two companies of the Rhetz regiment being thrust forward as an advanced guard, drums beating and the men in their ragged uniforms repeatedly shouting their deep-toned German 'Hurrah!'

The reader will remember how at Hubbardton Riedesel himself had outstripped his men. Always the prospect of battle caught up this fat major-general of forty into the eagerness of his hot cavalryman's youth. On this occasion he was up with his own advanced party, and having accomplished perhaps a mile and a half, reached a lump of land from which he could look westward across the formidable lower ravine of the North Branch and see before and above him, perhaps half a mile away, the bloody clearing of Freeman's farm.

He was none too soon. With admirable discipline and fighting spirit the three battered British regiments were still holding the hill. Riedesel saw them standing among heaps of their own dead and wounded. Their remnant, however, was now so weak that every moment the German feared to see them captured or wiped out. Taking in the situation at a glance and without waiting for his own regiment and Pausch's guns to come up, he sent forward at the double the two companies of the Rhetz regiment which formed his advanced guard. These two companies he ordered to cheer and their drums to beat louder than ever. Presently they halted and deployed, and their steady volleys began to crash against the outer flank of the advancing Americans.

Whether from tactical ignorance or from a belief that their right was amply covered by the deep ravine with its marshy bottom, the rebels had thrown out neither patrols nor covering detachments on this their eastern flank. They were, accordingly, taken by surprise. Furthermore, since the strain of the prolonged engagement had long made volley firing impossible, the sound of the volleys delivered by Riedesel's two companies served notice on friend and foe alike that reënforcements for the British had arrived. The redcoats took heart and attempted another bayonet charge.

Meanwhile Riedesel had ordered Captain Pausch with his two six-pounders to join the English on the hill. The Hanauer, seeing on his right a little temporary bridge thrown across the North Branch by the centre column in their ad-

vance some hours before, used it to get his guns across the swampy bottom. As his pieces were laboring up the slope to the scene of action, the drag ropes were grasped by a delighted group of Englishmen, who hurried them along, officers and privates tugging and straining side by side. Once in position, Pausch opened with grape. Presently Riedesel's own regiment in its turn struggled across the swampy bottom of the ravine, then up through the thick brush which covered its farther slope, and came into action on the left of the German advanced guard. Riedesel himself left his troops and galloped forward to the Freeman cabin, where he found Burgoyne and Phillips. Thence he promptly sent back an order to his Brunswickers to join in a general advance of the allied force.

At this moment the Americans were without the dashing leadership of Arnold, who had ridden back to ask for reënforcements. In answer to his request Gates had ordered out a whole brigade, that of Learned. Gates and Arnold were for the moment listening together to the sound of the firing, Arnold sitting on a gray horse, when Colonel Morgan Lewis, Gates' quartermaster general, afterwards Governor of New York State, and still later a United States major-general, rode in and reported the action still undecided. Whereat the vehement Arnold exclaimed, 'By God! I'll soon put an end to it!' and spurred off at a gallop. Hardly had he done so, however, when Lewis said to Gates that the latter had better order him back, since the action was going well and Arnold by some rash act might do mischief. Gates, therefore, despatched Wilkinson, who overtook Arnold, and transmitted to him Gates' order to return to camp, which Arnold obeyed.

By recalling Arnold, Gates deprived the American troops engaged of command other than that of the leaders of units. Even as it was they did not at once give way before Burgoyne and Riedesel's counter-attack. For a moment their fire blazed up fiercely. Had Learned's brigade of over eight hundred effective rank and file been directed by Arnold, or indeed had any other superior officer, familiar with the ground and the precise position of the units engaged, been at hand to command them, their intervention might still have brought victory, for they outnumbered the Germans present

about two to one, and the British line were nearly fought out. Lacking such direction they went astray, and, instead of joining in the action against Burgoyne's centre column, they blundered against the outposts of Fraser, leaving their comrades in the centre unaided.

It was now dusk. Unsupported and without unity of command, the various American units were content to draw off, bringing with them their own wounded, and (at least so the British believed) a number of their dead as well. They had checked and savagely knocked about three regiments of the boasted British regulars, two of which (the 20th and the 21st) were among the crack units of that proud and justly renowned service. After some brisk firing the dusk also put an end to the engagement between Fraser and Learned without either having made an effort to close.

In the gathering darkness to follow the retreating rebels through the woods was out of the question. As it was, some of the British came near firing into a party of their own Germans — the worn blue coats of the latter being indistinguishable in the fading light from the rebel uniform. Burgoyne therefore gave the order to halt and bivouac for the night among the dead so thickly strewn in the trampled weeds of the Freeman clearing. All night the silence that followed the cessation of fire was broken only by the challenging of the sentries and the groans of the wounded. It was cold and damp, so that without shelter all those who lived suffered.

The action had been a confused and disjointed one. Had Gates kept in touch with Burgoyne's left column, he might, after Riedesel's departure, have crushed it, destroyed Burgoyne's stores, and thereby broken the invasion. On the other hand, Fraser with the élite of the British army had completely failed to make his weight felt.

Strategically — that is, with regard to its effect upon the campaign — the day amounted to an American success. It was true that tactically Burgoyne could claim a victory, since he now occupied the disputed ground. Indeed, with his sanguine temperament he wrote back on the 20th to Powell at Ticonderoga, 'We have had a smart and very honorable action, and are now encamped in front of the field, which must demonstrate our victory beyond the power

of even an American news-writer to explain away.' On the second day after the action, the 21st, his spirits had risen even higher, for we find him writing again to Powell. 'Had the action happened nearer the Hudson's river than it did, so that the left column, which moved near the shore, could have been brought into action early, not a man had escaped.' He was feeding himself upon illusions; even as he wrote he had already thrown away his best chance of ultimate victory.

Although at the time he did not know it and perhaps never knew it, had he attacked on the 20th he would have found the rebels ill prepared to receive him. Yet, when he wrote his first letter to Powell, he had already decided to put off his advance for a day, and when he wrote the second letter he had chosen to put it off altogether, and instead to throw up entrenchments and wait where he stood.

By virtue of Burgoyne's decision, since the rebels were playing for time the 19th of September profited them more than the invaders. The moral effect of the action was greatly in their favor. The farmer boys turned soldiers had met the dreaded regulars, and instead of being scattered like dust they had inflicted far more loss than they had endured. More, they had come close to annihilating their enemy and had at last drawn off unmolested.

Despite this moral effect, however, so ill supplied was Gates' army, and so loose and inefficient its organization, that had Burgoyne pressed forward on September 20 he might well have won.

On the night of September 19 the American camp was in confusion. Those who had fought during the day were worn out with their efforts and with the strain of the action. Moreover, they had been supplied with almost all the scanty stock of ammunition available for the entire army. This they had blazed away at the enemy. Less than forty rounds per man were left in the magazine. So haphazard was the organization of the improvised rebel force, calling itself the Northern Army of the United States, that on the morning of the 20th the units of the left wing had failed to draw even the little remaining in the ill-provided army reserve. Neither did the fact that there was no flour in camp tend to hearten either men or officers.

On the morning of the 20th the usual thick fog covered

everything, when about seven o'clock a British deserter appeared in the American camp. The man was from the battered 62d Regiment; his lips blackened with powder showed that he had not washed his face since 'uncapping cartridges with his teeth' — that is, biting the heads from the temporary paper cartridges so as to make them available for immediate use in action. He showed his full cartridge pouch to prove that Burgoyne had had fresh ammunition served out. He had slipped away, so he said, on pretext of relieving himself, and with every mark of fear he begged to be allowed to go free with a pass. 'For,' said he, 'the grenadiers will be upon you in fifteen minutes.'

Accordingly the American breastworks were manned and the usual speeches made to exhort the troops to stand firm. The strain of waiting was severe. Although the troops were encouraged with the degree of success obtained the day before, and although only Gates himself and a handful of officers knew how desperate was the want of ammunition, nevertheless the men of the left wing where the British attack was expected were thoroughly done up with their efforts of the day before. They could see well enough that no ammunition had been served to them. In addition they suffered from that other chronic weakness in the equipment of the American Revolutionary armies, the want of bayonets. Not one man in three had one, and for defending breastworks they were essential.

The dripping fog hid everything. As fog does always, it played its tricks with the imagination of the watchers. Some imagined that they could hear the enemy in movement. Others thought they could see his advance through the mist as they peered out over the irregular stumps and between the gaunt girdled trees. But when at last between eight and nine o'clock the fog lifted, leaving the morning still cloudy, cold and damp, no enemy was to be seen.

What had happened was this: Burgoyne, after fully intending to renew the attack, had changed his mind and decided to put it off for a day. The invading army, the men dragging their stiffened limbs heavily after the action and the cold night, had been formed for an advance under the same fog that had dripped down upon the anxious rebels behind their breastworks. When the fog should lift, Bur-

goyne proposed to move against the American left with the British grenadiers and light infantry in the forefront of the attack. According to the version usually followed — that of Wilkinson — it was Fraser, of all people, who persuaded his chief to delay. Seeing that his grenadiers and light infantry seemed played out, he suggested that a day's rest would put life in them. The curious part of this story is that neither grenadiers nor light infantry had been heavily engaged. On the other hand, Digby, himself a member of the advanced corps, says that both Phillips and Fraser were for attacking at once, and that it was Burgoyne himself who considered his field hospital too full of wounded and his magazines by the river too exposed to permit him to do so. At all events, the attack was called off for that day.

Notwithstanding the doubt as to details, the gist of the incident is obvious enough. Burgoyne and his Britishers had believed the rebels cowards, who would run. Instead of running, the despised enemy had fallen upon the centre column and cut it nearly to pieces. For the redcoats and for Burgoyne it was so rude an awakening that for the moment neither they nor their general were as full of fight as before.

Burgoyne still proposed to attack on Sunday the 21st. Through the Saturday the invaders buried their dead and counted up their losses. Nearly six hundred had been killed, wounded, or taken, and of these six hundred over three hundred and fifty were rank and file of the four infantry regiments of the centre column who had gone into action about eleven hundred strong. The 62d, which had suffered even more heavily than the others, had only about fifty or sixty effective rank and file left, less than a single company at full strength. Of the forty-eight artillerymen who had marched with the centre column, only twelve were alive and unwounded.

The Americans on their side had lost only three hundred and twenty killed, wounded, and missing.

To Anburey, the diarist, a young officer serving his first campaign, fell the gruesome task of commanding the party told off to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. He himself wrote that at least his burying party did its job more decently than some he had seen, inasmuch as this time

no heads, legs, or arms were left above ground. The dead soldiers were piled together in a single shallow hole; the officers, even in death, had the distinction of being buried by themselves. Three subalterns of the 20th were laid away together, of whom the eldest was only seventeen years old. The wounded had suffered fearfully, as much from cold and from the want of food and water as from their wounds. The sixteen-year-old Lieutenant Hervey, nephew to the Adjutant-General of the British army, mortally hit, consented to the surgeon's advice that he should kill himself by taking a powerful dose of opium in order to avoid lingering for hours in torture, and died like a Roman, saying with his last breath, 'Tell my uncle I died like a soldier.'

At three in the afternoon the invading army took up a new position, on the whole slightly nearer the river. The German troops of the left column and Hamilton's four British regiments extended in line across the plateau between the Hudson and the North Branch, the Germans on the left and Hamilton on the right. Of the British advanced corps the grenadiers stood in the cultivated fields on the first shelf of the plateau between the North Branch and the upper part of Mill Creek. The 24th Regiment prolonged the line of the grenadiers on the right, and all the foregoing units, including the Germans and Hamilton, faced south. The key to the position — that is, the Freeman clearing on its commanding height — was held by the British light infantry, and in their right rear was the German advanced corps under Breymann.

In the small hours before dawn of Sunday the 21st, a messenger arrived with the following letter from Sir Henry Clinton:

September 12

You know my good will and are not ignorant of my poverty. If you think 2000 men can assist you effectually, I will make a push at Montgomery in about ten days. But ever jealous of my flanks if they make a move in force on either of them I must return to save this important post. I expect reënforcement every day. Let me know what you would wish.

For Burgoyne these few lines changed altogether the aspect of the campaign. What additional oral (or, as the

United States Army prefers to say, 'verbal') information, if any, Clinton's messenger brought, we do not know. However, the reader will remember that from the beginning Burgoyne had thought of his own army as the auxiliary of Howe's larger force which was to have struck northward from New York up the Hudson. Now, even though he knew from Howe's letter of July 17 — the only word from the south which had reached him — that Howe himself planned to go not north but south to Pennsylvania, nevertheless he had also known before leaving England that the reënforcements awaited by Clinton had been scheduled to begin their westward voyage early in the season. He believed them to be considerable in number. Accordingly, Clinton's letter acted upon his mind almost like the breaking of a dam which permits water artificially restrained to rush down a well-worn channel. His sanguine spirit at once pictured Clinton closing in upon Albany from the south.

With our knowledge of the event, it is easy to blame Burgoyne altogether. Moreover, it is true that in his situation a less confirmed gambler, even ignorant as he was of the full extent of the enormous blunder which Howe and Germaine had jointly contrived, would have found in Clinton's letter good cause for being less hopeful. Indeed, even without Clinton's word 'poverty' and his low figure of two thousand men, a shrewder man than Burgoyne might well have reasoned that a vain fellow like Howe would hardly have diminished his own chances in Pennsylvania by leaving to Clinton in New York a force large enough to intervene effectively in favor of the army from Canada.

Writing to Clinton that an attack or even the threat of an attack upon the Highlands 'must be of great use,' Burgoyne decided to entrench and stand where he was. Later, when justifying himself he said that he had considered that should he retreat the rebels would then be free to fall upon Clinton and Howe with their whole strength. At the same time, now that at least some coöperation was assured, he judged it unwise to attack Gates before the latter began to feel Clinton's pressure. Besides these avowed reasons the man undoubtedly said to himself that Germaine wanted him to play a bold game, whereas anything like overcaution would cost him his chance to make his name. He had al-

ready taken the risk of crossing the Hudson. Since doing so he had discovered his enemy to be far more formidable than at first supposed. Nevertheless he would continue to hazard his army.

Already, so late was the season, here and there in the woods the leaves were beginning to turn.

Before blaming Burgoyne too much let us remind ourselves once again that in war great risks must often be run. Moreover, we shall see how near he came to success.

In consequence of their commander's decision, the army from Canada began entrenching the position they had taken up on the 20th. Including Breymann's post the main line of resistance was more than two miles long. Accordingly no attempt was made to hold continuous lines, especially on the right. Here was the most exposed part of the position, especially the angle at Freeman's farm in which stood the British light infantry under Balcarres, some of them facing south and others west. To preserve the communication between Balcarres' right rear and Breymann there was only a redoubt feebly garrisoned by the handful of spiritless Canadians. The bateaux and stores of the army were collected on the river-bank northward from the mouth of the Great Ravine. To cover them and serve as a sort of citadel of the whole position, three redoubts were begun, one known as the 'Great Redoubt' on the high northern shoulder of the Ravine itself, and the two others on the next two spurs of the bluff northward from that point.

On the 21st, within a few hours of Burgoyne's decision to halt until Clinton's operation against Gates' rear should develop, the invaders heard a great noise of cheering in the American camp, together with the firing of a salute of thirteen guns — one for each of the thirteen revolted colonies. A few days later, from a prisoner whom Gates had allowed to return expressly that he might tell them the reason for this rejoicing by their enemies, they learned that it had been in celebration of the considerable degree of success obtained by Lincoln's detachments in their dash at Ticonderoga.

Lincoln's move was based upon full and accurate information of the enemy. As he sat in Pawlet planning his

operation, he knew in the first place that Burgoyne was moving, not eastward against his own forces, but southward against Gates. In the second place, he knew that Powell at Ticonderoga had dispersed his garrison too widely for prudence, and was, moreover, off his guard. Accordingly, even though the wilderness between Pawlet and Ticonderoga made it impossible to send a column equipped and provisioned for a regular siege, Lincoln nevertheless decided to attempt a sudden surprise attack.

At Pawlet, Lincoln had two thousand men. Realizing that he himself was now too fat to command effectively an expedition which must make speed over wilderness trails, he would himself remain there with five hundred. The rest he would divide into three bodies of five hundred each under Colonels Woodbridge, Johnson, and John Brown. Woodbridge was to move on Skenesboro, which was already abandoned by the enemy, and thence southward by Fort Ann toward Fort Edward. Johnson was to make a diversion against Mount Independence in order to support Brown, whose move was to be the main attack of the three. Brown was to begin by attacking the landing at the foot of Lake George, where a large magazine of stores and a number of American prisoners were covered only by a small guard. After recapturing the prisoners and destroying the stores, he was to do what he could against the works west of the lake subject to Lincoln's caution that he was not to risk too much. At the same time Johnson, should occasion serve, was to transform his feint against Mount Independence into a real attack.

John Brown was from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a Yale man of the class of '71, now thirty-seven years old. He had been with Ethan Allen and Arnold when Ticonderoga was first taken from the British, and had served throughout most of the war in the Northern Department. He must have had insight into character, for in the winter of '76–77 he had written of Arnold, 'Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it he would sacrifice his country.'

Aided by Powell's faulty dispositions and shocking lack of vigilance, the first stage of Brown's attack was a brilliant success. Indeed, such an operation, savoring as it did of Indian warfare, was exactly the sort of thing the colonial

frontiersmen could do well. So nonchalant were Powell and his garrison that Brown's men were able to remain concealed for the better part of two days near enough to Mount Independence to see everything that went on, including the 'punishment' (probably by flogging) of a soldier on the evening of Wednesday, September 17. How they were able to provide themselves with boats is not clear, but they were able to slip across the lake that night. Outposts had already been thrown forward along the trails to serve as guides for the movement, giving three hoots of an owl from time to time as a signal to their advancing comrades.

Powell's land force consisted of the German regiment of Prince Frederick, which held Mount Independence, and the 53d British Regiment, west of the lake, together with some Canadians. He had also a detachment of sailors divided between the flotilla on Lake Champlain and the boats on Lake George. His regulars numbered about nine hundred rank and file. The 53d numbered four hundred and sixty-two rank and file, of whom two thirds occupied the French stone fort with perhaps a few parties in the old French lines, and the remaining third were scattered about in the block house at the sawmills on the outlet from Lake George, at the landing near the foot of that lake, and in a sergeant's guard on top of Mount Defiance.

At daybreak of Thursday, September 18, the Lake George landing was successfully rushed and shortly afterwards the post on Mount Defiance. At the block house covering the sawmills a British lieutenant made some resistance, but surrendered when he saw one of the captured cannon brought up and trained upon his post. Inasmuch as the block house was not provisioned, it must in any case have soon fallen to a blockade. At the old French lines no resistance was made. Meanwhile Johnson did not get up in time to reach Mount Independence before it was full day, and therefore contented himself with approaching the place and drawing its fire.

West of the lake, Brown now found himself master of everything but the French stone fort and, presumably, the grenadiers' battery. He had recaptured over a hundred American prisoners, so that he now had more than six hundred effectives, but, on the other hand, he was burdened with

nearly three hundred British and Canadian prisoners, and worst of all he had been able to seize only a small quantity of provisions. Accordingly, when he sent in a messenger with a white flag to the old French fort to demand its surrender, he knew very well that his move was principally bluff.

The old French fort was strong. Behind its massive stone and earthworks resistance could have been made for a considerable time even against a very numerous enemy well provisioned and fully equipped with siege artillery. Moreover, Powell with all his shortcomings as a commander was at least no coward. His answer to Brown's demand for surrender was brief and soldierly: 'The garrison entrusted to my care I shall defend to the last.'

Whereat Brown sent off his prisoners under a small guard, and he and Johnson cannonaded Mount Independence and the French fort for four days without other result than the burning of much powder by the garrison and the crews of the Lake Champlain flotilla in reply. A letter written by one of the British naval officers present makes great fun of the amount of firing done from the fortress at night quite blindly in the general direction of the besiegers, and in particular the thundering cannonade on the Mount Independence side when a stray cow happened to blunder into some crackling bushes in front of the works there. It is perhaps funny enough to be worth remembering that not even the cow was injured by the cannonade.

On the 22d, the day after the cow episode, Johnson and part of Brown's force retired eastward, while Brown himself, with about four hundred and twenty men, including officers, embarked in Lake George in some of the captured boats with the intention of attacking the chief British post on the lake at Diamond Island, some twenty-five miles south of Ticonderoga and three miles north of Fort George. On Diamond Island was a dépôt of stores guarded by two companies of the 47th British Regiment under a Captain Aubrey. Brown hoped to surprise the place at daybreak of the 23d, but lost the whole day on account of high winds on the lake which made it dangerous to go forward, and attacked only at nine o'clock on the morning of the 24th. By this time an American, who had been captured while in

the British service when the outposts of Ticonderoga were rushed and had then been released on parole, had managed to reach the island and warn Aubrey, who was therefore prepared to give Brown a warm reception. After a close cannonade, finding that the guns of his flotilla were no match for those of the enemy sheltered behind good breastworks, Brown retired to the east shore of Lake George, where he burnt his boats and returned through the woods by way of Skenesboro.

In spite of the successful resistance of the old French fort and of Diamond Island, the raid had at least accomplished its original purpose and had done enough to encourage Gates' army. Moreover, Brown had picked up the information that Burgoyne by this time had no more than four weeks' provisions left.

Between the time of Brown's departure from Pawlet and his return, Gates had been compelled to see the wisdom of the policy of concentrating all available forces in front of Burgoyne for which in August he had so severely criticized Schuyler, requesting rather than ordering Lincoln, as soon as the latter should have finished the operation already in hand — that is, the raid against Ticonderoga — to move down to the Hudson. On the 19th, the very day of his action with Burgoyne, Gates again wrote to Lincoln, this time that 'It is the opinion of all the generals that I have consulted with . . . that not one moment should be lost' in Lincoln's joining the main army. To which Lincoln very sensibly replied that, since the fate of Ticonderoga was still undetermined, he would assume that Gates did not mean the troops to be withdrawn from before it until a decision should be reached. The detachment which was to have gone to Skenesboro he had already recalled on receiving Gates' letter of the 17th. Lincoln himself reached Bemis Heights on the 22d, but the last of his two thousand militia from Pawlet, presumably Brown's command from Ticonderoga retreating from before Diamond Island, did not get up before the 29th, ten days after the action at Freeman's farm.

Both before and after being reënforced by Lincoln, Gates was not only delighted at Burgoyne's decision to halt, but was also well content to sit still himself. Other reënforcements, chiefly of militia, were continually joining him —

some from New England and some from as far west as Tryon County, where all danger was now at an end. His want of ammunition was soon remedied, Schuyler working vigorously in Albany to persuade the people there to make into bullets and to send to the army even the lead in which the little panes of their windows were set. Moreover, every day that went by made it possible to strengthen still further the defenses of the American camp, particularly on the left, for the right was already so strong both by nature and art that it could fairly be considered out of danger.

Together, Burgoyne's decision to halt and Gates' willingness to sit still, brought about a deadlock lasting for seventeen days from September 21 to October 7.

The uninstructed civilian is apt to believe that, while two armies remain immobile in each other's presence and no major operation is undertaken by either side, therefore the end of the pause will find the two antagonists with the same relative proportion of strength as at its beginning. Between 1914 and 1918 innumerable people of this opinion were to be found. Nevertheless it is an error, and the fact is that it is hard even to imagine such a pause taking place under conditions which might thus hold level the balance between the two sides.

The normal case is that in which the pause or deadlock is far more advantageous to one side than to the other, and in the present instance various factors steadily combined to weaken Burgoyne while strengthening Gates.

The replenishment of the American ammunition supply and the increase in American numbers have already been touched upon; by October 4 (a fortnight after the action at Freeman's farm) Gates' effective rank and file exceeded seven thousand, and more and more men continued to join. On the other hand, the invaders, having deliberately cut themselves off from their base, could no longer expect supply and hardly reënforcement except by the discharge from hospital of men wounded on September 19.

In the second place, there was the moral factor. Burgoyne's men, having expected to beat down all opposition, were discouraged at being held, whereas the Americans were correspondingly delighted at having held them.

Moreover, it is axiomatic in war that the mere presence of

opposing armed forces in each other's neighborhood sets up a moral and physical strain which in the nature of things falls more heavily upon one of the two opponents and less so on the other. The superlative example of such strain is of course that undergone during the years 1914–18, particularly by the men in the front-line trenches after trench warfare had begun.

In the present case there was, of course, nothing like the severe strain of twentieth-century European trench warfare. The main positions of the two sides were for the most part over a mile apart. Even at the crest of the bluffs overlooking the river, where they approached more closely, the distance between them was still over three quarters of a mile. Moreover, the woods and dense undergrowth completely screened each side from the other, so that artillery could not be used. On the other hand, between the outposts — now pushed forward to the right and left banks of the Mill Creek Ravine respectively, and lightly entrenched — there was continuous fighting in which the pressure was not exerted by Burgoyne's army against that of Gates, but by Gates' men against the invaders. Hardly a patrol of these last could return without losing men. Every day and often at night Burgoyne's outposts were fired upon. Those outposts were hardly anywhere five hundred yards in front of the main position and on the right not over two hundred and fifty, whereas the American pickets were for the most part nearly three quarters of a mile from Gates' camp. Consequently Burgoyne's whole army was far more harassed, especially at night, than was Gates' main body.

The remnant of Burgoyne's auxiliaries were by this time quite cowed; the Indians and Canadians could not be brought within sound of a rifle shot. The European regulars (saving only Captain Fraser's company of British marksmen and the German chasseurs or yägers with their heavy, stumpy rifles) were not trained to aimed fire as were practically all their opponents. Moreover, Morgan's men possessed in their Kentucky rifles a weapon far superior to the German rifles and superior beyond all comparison for skirmishing and sniping to the smoothbore muskets carried by every one else on both sides. Had the German riflemen been more numerous, they might have done something to balance

the situation, for their pieces were at least better than smoothbores. But as it was the smallness of their numbers limited their effectiveness. Consequently the American pressure was severe.

At night the invaders were constantly alarmed and their rest broken. It was afterwards said that neither officers nor men ever slept except under arms and fully clad. No general or field officer had a single night unbroken by the necessity of visiting the guards at different hours. The whole force was roused for stand-to every morning an hour before daybreak. So bold did the Americans become that once they dragged down a small cannon in the night to use in firing their reveille gun the next morning, and placed it so close to the enemy that the wadding used to tamp down the charge rebounded from the hostile works. Although it is the universal experience of soldiers that after enduring for some time the sound of continual firing a man becomes comparatively indifferent to it, nevertheless it is also true that the strain of such endurance is cumulative. One learns to eat and sleep, but one is not refreshed.

Nor did the pressure exercised upon the invaders come altogether from Gates' army. Seeing which way things were going, the whole countryside began to move. One smiles to read of the twenty farmers who banded themselves together and elected rustic officers, who promptly got themselves up in grotesque imitation of the formal uniforms of the time. But when this score of clodhoppers rushed a British picket in the night, the men of that picket did not smile, but surrendered, thirty strong.

Other parties began to work around Burgoyne's right and into his rear so that locally he could obtain no supplies — not even forage for his horses, whose ribs began to stand out.

Wolves came down in packs from the Adirondack wilderness to scratch up the hastily buried dead in their shallow graves, and the howling of the beasts filled the nights and broke still further the rest of the invaders. Humorously enough, Fraser thought the disturbance due to the officers' dogs, and an order was issued directing the provost marshal to hang any dog found loose in camp, but on the second night the noises became so great that a strong party was sent out to investigate and the truth was discovered.

Two other circumstances also helped to increase the hardships of Burgoyne's army; although the days were still hot, at night the troops began to shiver in the fogs rising from the river and the soggy clay of the ravines. Most of the winter clothing had been sent back to Canada in July before the army left Skenesboro. Meanwhile the men were complaining bitterly that much of the flour which had been brought from Canada was almost uneatable.

Burgoyne's army, thus held and subjected to strain, was still in no sense a beaten force. On the whole the morale of the European regulars, especially the British, still held firm. Indeed, their show of cheerfulness and their continued obedience seems to have concealed from Burgoyne the degree in which their physical and moral endurance had been sapped by the continued strain of the deadlock. Naturally the auxiliaries were the most affected; they fairly melted away by desertion and the spirits of those who remained sank lower and lower. Even among the British and Germans the rate of desertion began to mount ominously.

Meanwhile, in the American camp only one thing seemed to threaten the increasing chances of success; the higher command was weakened by a quarrel between Gates and Arnold. It was a miserable business discreditable to both men and particularly to Gates. The latter had always befriended Arnold — conspicuously so the summer before. But now he felt his own rising ambition crossed by the glory of his subordinate. On Gates' side it was true that Arnold was now become in some degree the head of a sort of faction of the New York State officers who disliked Gates. After the latter's conduct toward Schuyler and long-continued encouragement of the far more poisonous factionalism of the New England men, such a counter-current was only to be expected. Moreover, two of Schuyler's former aides, Varick and that Livingston who afterwards became a Supreme Court Justice, were now acting as aides to Arnold.

As Gates rather than Arnold was primarily responsible for the general existence of faction, so he was also responsible for the outbreak of the quarrel, for in reporting to Congress the action of the 19th, he studiously avoided mentioning Arnold's name nor did he even speak of the units who had fought as Arnold's division. The weak side of Arnold's char-

acter, his overbearing and irritable vanity, together with his want of a sense of proportion, now played directly into Gates' hands. On the 22d he wrote Gates a letter of pettish and angry complaint ending with the foolish request that he and his aides be allowed to leave the army for Philadelphia, where he desired to serve under Washington.

This false move of Arnold's began a correspondence lasting over ten days, the details of which one gladly passes over, more especially since they do not concern the campaign. The upshot of the wretched business was that, as a result of a round robin signed by every general officer in the army except Gates and Lincoln asking Arnold to remain, the latter consented to do so and stayed on in camp, permitted by Gates to retain his quarters there, but deprived of command.

Meanwhile Gates' view of the immediate military situation was entirely sound. Especially just was his appreciation of Burgoyne's character. Gates' lethargy in action together with his moral baseness have so repelled historians that they have been slow to credit him with the amount of military judgment which he undoubtedly possessed.

The words Gates' letters constantly use of Burgoyne's conduct of operation are 'rashness' and 'risk.' As early as September 10 he is writing from Stillwater to John Hancock in Philadelphia, 'A few days, perhaps hours, will determine whether General Burgoyne will risk a battle or retire to Ti . . .' On September 15 he is again writing to Hancock that Burgoyne's movements indicate an intention to cross the river and to advance 'at all hazards'; which move Gates qualifies as 'a rash project.' On the same day, writing to Lincoln, he says, '. . . the enemy seem resolved to risk a battle with this army.' On September 17, in a circular letter addressed to Governor Clinton of New York, Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, and to the committees of safety in Albany, Bennington, and Berkshire County, Massachusetts, he says, '. . . it is evident the general's [Burgoyne's] design is to risk all upon one rash stroke. . . .' Gates knew Burgoyne for a gambler, and day by day, as he blinked nearsightedly through his spectacles and surveyed the situation he grew more and more content. To his cold nature anything like undue boldness was abhorrent — his dislike for chivalric

folly had been part of his reason for disliking and quarrelling with Arnold. Nor is the date certain upon which he learned of the element of deliberate calculation in Burgoyne's plan — that is, the latter's knowledge of Sir Henry Clinton's intended stroke against the Highlands.

Meanwhile, on September 22 he wrote home to his wife complaining of Washington's conduct of operations to the southward, lamenting that the fatigue of commanding an ill-organized American army '. . . is too much for my age and constitution . . .' and hazarding the prophecy '. . . one week will determine the great business of this campaign; in that time the enemy will either retire; or by one violent push endeavor to recover the almost ruined state of their affairs.' To guard against such a push he continued to strengthen his works. Also he received from Schuyler, at the latter's own private expense, the lumber with which to build a floating bridge to the east bank of the Hudson. Every morning the baggage of the American army was loaded on the wagons in preparation for any move that might be necessary. But day followed day and neither army stirred.

On his side, Burgoyne too continued to consolidate his position and he too spanned the river with a floating bridge. But nothing could make up for the ominous fact that every day's consumption lessened the supplies he could not replenish. At first he had given it out that the halt would be for no more than a week. Surely, he thought, he would not have to wait longer for news of Clinton. The week slipped away and another week and no news came. Burgoyne continued his usual way of life, drinking generously — years afterwards a mound of wine and gin bottles was found near the site of his headquarters — and sitting late over his cards with Balcarres.

Messenger after messenger was sent off to Clinton, in New York, asking him for orders or even for advice, and informing him that by October 12 want of provisions would compel Burgoyne, if still unsupported from the south, to retreat to Ticonderoga. From Clinton no messenger returned.

On October 3, Burgoyne took the grave step of putting the army on short rations, at the same time assuring them in a general order that '. . . other powerful armies . . .' were in coöperation with them. The men submitted cheerfully

enough, but every private in the army could see that the sands of the invasion were running out.

After his victory at the Brandywine, Howe had at last entered Philadelphia. Washington, seeing so late the unwisdom of standing behind entrenchments, had now after a year and a half grasped the advantages of the offensive. On September 16, the day after Burgoyne crossed the Hudson, he had boldly attacked Howe, who had divided the British army into two columns, only to have to retreat when a violent rain wet his men's powder and thus paralyzed their chief tactical asset — musketry. On October 4, the day after Burgoyne had put the army from Canada on short rations, Washington again struck Howe at Germantown. Howe had once more divided his army so that the chances of an American success were good; but unfortunately for the United States, bungling staff work together with an unfavorable accident of war resulted in a check.

Of the campaigns in the distant American wilderness no news had reached Europe since that of Burgoyne's capture of Ticonderoga, which last piece of information had taken nearly two full months to cross the Atlantic and reach Versailles, where it had arrived on September 2. Both in England and on the Continent men were beginning to say that the French had missed their moment and that the British were now secure.

At last on the lower Hudson Clinton was moving.

CHAPTER XI

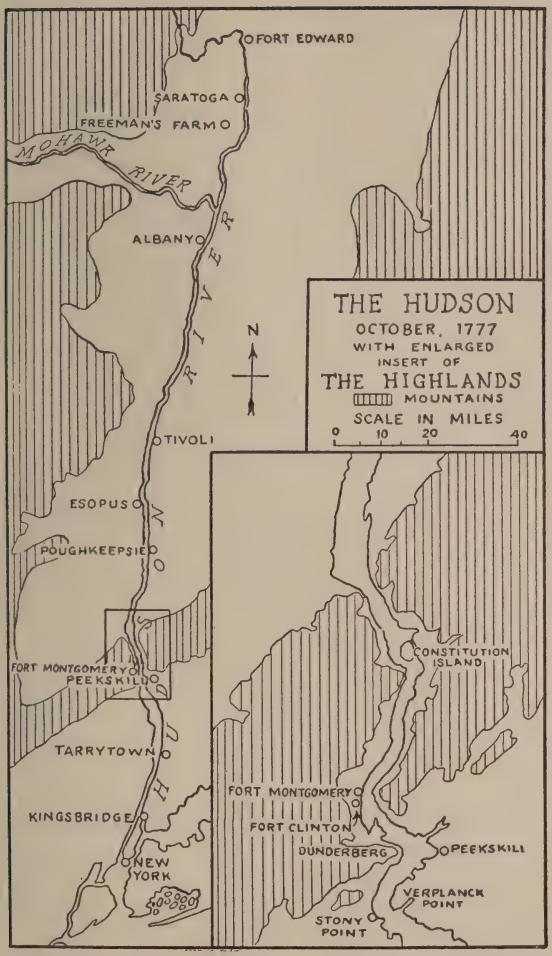
CLINTON SWEEPS THE HIGHLANDS; BURGOYNE DEFEATED

After carrying forward events on the lower Hudson through October 8, this chapter will concern itself with Burgoyne's defeat in the action of October 7.

Forty-odd miles northward from the southern tip of Manhattan Island, where the little Revolutionary city stood (and therefore just over thirty miles from the northern tip at Kingsbridge), Nature has prepared against armies desiring to move northward along the general line of the river the admirable defensive position known as the 'Highlands of the Hudson' — a curiously regular range or belt of rocky hills branching off from the Berkshires at its southern end and extending northwestward to merge into the Highlands of New Jersey.

The axis of the Highlands follows that of the Appalachians. Their regularity consists not only in their straight and sharply defined parallel boundaries on the northwest and southeast, but also in their level skyline as seen from a distance. From the south their escarpment stands up like a huge even wall. A closer approach shows the broken relief and extraordinary scenic beauty of these abrupt hills rising over a thousand (and frequently over twelve hundred) feet above the salty and tidal Hudson estuary. A still closer approach shows that they consist of almost uncovered rock upon which the trees, although generally abundant where the cliffs are not too steep, must nevertheless struggle to find sufficient soil and are often reduced to throwing their roots far out in search of cracks upon the rock face. Geologists tell us that the hard rocks are of crystalline formation, part of the original structure of the earth and almost infinitely older than the earliest fossil remains of life upon it.

Although early in the railroad era the desire to avoid grades led to the running of the West Shore and New York Central tracks close to their respective sides of the Hudson, yet even to-day, close as they are to the monstrous ag-


FORT EDWARD
SARATOGA
FREEMAN'S FARM
MOHAWK RIVER
ALBANY
HUDSON RIVER
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THE HUDSON
OCTOBER, 1777
WITH ENLARGED
INSERT OF
THE HIGHLANDS
MOUNTAINS
SCALE IN MILES
0 10 20 40
TIVOLI
ESOPUS
POUGHKEEPSIE
FORT MONTGOMERY
PEEKSKILL
TARRYTOWN
KINGSBRIDGE
NEW YORK
CONSTITUTION ISLAND
FORT MONTGOMERY
FORT CLINTON
DUNDERBERG
PEEKSKILL
VERPLANCK POINT
STONY POINT

glomeration of New York, the Highlands present such difficulties to land communication that only within the last decade has the last link of the road along the general line of the western bank of the river been laboriously chiselled out of their resistant sides. On the eastern bank, northward from the abutment of the great Bear Mountain suspension bridge (as I write these lines in June, 1927), there is still a gap over which wheeled vehicles cannot pass and the main stream of road traffic still follows the trace of the old Albany Post Road some two miles back from the river. Eastward from this again no gap in the escarpment is found for miles. West of the Hudson the rocky wall continues southwestward for sixteen miles without a break until the narrow notch carved by the little Ramapo River is reached. So impregnable is the district that even to-day, with the hum of civilization all around it, within a decade its high valleys still sheltered handfuls of true mountaineers whose cabins were those of hermits, never seen by strangers except for an occasional active and adventurous tramper. I believe that to-day it still shelters such folk.

From the very beginning of the Revolution the importance of the Highland position was grasped by the colonists. Indeed the first resolutions of the Continental and New York Provincial Congresses are from the latter part of May, '75; not much more than a month after Lexington and even before Bunker Hill. The work of fortification was pushed with more energy than judgment. As usual in Revolutionary America the engineer was a foreigner, this time a Hollander who had spent most of his time in England or in the British service in America, and as usual acute friction developed between him and his American associates and supervisors. Between his incompetence and their inexperience the execution of the defensive scheme was marred by too wide a diffusion of effort upon several different spots outside of supporting distance of one another, and also by the failure to utilize the best position available — that is, West Point. There was also an unwise attempt to combine the all-important object of blocking the river to British shipping with the lesser consideration of covering Peekskill. It was true that from this village a good road — as American roads went — led eastward into Connecticut and that

the place was also the usual point of departure for river traffic to the West Shore. Nevertheless its convenience as a dépôt of stores for the Continental army should not have been allowed to prejudice the more important matter of blocking the Channel.

Thus, in the third year of the war, although what was then the colossal sum of over $250,000 had been spent, the condition of the works was not what it should have been. Some four miles up the river from Peekskill a boom of logs and also a formidable iron chain were stretched across the river and commanded by two forts, Montgomery and Clinton, on the western bank. Putting off further consideration of these forts to the moment of Sir Henry Clinton's attack upon them, let it here suffice that the time and money frittered away at other and less important points had been spent chiefly upon the low island known to-day as Constitution Island opposite to West Point, about six miles up-river from Fort Montgomery. There were also various works below Fort Montgomery on the east bank of the river, both above and below Peekskill.

Since May, '77, the commander in the Highlands had been Major-General Israel Putnam. He was a Connecticut man and a picturesque personality, nearly sixty, an ardent patriot, personally brave, and of much service in the Seven Years' (or, as the colonists preferred to call it, 'the French and Indian') War, but nevertheless deficient as a general. The late Professor R. M. Johnston — to whose high authority I defer as to that of the keenest student of war of our time in America — went so far as to call him '. . . keen-eyed; subtle scout and Indian fighter, great on a war trail, though unfit to command a battalion.' While literary polish is by no means the same thing as generalship, it is nevertheless pertinent in some measure that his general orders are ill-spelled and illiterate to a degree calculated to astonish even those familiar with eighteenth-century American spelling.

Putnam could count upon the cordial coöperation of Governor George Clinton, the first Governor of the independent State of New York, a lawyer of Irish descent whose lack of powerful family connection made his election in the aristocratic New York State of that time amount to some-

thing of a personal triumph. He was brave, ardently patriotic, and particularly noted for his severity against the Tories.

There was still another Clinton associated with the defense, General James Clinton, elder brother to the Governor.

The forces available to Putnam were small. Earlier in the season a greater number of Continentals had been present, and early in July, when the embarking of Howe's troops seemed to threaten the Highlands, great numbers of militia had been called in. When Howe was located to the southward, most of the militia seem to have been allowed to go home. As the season advanced, with Howe in Pennsylvania and the British troops on Manhattan Island inactive, most of Putnam's Continentals had been sent away to reënforce either Washington or Gates. In mid-September, Governor Clinton had ordered out all the available New York State Militia as far north as Poughkeepsie to replace them. But as the militiamen were anxious to return to their harvesting and Sir Henry Clinton in New York still remained quiet, Putnam had again dismissed most of the new arrivals. As September ended, the Highland posts contained only about a thousand Continental effectives and four hundred militia — these last only half-armed and considered by Putnam as untrustworthy.

The problem before Sir Henry Clinton was therefore not entirely unlike that which had confronted Burgoyne at Ticonderoga — a position naturally strong, but fortified upon a faulty general scheme and far too weakly garrisoned for the extent of the works to be held. Moreover, we have already seen that the communications of the defense over the four miles between Peekskill and Fort Montgomery were peculiarly difficult.

Sir Henry Clinton was well able to take advantage of an adversary's faults, for he was perhaps the best of the British commanders in America throughout the Revolution. Under forty, he was the youngest of the trio who had sailed in the Cerberus, for Howe, his commander-in-chief, was forty-eight, and Burgoyne (whom Clinton ranked in the army list) was fifty-five. Like Howe he had an hereditary connection with America, for his father had been Governor

of New York and he himself had first seen service in the militia of that State. Like Howe and Burgoyne he was a member of the House of Commons, where he sat for a borough controlled by his friend and second cousin, the Duke of Newcastle. Given the strong Whig views of the British magnates, from the Newcastle connection one would have expected Clinton to sympathize at least with the beginnings of the American revolt. There was also his own youth in the colonies to be considered. It is therefore not surprising that some evidence exists to show that he did not '. . . hate the Americans on principle.'

However, his view of the rebellion, far more than those of Howe and Burgoyne, was that of a typical professional soldier and a guardsman. The privileged body of the guards — whose officers almost monopolized the higher ranks of the British army — he had entered before he was twenty as a captain in the Cold-streams. In the Seven Years' War he had distinguished himself and had acted as aide to the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. A colonel before the peace, he had been promoted major-general in 1772, receiving his lieutenant-generalcy, together with the ribbons of the Bath, for his services under Howe at the battle of Long Island.

Clinton's was a stronger character than that of Howe and Burgoyne, in which their excessive love of pleasure was replaced by strong affection for his family and intimate friends. Moreover, he possessed neither Howe's lazy sympathy with the Americans nor Burgoyne's literary tastes. Far more than either of them he was wrapped up in his interest in his profession of arms. He was haughty, as befitted a British general and a guardsman. Nevertheless one feels in him a steady, sombre sense of duty, crossed with an individual trick of speech sometimes amounting to the systematic understatement and use of diminutives so common among the French, sometimes to a deliberate affectation of flippancy. He was a thoroughly competent soldier.

It seems impossible that Howe can have left in New York the eighty-five hundred effectives he claims to have furnished Clinton, for in writing, on September 16, to General Hervey, Clinton complains of having only four thousand

European regulars and three thousand Provincials — that is, American Tories. I anticipate for a moment the arrival of Clinton's reënforcements to say that there is also a difficulty as to their numbers. The reader will find these various points discussed in the Appendix on 'Numbers.' Let it here suffice that when Howe sailed southward on July 23, having delayed his departure to confer with Clinton, who had, it seems, been in England, he left Clinton so weak that the latter felt that New York had been starved of men.

Clinton himself had no illusions as to the relative value of Philadelphia as against a junction with Burgoyne and the holding of the Hudson. Over and over again, in his own hand and over his own signature, he has recorded his disagreement with Howe. In his manuscript notes to Stedman's 'American War' he goes as far as to say: '. . . there was not, I believe, a man in the army except Lord Cornwallis and General Grant, who did not reprobate the move to the southward and see the necessity of a coöperation with General Burgoyne.' Again, in his letter of September 16 to Hervey: '. . . let his [Howe's] successes be ever so great to the southward, the principal object still appears to me to have been a communication with Burgoyne and the establishing him at Albany.'

To cover New York, the British base in America, Clinton must in the first place hold Manhattan Island, which is more than thirteen miles long and more than two wide. It was true that Manhattan was not likely to be permanently recaptured by the rebels as long as the British fleet controlled the neighboring waters, but it was nevertheless exposed to raids which might be destructive both to important stores and also to British prestige. He must also keep outposts on Staten Island, on Paulus Hook in New Jersey where Bayonne stands to-day, and on Long Island, in order to prevent annoyance to ships entering and leaving the harbor and also to hold areas from which forage, firewood, and a certain amount of other supplies could be drawn. But yet Howe — with a blank disregard of fact characteristic of him — no less than three times referred in writing to the possibility of Clinton's taking the offensive.

The first references are merely permissive; in his original instructions to Clinton, dated July 9, Howe writes: '. . . at

the same time it is by no means my intention to prevent your acting offensively, in case an opportunity should offer, consistent with the security of this place, . . . which is always to be regarded as a primary object.' On July 15, Howe asks Clinton to send to him a certain general officer then expected at New York '. . . unless from any offensive operations you may have in view . . . you shall find his presence necessary. . . .'

The third, dated July 30, goes further. Howe begins by promising to reënforce Clinton 'as soon as expedient,' but says that he cannot say when this will be. He then goes on: 'In the meanwhile, if you can make any diversion in favor of General Burgoyne's approaching Albany, with security to Kingsbridge, I need not point out the utility of such a measure.'

Underlying Howe's easy assumption was the knowledge that reënforcements had left England for New York toward the end of June. However, since every one knew the uncertainties of navigation under sail — especially in a westward voyage across the north Atlantic where the prevailing winds blow from the west — Howe's willingness to postpone coöperation with Burgoyne until those reënforcements should arrive is merely another instance of how far that commander was hypnotized by Philadelphia.

July ended, August went by and most of September, and still the reënforcements did not come. Without them Clinton felt himself helpless. In mid-September he did indeed make a raid into New Jersey and returned with live stock on which to feed his garrison, but without affecting the strategic situation in the least. Indeed the war of posts and little surprises through the summer on Staten Island and Long Island, if anything, went somewhat against him rather than in his favor.

Meanwhile, early in August a letter had come from Burgoyne at Fort Edward in which the latter reported that all was well and that the army from Canada had good prospects of reaching Albany by August 22. To which Clinton replied about August 10 — in a letter never received by Burgoyne and therefore mentioned here only as showing Clinton's state of mind — that his 'starved defensive' made it impossible for him to do anything to help Bur-

goyne, but that he '... was determined if possible to try something toward the close of the year.' He remarked that Burgoyne needed no diversion in his favor. Clinton at this time shared the opinion common to the British generals — that is, that the rebellion was on its last legs — for he threw in the following sentence — ironical enough in the light of what was to follow: 'I own to you I think the business will quickly be over now.'

For two months Clinton heard nothing more from Burgoyne. In the second week of September, however, he learned that the army from Canada, instead of being at Albany, was still at Saratoga, forty miles north of that town. Therefore, writes Clinton, 'I thought it possible he might be in want of some little diversion'; and accordingly he wrote Burgoyne the letter reprinted in the last chapter. It is interesting to note that in that letter Clinton does not make his promised diversion depend upon the arrival of his reënforcements. These last had not yet come, although he does say they are expected every day.

It was not until the fourth week of September, probably on Wednesday the 24th, that Clinton's long-expected reenforcements from Europe at last arrived. They had come in slow-sailing Dutch ships which had taken three months on the way! Clinton himself says they numbered seventeen hundred, although it is just possible, as the reader will see from the 'Note on Numbers' in the Appendix, that they were three thousand strong. At all events, they raised Clinton's numbers to just under seven thousand effective rank and file of regular infantry, of whom twenty-seven hundred were British and the other forty-two hundred were Germans.

Thus reënforced, Clinton at once began preparing his long-postponed attack upon the Highlands. By this time he had come to see that the unbounded confidence in the future, which he himself had shared with the other British generals, was no longer justified. More quickly than Burgoyne himself he was beginning to realize that that commander's failure to reach Albany might mean not only a serious check but even a disaster, for in writing to Hervey, the Adjutant-General of the British Army, he speaks of his own move as 'a desperate attempt on a desperate occasion';

and again, in writing to Howe on September 27, he says, '. . . indeed it looks a little desperate, but the times may possibly require such an exertion.' Even as late as this, he says that he may not move at all.

He would take with him only about three thousand men, and, since some of these were American Tories, this meant that between four and five thousand of his European regulars would be left behind on Manhattan Island. More he would not venture, for three thousand miles from home in a country in which the British armies could barely subsist, and where angry swarms of militia appeared overnight, he dared not risk the stores accumulated at New York.

It was by no means Sir Henry Clinton's thought or even his hope that with his three thousand he could fight his way to Albany, but rather that he might help Burgoyne to reach that town. Should Burgoyne succeed, then Clinton would indeed send supplies to him up the river. But if — notwithstanding Clinton's 'little diversion' in his favor — Burgoyne should fail to beat the rebels and establish himself at Albany, then Clinton did not mean permanently to hold the Highlands. Should he carry them, he would merely destroy the forts and return to New York, confident that the difficult country would long prevent their rebuilding.

At this point, and indeed throughout Clinton's entire operation, the reader must fix exactly in his mind the dates involved, for only in this way can he appreciate upon how narrow a margin of time everything was to depend. When the transports with Clinton's reënforcements on board sailed sluggishly up New York Harbor and anchored off the Battery, Burgoyne's decision to halt was already four days old. On October 3, as Clinton embarked that part of his force with which he proposed to attack the Highlands, and as the flood tide began to carry his fleet northward from New York up the Hudson, the deadlock between Burgoyne and Gates had lasted just two weeks. As the attack upon the Highlands developed, Burgoyne, in his ignorance of events upon the lower Hudson, was more and more believing himself abandoned. In this belief he was preparing the unwise move that was to ruin him and with him the British cause in America.

As early as September 29, an exchanged prisoner from

New York brought Putnam word of sixty transports coming up the Bay, of guides for the British called in from Croton, and of bakers working night and day. Obviously this meant a stroke at the little garrison of the Highlands. Whatever his shortcomings as a commander, 'Old Put' was no coward. While writing gloomily to the President of Congress — John Hancock — that he would not answer for the defense of his post, he wrote also to Governor George Clinton for help and prepared to stand his ground.

On Monday, September 29, as Putnam was writing to Hancock, a brief note from Burgoyne in answer to Sir Henry Clinton's of the 12th reached the latter in New York. It was dated September 23 and ended with these hopeful words: '. . . an attack or even the menace of an attack upon Fort Montgomery must be of great use, as it will draw away great part of their force and I will follow them close. Do it, my dear friend, directly.'

A second letter from Burgoyne to Clinton, also dated September 23, and presumably also received by Clinton about September 29, was in the same strain and more at length. After describing his own action of September 19 as honorable but not decisive, Burgoyne went on, '. . . an attempt upon Montgomery . . . would be of the most judicious arrangement and infinite service.'

'But should you not be, from inevitable and cross-circumstances, able to carry it within the time required even the keeping it besieged will check the enemy and consequently will help. Should Gates venture, and be rash and ignorant enough to detatch to support Putnam, he will give me very fair game (and I conceive he cannot be in hopes if he fails of success to be supported elsewhere) which I shall not hesitate to seize . . . depend upon me to exert every nerve and I shall have 5000 men to follow him. Lose no opportunity to correspond with me as no time or place will be difficult for such emissaries as you employ. Gates little suspects how near they are to his person.'

It was Friday, October 3, when Clinton left New York and sailed up the Hudson with his three thousand. I have said that he was a thoroughly competent soldier. Realizing to the full the opportunity given him by his command of the river to keep the defenders in doubt where he meant to

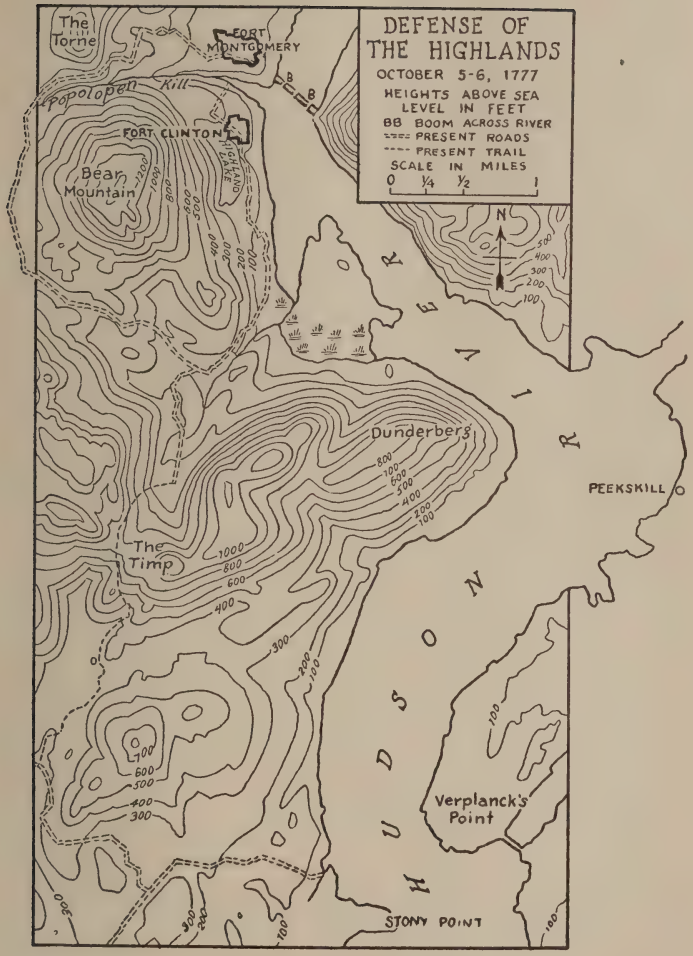
strike, he began on October 4 by landing a part of his force on the east bank of the river at Tarrytown, some fifteen miles above Kingsbridge and about the same distance below Peekskill. Here they marched about and made a stir in order to attract attention, in which they were so successful that the reports which reached Putnam made the latter believe that they were marching to Peekskill by land. The landing party then quickly returned to their ships which sailed on up the river. The move had been purely a feint.

Next day, Sunday, October 5, Clinton feinted again higher up on the east shore. Some three and a half miles below Peekskill the rocky and irregular mass of land, known as 'Verplanck's Point,' juts out into the broad waters of the Hudson estuary. Here, to cover the Peekskill landing-place, the rebels had thrown up a breastwork of no great strength armed only with two twelve-pounders. The whole position was ill chosen, for an active enemy in command of the water might cut off the retreat of the garrison at the neck which connected the Point with the mainland. Moreover, at Clinton's approach the work was feebly garrisoned.

As the landing was about to begin a captain from Burgoyne's army, Campbell by name, appeared. Putting off consideration of his message until the evening, Clinton went on with his movement.

When the whole three thousand had landed, the defenders on Verplanck's Point took to their heels, dragging their twelve-pounders with them. They were, however, so closely pressed by Clinton's men that they abandoned one of their guns. Instead of continuing the pursuit, the British went into bivouac for the night on the Point.

Clinton now had leisure to consider Burgoyne's message. It was that the army from Canada, now reduced in numbers to five thousand men, was opposed in front by a rebel force estimated at between twelve and fourteen thousand. There was also a considerable body of rebels in its rear. Burgoyne complained that he would not have given up his communications with Ticonderoga had he not expected a coöperating army at Albany. He informed Clinton that his provisions would last only to October 29, and he asked for orders as to whether he should attack or retreat. He de-


DEFENSE OF
THE HIGHLANDS
OCTOBER 5-6, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA
LEVEL IN FEET
BB BOOM ACROSS RIVER
PRESENT ROADS
PRESENT TRAIL
SCALE IN MILES
0 ¼ ½ 1
The Torne
FORT MONTGOMERY
Popolopen Kill
FORT CLINTON
Bear Mountain
Dunderberg
The Timp
PEEKSKILL
Verplanck's Point
STONY POINT
HUDSON RIVER
N

sired Clinton's positive answer whether the latter could reach Albany, when he would be there, and whether he could then keep open communication with New York. If no answer was received by October 12, he would retreat. The message pictured Burgoyne's situation as difficult, but by no means overwhelmingly so, for it represented his army as still capable either of attack or retreat. There was in it no hint of approaching disaster. Shaking his head at Burgoyne's overestimation of the powers of the garrison of New York, Clinton reserved his answer until the morrow.

That day, as he had looked northward up the Hudson, he had had in his right front Putnam's headquarters in the village of Peekskill. On his left front loomed up a huge rounded ridge — the Dunderberg, the Dutch for 'thunder mountain,' rising over eleven hundred feet above the water at its base. Behind it, he knew, lay Forts Montgomery and Clinton guarding the chain across the river. He knew also that over the mountains and across the high notch west of the Dunderberg there ran a narrow path, difficult but nevertheless passable for troops, and unguarded by the rebels. Along this path he now proposed to make his attack against the land side of the two forts guarding the chain. His two landings on the eastern shore had been merely to throw dust in the eyes of Putnam in the hope of deceiving the latter into the belief that the real attack would be made on that side of the river.

In deceiving Putnam, Clinton was altogether successful; the illiterate old fellow was completely taken in. Believing that Clinton meant to attack the eastern passes of the Highlands, Putnam not only drew back his own force into the hills, but also committed the grave error of weakening the garrisons of Forts Montgomery and Clinton in order to strengthen himself.

In the small hours of Monday, October 6, Clinton moved. On Verplanck's Point he left about one thousand men, chiefly American Tories. His other two thousand he put across the river under cover of darkness, landing them just north of Stony Point. A heavy fog on the river helped the secrecy of the move. Part of the fleet was to coöperate with the troops left on Verplanck's Point, in alarming the rebels east of the river by making the latter believe that other

landings were intended higher up on that side. For the difficult mountain path Clinton had as guide a local Tory named Brom Springster, who knew the hills well. Under his guidance the column marched for some two miles westward from Stony Point. Here at a point where the path divided they left a detachment to keep open communication with the fleet and turning northward plunged into the hills. Three abreast on the narrow, rocky path, the men in the long coats and tight breeches required by British Uniform Regulations, burdened also with the heavy equipment of the time, weighing some sixty pounds, worked their way steadily northward through the woods. After ascending for about three miles a narrow valley overhung by the high hills, they reached the foot of the precipitous rise of nearly five hundred feet which leads to the high notch known as the 'Timp.'

The notch is about eight hundred and fifty feet above the river, and no one who has scrambled up its southern approach is likely to forget the place, for it is a steep climb even for an unencumbered man. A handful of men might long make good such a stronghold against an army. Accordingly Clinton halted, sending forward a small advance guard, who should signal back if the coast were clear. The advance guard found no one, and on receiving their signal the main body scrambled forward vigorously up the cliff-like slope and over the rocky crags. Upon the summit they rested to take breath, as well they might, then went forward again down the northern slope of the pass. It was still only eight in the morning. Already the difficult part of the daring march had been accomplished and as yet Sir Henry Clinton's men had not seen an enemy.

The immediate commander whose negligence had left the Timp unguarded was Governor George Clinton. Putnam's call for aid had found him forty-odd miles to the northward at Esopus, now Kingston, where the State Legislature was sitting. Hastily proroguing that body, the active and zealous Governor had made all haste for Fort Montgomery, ordering out the neighboring militia as he came. On his arrival it had been agreed between himself and Putnam that he should take command of the posts west of the river, and he had accordingly posted himself in

Fort Montgomery, leaving to his brother, General James Clinton, the command of Fort Clinton.

In order to defend the eastern passes, Putnam had so weakened the garrisons of the two forts that together they amounted only to six hundred men, mostly militia, and only about half of them equipped with bayonets, but in good spirits. Moreover, they had with them as chief of artillery Colonel Lamb, an officer who had seen much service, particularly in Canada.

Of all the officers who since the beginning of the war had visited the Highlands and consulted together regarding their defense, Washington alone seems to have thought it worth while to garrison the Timp. Every one else considered it too difficult for troops and therefore safely to be neglected. Even Greene, perhaps Washington's best subordinate, together with Knox his chief of artillery, had so reported. However, the fact that he erred in good company by no means excuses the grave error committed by Putnam, and to some extent by Governor Clinton, in failing to hold it.

Governor Clinton's failure to garrison the Timp is the more strange, inasmuch as he had scouts out south of the Dunderberg, from whom he had received word that the enemy were landing in force upon Stony Point from no less than forty boats. He sent out a small party of thirty men, but by 10 A.M. they had only reached Doodletown, some two and a half miles from the forts.

At Doodletown the path leading northward from the Timp into the valley between the Dunderberg and Bear Mountain met a wagon track leading southward from Fort Clinton and then skirting Bear Mountain upon the west. Here Governor Clinton's little party met the advance guard of Sir Henry Clinton's column, exchanged shots with them, and retreated to Fort Clinton. Governor Clinton at once sent off a messenger to Putnam asking for reënforcements.

Meanwhile, although the skirmish had shown that there was no hope of surprising the forts, Sir Henry Clinton had nevertheless determined to press forward and storm them with the bayonet. In order to attack both forts at the same time, he divided his force. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell with two British Regiments, the 52d and 57th, some four hundred American Tories under Colonel Beverly Robinson,

of New York, and perhaps some German chasseurs, about nine hundred in all, he ordered to follow the wagon track west of Bear Mountain, to descend the left bank of Popolopen Kill, and to attack Fort Montgomery on its western side. Sir Henry himself with the rest of the column, eleven or twelve hundred strong, would wait to give Campbell time for his difficult seven-mile circuit and would then assault Fort Clinton.

Hardly had Governor Clinton sent word to Putnam that the enemy had crossed the Dunderberg when scouts previously posted on the south side of Bear Mountain came in with the news that the British had divided their forces. The Governor needed above all to gain time for Putnam to reenforce him. Accordingly he determined to do his best to delay both columns of the enemy. Toward Doodletown he sent off a hundred men, which little force was commanded, amusingly enough, by no less than two lieutenant-colonels. Westward from Fort Montgomery he sent out another detachment afterwards reënforced to a strength of a hundred. These last posted themselves about a mile from the fort in the steep ravine now called the 'Hell Hole,' where the road to-day can barely cling to the steep slope upward from the left bank of Popolopen Kill to the high, bare crag known as the 'Torne.' They had with them a brass field piece.

With troops already tired from struggling up the precipitous approach to the Timp, Campbell's column moved slowly. When at last they struck the rebel detachment posted at the Hell Hole, the latter resisted with spirit, keeping their field piece in play until the gunners who served it were driven off with fixed bayonets. Even then they had time to spike the piece. A little nearer the fort they made another stand covered by a twelve-pounder, which was also spiked before being allowed to fall into the enemy's hands. Altogether, what with the fatigue of Sir Henry Clinton's men from scrambling over so many rocks and the stubborn resistance of the rebel detachments, although the royal troops had reached Doodletown by ten in the morning, it was only an hour before sunset, and therefore about half-past four in the afternoon, when Campbell's column at last got into position, just as Sir Henry was preparing to assault Fort Clinton.

From Putnam's posts east of the river the British landing, four miles away at Stony Point, had been made out. The enemy's move, however, was believed to be a mere raid, which belief seemed confirmed by the smoke of a large fire lighted by the British on the west shore. Nevertheless, as the day wore on and nothing more was seen or heard of the enemy, Putnam, a little astonished at being left alone so long unmolested, rode southward toward Verplanck's Point to reconnoitre. As for Governor Clinton's messenger, he had turned traitor and the message was never delivered.

The works of Forts Montgomery and Clinton were unfinished. Moreover, they seem to have been of no great strength, for, although built of earth and stones, no trace of them now remains. Situated as they were on a high shelf overlooking the river, Fort Montgomery, the larger, being a hundred and forty feet above the Hudson, and Fort Clinton nearly two hundred, they had been designed more with a view to resisting an attack by water than an assault upon their almost inaccessible landward sides.

Nevertheless, the stout-hearted Governor Clinton was determined to fight to the last. If he could gain time, he thought, he might even now be supported by Putnam, and there was an American flotilla lying in the river above the boom and ready to ferry over any reënforcements Putnam might send. He knew that Sir Henry could have no guns with him. Therefore, when a white flag was sent in to demand surrender, the Governor stoutly replied — through a lieutenant-colonel of the great house of Livingston — that he would listen to no proposals except a surrender on the part of the assailants. Whereat the assault upon the unfinished forts with their scanty garrison was promptly begun.

Against Fort Montgomery, Colonel Campbell formed with his American Tories on his left, his German chasseurs in the centre, and his British on the right. Against Fort Clinton the assault was hampered by the little lake known to-day as 'Highland Lake.' Between it and the Hudson on the southern side of the fort, the strip of perhaps four hundred yards wide was closed by an abatis and swept by ten guns. Nevertheless Sir Henry proposed to make his main attack on that side, sending a single British regiment, the 63d,

west of Highland Lake to come down upon the fort from the higher ground to the northwest. At this point the assault was led by the flank companies of the 7th and 26th British Regiments and a company of German grenadiers from the little principality of Anspach. They were followed by the rest of the 26th Regiment, a dismounted troop of the 17th Light Dragoons (of which regiment Burgoyne was titular colonel), and some Hessian chasseurs. A German battalion, together with the rest of the 7th British Regiment, acted as rear guard.

The assault, gallantly made, was as gallantly resisted. It is an axiom of war that, in a defensive behind entrenchments, improvised soldiers are far more nearly equal to highly trained troops than is the case in the open. Under such conditions, ever since Bunker Hill, the British had had reason to fear American marksmanship. On this October afternoon Governor Clinton's handful of Continentals and his six hundred militia took a heavy toll of their assailants, of whom over three hundred fell dead or wounded. The British and their allies, however, were not to be denied. Although they were swept away by scores, the survivors pressed on, pushing and hoisting one another through the embrasures of the forts. Some of the British row galleys closely approached the boom and with their cannon tried to reach the high shelf of rock on which the defenders stood. The rebel cannon, so the British afterwards said, were fired rapidly but inaccurately.

Montgomery, the weaker of the two forts, was the first to go. Once inside, the assailants, furious at the heat of the day as well as at the death of Colonel Campbell and other favorite officers, who had fallen in the attack, began to massacre. Some of the garrison, however, were spared and others were able to get away either in boats or, favored by the fading light and their own knowledge of the ground, into the woods. Presently the garrison of Fort Clinton, also overpowered by numbers, gave away. There the rampart was cleared, and after a last volley from the summit of the precipice overlooking the river the defenders threw down their arms. Unlike the defenders of Fort Montgomery their lives were all spared. It was said that the last cannon shot was touched off by the heroine known as 'Irish Molly'

(Molly Pitcher) whom Washington was later to honor with a sergeant's warrant for her gallantry at Monmouth.

General James Clinton, the Governor's brother, was among those who escaped into the woods. Bayoneted in the thigh, he owed his escape with no more than a flesh wound to the presence of an orderly book in his breeches pocket, which had deflected the bayonet point. Governor George Clinton scrambled down the precipice to the Hudson, where he found a boat heavily laden with fugitives putting off for the east shore. It was thought typical of him that, fearing that his additional weight might sink the boat, he at first refused to embark and was with difficulty persuaded by those already on board to do so.

That night, as if in celebration of the British victory, river and mountain were illuminated by the burning of the American flotilla above the boom. Unable to escape up-river because of a strong north wind and knowing that at daylight they must be destroyed by the cannon of the captured forts, the crews of the gunboats set them on fire and escaped in their skiffs. With all sails set, the flames creeping up the tarred rigging turned them into pyramids of fire. The ruddy glow shone for miles along the river, brilliantly lighting up the steep, rocky faces of the hills. These last echoed back the report of the shotted guns, which went off one by one as the fire reached them.

Through the next two days, October 7 and 8, Sir Henry Clinton followed up his success. On the 7th he prepared to cut through the huge iron chain, at the same time sending a messenger with a white flag to demand the surrender of Fort Constitution on the low island of the same name, opposite West Point, some six miles up the river. Here the garrison was a mere handful of men, too few to think of resisting. They fired upon the flag, but next day, without even waiting for orders from their commander, set fire to the place at the approach of the enemy.

The Highland barrier was pierced. Putnam and Governor Clinton, consulting together how best to stave off disaster, decided to move northward; the Governor to resist the enemy should they try to land on the west shore and Putnam to oppose them should they attempt the east. The indomitable Governor was still full of fight. Moreover, the obsti-

nate resistance at the forts seemed to encourage the militia, who began to come in well especially from Connecticut. But to Putnam, with all his courage, the future was dark. He exaggerated the British numbers, believing them to have between five and six thousand. He thought it probable Sir Henry Clinton was bound by positive orders to join Burgoyne 'at all risks.' In his mind's eye he already saw the British boats, favored by wind and tide, skimming swiftly over the hundred miles of river between them and Albany. And indeed the Hudson clear up to Albany and even beyond now lay open to the enemy.

To Sir Henry Clinton matters seemed otherwise. In no way ordered to assist Burgonye, it had been on his own responsibility that he had undertaken his swift thrust at the Highlands. He was indeed delighted at his own victory. He fully intended to send ships and men up the river to feel for news of Burgoyne. But of rushing headlong upon Albany he had not the least idea.

On the 6th, before plunging into the gorges leading to the Timp, he had sent back Captain Campbell to Burgoyne, again refusing to indicate a line of conduct to the latter. Campbell was to repeat to Burgoyne the smallness of Clinton's numbers with which the latter could not possibly be expected to penetrate to Albany. He was also to remind the commander of the army from Canada of his own letter to Clinton in which he had said 'even the menace of an attack' on Fort Montgomery would be of service.

The day after his capture of the forts, Clinton had written Burgoyne as follows:

FORT MONTGOMERY
October 8th

Nous y voici and nothing now between us and Gates; I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of 28th September by Captain Campbell, I shall only say I cannot order or even advise for reasons obvious.

I heartily wish you success.

October 8, the day on which this letter was written, was a Wednesday. On the Tuesday, Burgoyne had again challenged Fortune, casting the dice this time with an uncertain

hand. He had been defeated and the whole admirable British plan of reconquest, already mutilated by Howe and Germaine's unpardonable blunder, was in ruins.

The first week in October found Gates and his army increasingly confident, the invaders (except the British) increasingly discouraged, the British themselves doubtful of success, and Burgoyne casting about for a plan.

In the army of the United States not a man could fail to see and appreciate that the enemy's provisions must soon run short. That enemy must therefore presently take his choice between attacking their own superior and constantly increasing numbers or of retreating northward to the lakes thirty miles away with much of the ground wilderness and the broad Hudson to be crossed. Even after reaching the lakes, he could count neither upon security nor provisionment south of Ticonderoga, sixty miles from where he stood.

Gates himself was well content. Knowing from his spies and from Burgoyne's numerous deserters of the shortage of provisions in his enemy's camp, he was able to calculate closely the time when the latter must retreat. He knew that it must be before mid-October. Even if Burgoyne were to abandon much valuable *matériel*, Gates estimated that it would take him at least ten days to reach Ticonderoga.

In his letters describing Burgoyne's situation he continues to speak of the latter's rashness and even to foresee his 'despair.' These letters show also how well he knew Burgoyne. On October 4 we find him writing to Governor Clinton, '. . . perhaps his despair may dictate to him to risque [risk] all upon one throw: he is an Old Gamester, and in his time has seen all chances.' On October 5 he writes to Washington, '. . . in a fortnight at furthest he [Burgoyne] must decide whether he will rashly risque at an infinite disadvantage to force my camp or retreat to his den. . . .' Also, on October 5 to Hancock, he speaks of the 'intolerable badness' of the Canadian flour on which Burgoyne's troops are fed, and of the latter's 'distressed situation.' Of himself he says that he is taking every means not only to repel Burgoyne but also to cut off his retreat. The letter closes as follows: 'I will not only guard against his despair but take

also the most active measures to attack him to advantage on his return to Ticonderoga.'

Gates knew well that Burgoyne's hope was in Sir Henry Clinton. In another letter to Hancock, also written on October 5, he says: 'I am convinced that General Burgoyne's principal hope of getting to Albany is General Clinton's [Sir Henry Clinton's] forcing the pass of the Highlands and defeating Putnam.' He truly tells Hancock that the Highlands are of far more importance than would be the expulsion of the British from Rhode Island. To Governor Clinton on October 4 he had written, '. . . by accounts received from deserters I am confident General Burgoyne expects a great effort will be made by General Clinton to open a passage through the Highlands to facilitate his [General Burgoyne's] approach to Albany. Your excellency and General Putnam will be prepared to defeat that attempt.'

It is strange that Gates seems not to have known the weakness of the forces to defend the Highlands. Had he known it, he must have realized that Putnam and Governor Clinton might not be able to hold Sir Henry Clinton back. Possibly he reasoned — and rightly as the event was to prove — that even if the Highlands were forced, still the hundred miles between them and Albany would make it impossible for an operation against his own rear to develop before he had settled with the army from Canada.

Moreover, Gates' shortage of ammunition both for artillery and small arms made it unwise to expend it in intensifying the pressure upon Burgoyne before the latter should come to the decisive push. Until Burgoyne began his retreat or committed some error, such as exposing himself in the open, it would be both unwise and utterly unnecessary to assault his regulars behind their entrenchments.

Gates therefore went on with his safe and profitable policy of outpost fighting and with disturbing the nightly rest of the invaders. He did, however, begin to post bodies of militia on the left bank of the Hudson in Burgoyne's rear in order to block his expected retreat. Stark reappeared with a thousand New Hampshire men, captured Burgoyne's little garrison at Fort Edward, and began to move down-river. The net was already closing about Burgoyne.

Meanwhile St. Leger, having left Oswego about the end

of August, had at last reached Ticonderoga. Thence, on September 29, he wrote Burgoyne saying that he would soon join the latter, but adding that his hundred men of the 8th Regiment had been held in Canada by Carleton and that Powell at Ticonderoga wished to detain the Brunswick recruits at that post. Of St. Leger's messengers one was captured. Another got through, but St. Leger himself never came. Probably he thought his chances of reaching Burgoyne through the swarming rebel detachments were slim. Perhaps, seeing the weakness of the garrison of Ticonderoga, he was persuaded to stay and strengthen that post. At all events, with his failure to appear Burgoyne's last hope of reënforcement vanished.

In Burgoyne's camp any fool could see that the sands of the invasion were running out. Although the officers realized the great danger of having the broad river in their rear, many still maintained that, with Sir Henry Clinton at last upon the move, Burgoyne must not retreat without risking an action. Throughout the army morale varied. That of the auxiliaries had sunk lower and lower. That of the Germans is hard to gauge; they complained of the nights, which had now turned cold, and the days 'hot enough to melt one.' Their worn uniforms were now more and more torn and shabby and their officers wagged their heads over the famine prices of wine, sugar, and coffee. The spirit of the British troops held out better, but the whole army was worn down by the continual harassing inflicted upon them by the rebels. The sick-rate was rising, and the hangings of men caught trying to desert could not prevent the rate of desertion from increasing also.

Burgoyne himself, hoping against hope, hated to give up and retreat. Should he do so he feared for his career, for he knew how the cowardly Germaine detested anything smelling of overcaution in his generals. The thought kept running through Burgoyne's mind that the minister might have meant the army from Canada to be hazarded, perhaps even deliberately sacrificed, in order to further British action elsewhere. Even if that were so, he knew Germaine's baseness too well not to fear the latter's turning upon him should he meet disaster, and (since his boast when crossing the Hudson) the 19th of September and the hard logic of facts

had pressed it in upon him that disaster might come. Still, like the gambler Gates knew him to be, he would play his cards to the end.

As recently as September 23, in writing to Clinton he had expressed contempt for his opponent: 'Should Gates . . . be rash and ignorant enough to detach to support Putnam he will give me very fair game. . . .' But he was coming to see that whatever Gates was he was not rash.

On the evening of Saturday, October 4, the day after the army had gone on short rations, Burgoyne for the first time during the campaign called a council of war. Only Phillips, Riedesel, and Fraser were admitted. They went over the situation: the lateness of the season, provisions running out, in their front a strongly posted enemy estimated to outnumber them four to one. Worse still, the thick woods and the activity of the rebel outposts had completely prevented them from reconnoitring the hostile position. Of Gates' right near the river they had caught a distant view only to learn that it was well-nigh impregnable. The rest of it they had not even seen. One German officer had gone two thousand paces in front of the outposts without getting so much as a glimpse of anything but bushes and thickets. From Clinton in New York nothing more had been heard. Altogether it was a bad business.

Nevertheless Burgoyne had called the council in order to lay before them a plan even bolder and more rash than anything the army had yet attempted. He proposed to leave only eight hundred men to guard the river-bank, the bridges, and the all-important stores. With the rest of the army, probably under rather than over four thousand strong, he would plunge into the woods and fall upon Gates' left and rear. In such a situation the idea was worthy of Charles XII of Sweden at his rashest. Burgoyne's generals objected that it might take three or four days to thread the woodland paths leading to the enemy's rear. Meanwhile the eight hundred might be overwhelmed, the stores destroyed, retreat cut off, and the army left to die miserably of starvation. Moreover, they had practically no information of the ground and fortifications at the point which Burgoyne proposed to attack. The meeting broke up without further decision than to inspect with care next day that part of the en-

trenchments (presumably the Great Redoubt and the neighboring works overlooking the Hudson north of the Great Ravine) which Burgoyne intended the eight hundred to hold.

The inspection proved unsatisfactory; the works were too large for the troops which were to hold them and deep draws and ravines would give shelter to an attacking enemy. Accordingly, when the council met again on the evening of Sunday, October 5, Riedesel took it upon himself to propose retreat. The situation of the army, said he, was now so critical that, if it were impossible to reach the enemy's rear in a single day's march, it would be better to retire to the position held by them before September 15 — that is, the mouth of the Battenkill on the other side of the Hudson. Here they would be in communication with the lakes and could await further news from Clinton, all the time secure of their retreat if no news came. Indeed Riedesel felt so strongly that he has left it on record (after the event, to be sure) that, with the season so far advanced and the distance from New York so great as to make a junction with an army coming from that city chimerical rather than probable, it was Burgoyne's duty to retire. The dashing Fraser approved Riedesel's proposal. Phillips would give no opinion. To Riedesel and Fraser Burgoyne at first would not listen. Retreat, said he, would be disgraceful.

At last, however, he consented to modify his original plan. On Tuesday, October 7, instead of leaving only eight hundred men in camp and attacking with the greater part of the army, he would confine himself to making a reconnaissance in force toward the enemy's left, taking with him only the auxiliaries and fifteen hundred regulars.

In proposing this reconnaissance Burgoyne's motives were mixed and what he hoped to accomplish is by no means clear. He talked afterwards of a hill commanding Gates' left which he proposed to occupy in order to begin an artillery duel on advantageous terms. No such hill exists nor was the attempt made, while the reconnaissance was still unopposed, for its main body to approach the nearest point of Gates' position nearer than a mile. Should the reconnaissance show the rebel left to be approachable, then Burgoyne purposed on Wednesday the 8th to attack in force.

Should an attack seem unwise, he would retreat to the Battenkill on Saturday, October 11, the day before that which he had set in his letter to Clinton. There was some talk of dislodging the enemy to facilitate a retreat. The whole thing was vague. It is not even certain whether the lesser objective of foraging was planned from the first, grave as was the need of the invaders' animals for green forage.

Even had the objective been far more rational and clear-cut, still the enterprise was a folly. In deciding at the beginning of the deadlock to halt where he was, Burgoyne had staked everything upon Sir Henry Clinton's power to help him. Having done so it was his business to wait for Clinton as long as possible without in the mean time doing anything to prejudice either his own continuance in the Freeman's farm position or the chances of a retreat. After his experience of September 19, to risk fifteen hundred regulars outside of his fortified lines by marching them southwestward toward the rebel left, and then holding them there in the open for several hours, was simply to ask for trouble. In the event it gave the Americans a chance not only to defeat and almost to destroy the reconnoitring detachment, but also to begin an attack upon Burgoyne's entrenched camp itself under such favorable circumstances as to make his continued holding of it impossible.

On October 6, to encourage the army and to make up for the decreased rations, Burgoyne presented the troops with twelve barrels of rum; one to the auxiliaries, three to the British regiments and artillery, four to the advanced corps (in which the German advanced corps may have been included), and only four to the Germans.

By this time Burgoyne's army can hardly have numbered much more than five thousand effectives and may even have fallen below that figure. Of the auxiliaries the numbers of the Indians had sunk to about fifty. The Canadians were not much over a hundred, and the Tories about four hundred and fifty. The Germans, reduced by their losses at Bennington and by desertion, now numbered about twenty-two hundred rank and file, of whom five hundred were Breymann's advanced corps. The British regulars, the flower of the army, who had left Canada more than four thousand strong, were now certainly less than three thousand and

probably about twenty-seven hundred. Thus, after the reconnoitring troops marched out, less than thirty-five hundred rank and file were left behind in the entrenched lines of the camp.

On the other hand, the Americans in Burgoyne's front, exclusive of the twenty-five hundred already in his rear, now numbered over seven thousand effective combatant rank and file, of whom about twenty-seven hundred were Continentals and the rest militia.

Between 10 and 11 A.M. of Tuesday, October 7, Burgoyne's reconnoitring detachment moved out accompanied by Fraser, Phillips, Riedesel, and Burgoyne himself. Captain Fraser with his company of rangers and the six hundred auxiliaries was to make a circuit to the westward. The fifteen hundred regulars were supported by ten guns, six six-pounders, two howitzers, and two twelves. Digby, an eye-witness, has preserved the grumble of Major Williams of the artillery, who insisted that once a twelve-pounder was taken from the artillery park and moved into the American woods, it was gone. Pausch was there with two of the six-pounders.

With their artillery the fifteen hundred regulars marched in three columns, the British light infantry and the 24th British regiment on the right, in the centre a patchwork German contingent made up of details from practically all the German units of the army, including three hundred from Breymann's advanced corps, and the British grenadiers on the left.

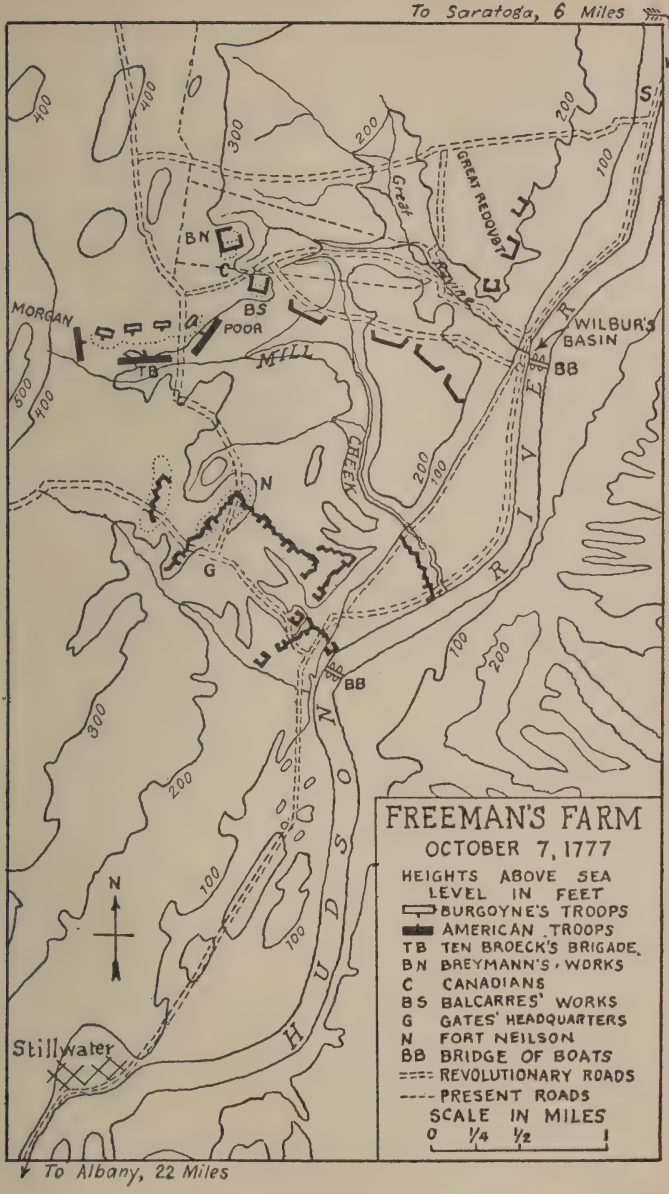
Advancing slowly for about three quarters of a mile southwest from Freeman's farm, after many halts for the bridging of gullies to permit a passage for the artillery, they reached the point at which the wagon track northward from the Neilson house crossed the Middle Ravine carved by the little brook known as Mill Creek. Here they halted on the gentle swell of land north of the creek, deployed into line with their left near the road, and sat down in a wheat field. The generals with their spy-glasses mounted to the roof of an abandoned cabin, from which they peered at the woods in the vain attempt to see something of the rebel position. Meanwhile officers' servants and followers from the camp foraged in the wheat field.

The position of the fifteen hundred was weak. In the first place, they were dangerously extended, for the desire to hold a little rise on their right had strung them out over a front of more than a thousand yards. It was true that this rise, like a similar gentle hummock on which their left stood, had been cleared for cultivation and therefore gave a certain scope for artillery and for regular infantry tactics. A second disadvantage was that their whole front was practically open inasmuch as the Mill Creek Ravine, although it deepens opposite to the point on which their left stood, is nowhere a serious obstacle to infantry. Worst of all, both flanks rested upon woods admirably calculated to shelter an advancing enemy.

The American outpost near Mill Creek having brought word of the approach of Burgoyne's reconnaissance, the drums of Gates' centre beat to arms. Wilkinson was therefore ordered to ride forward and investigate. On his return with news of the enemy's defective position, Gates promptly decided to attack. His first thought was of the rifle corps: 'Order on Morgan to begin the game.' Morgan suggested that he himself, concealed from the enemy by a convenient hill, should turn the British right. This Gates approved, at the same time ordering Poor's brigade to envelop the enemy's left. When the two flank movements should have developed, part of Learned's brigade was to strike the hostile centre.

While these decisions were being made, a party of Burgoyne's auxiliaries supported by some British grenadiers worked their way within musket shot of the American breastworks, where they kept up a lively fire for some little time and then succeeded in making good their retreat, although with loss.

About two o'clock, perhaps two-thirty, the American attack developed. Morgan being delayed by the long circuit required for his turning movement, the first shots were fired by the British guns in support of the grenadiers on Burgoyne's left. The effective rank and file of Poor's brigade amounted to over eight hundred: they were therefore half as strong as Burgoyne's entire reconnaissance and outnumbered those of the British grenadiers present more than two to one and perhaps three to one. Many of them Continental


To Saratoga, 6 Miles
FREEMAN'S FARM
OCTOBER 7, 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
BURGOYNE'S TROOPS
AMERICAN TROOPS
TB TEN BROECK'S BRIGADE
BN BREYMANN'S WORKS
C CANADIANS
BS BALCARRES' WORKS
G GATES' HEADQUARTERS
N FORT NEILSON
BB BRIDGE OF BOATS
REVOLUTIONARY ROADS
PRESENT ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2 1
To Albany, 22 Miles
Stillwater
MORGAN
POOR
MILL
CREEK
Great
GREAT REDOUBT
WILBUR'S BASIN
HUDSON RIVER
BN
C
BS
TB
N
G
BB
S
400
300
200
100
500

troops of much service, they deployed coolly in the woods suffering little or no loss from the cannon. Poor's orders were to lap around the hostile left and on no account to fire before receiving the first volley. Acland's grenadiers committed the fault, common among men who fire down upon assailants climbing up a steep slope toward them, of aiming too high. Acland commanded, 'Fix bayonets and charge the damned rebels.' Whereat Colonel Cilley of the second New Hampshire line called out defiantly in reply, Poor's men fired a murderous volley, and charged.

From the beginning the British grenadiers stood no chance. They went down in heaps — Wilkinson, an eyewitness, claims to have seen eighteen of them dead and dying in a space only twelve or fifteen yards square. Acland himself, shot through both legs and unable to stand, lay helpless in one of the angles of a zigzag rail fence. The survivors of his command were swept away, leaving Poor's men exulting fiercely over their defeat of the élite of the British army. A surgeon, having bandaged the wounds of a captured officer, raised his crimson-smeared hands, crying out that he had dipped them in British blood. Colonel Cilley climbed astraddle of a captured brass twelve-pounder, waving his sword and shouting that he dedicated it to the patriot cause, then descending ordered it turned upon those of the enemy who were still resisting.

Meanwhile Morgan had come into action against the British right. First he struck Captain Fraser and the auxiliaries and sent them flying through the woods. Then he came down upon the exposed right flank and rear of Balcarres and the British light infantry. They were in the act of changing front to oppose him when Dearborn, who had followed Morgan close, fired upon them so effectively that he drove them back in disorder. Balcarres, however, unlike Acland, was still standing and managed to rally them behind a rail fence a little to the rear.

Burgoyne, seeing already that the game was up, sent an aide, Sir Francis Clarke, with the order for the whole detachment to retire in the hope at least of saving the guns. But Clarke went down mortally wounded in the belly so that the order was never delivered.

Learned's brigade was advancing to attack the Germans

of Burgoyne's centre when suddenly among these farmer soldiers — most of them innocent of regimentals and dressed in their homespun civilian clothes — appeared a great bay horse upon which rode a little man conspicuous in the full buff and blue uniform of a Major-General of Continentals. It was Arnold.

Without command as he was he could not keep away from the fighting. His many enemies afterwards said that during the preliminaries of the action he had been drinking heavily. Certainly he had been riding here and there about the camp, agitated and angry at his own idleness, until he could bear it no longer and galloped to the field. Gates sent an aide — Major Armstrong, afterwards infamous as the author of the mutinous 'Newburg Letters' — to bring him back, but Arnold's horse was the faster and he was too much in the thick of the fighting for Armstrong's taste, so that the message was not promptly delivered.

The significance of the part played by Arnold was that his dare-devil spirit and feverish energy were precisely what was needed to inspire untrained or half-trained troops. Learned's men were his old neighbors of Norwich and New London, Connecticut. They hailed him with cheers and, following him as he waved his sword, they charged across the creek and up the easy northern slope of its northern banks against Burgoyne's Germans.

Although their left was already uncovered by the flight of the British grenadiers, nevertheless the Germans at first held out bravely. Detachments from the Rhetz and Hesse-Hanau regiments were posted to form a defensive flank on the left. One of the tiny battalions of Brunswickers which broke at the first fire was successfully rallied and returned to the action under the leadership of some of Riedesel's staff officers. Arnold's first charge was repulsed.

The American check, however, was only a matter of moments. On the right of the Germans, through some misunderstanding, Balcarres withdrew the British light infantry. The unhappy Germans, now exposed on both flanks, could no longer resist the swarming rebels, but retreated to the entrenched camp, where they took refuge in the works thrown up during the deadlock by the British light infantry in the neighborhood of Freeman's farm.

Through the personal exertions of Fraser a stand was made a little to the rear. The 24th British Regiment had as yet been but lightly engaged. With them and with the light infantry Fraser tried to form a second line to cover the retreat of what was left of the reconnoitring detachment.

By this time, however, the situation was so far out of hand that it was hardly possible to hold back the rising tide of American success. As we have seen, the withdrawal of the British light infantry brought about the retreat of the Germans to the entrenched camp.

Fraser himself, on an iron-gray horse, rode constantly to and fro encouraging the troops. Under such leadership it seemed just possible that the admirable British discipline might still achieve an orderly retreat to camp. But Arnold, who had noticed Fraser's activity, directed Morgan to tell off some of his best sharpshooters to bring him down.

Among the marksmen detailed by Morgan was a man named Tim Murphy, who was not only a hardy frontiersman and a crack shot, but also one of those epic personalities about whom legends gather even in their lifetime. In our own generation, although of course upon a lower plane, another Irishman, the champion prize-fighter John L. Sullivan, was such a man. Murphy was a famous Indian fighter whose double-barrelled rifle made the superstitious Indians believe he could shoot all day without reloading. Three years later on the Mohawk it was to be his courage that rebuked a cowardly commander and saved the fort at Middleburg. Now under Morgan's orders he posted himself in a tree or behind a clump of bushes and began to fire upon Fraser. Meanwhile other Americans were also firing at the same target, among them an old man armed with a long hunting musket of a sort supposed to outrange other smoothbores. Murphy's first bullet cut the crupper of Fraser's iron-gray horse. His second whizzed through the horse's mane. At this an aide of Fraser's urged his chief to expose himself no longer. Fraser had hardly time to reply that his duty forbade him to fly from danger when he pitched forward on the neck of his horse, shot through the abdomen and mortally wounded.

At this point General Ten Broeck with the Albany Militia Brigade, some three thousand strong and therefore out-

numbering two to one Burgoyne's entire original reconnoitring detachment, came on the field. Hardly had they done so when the little remnant of the British, their last hope gone when Fraser fell, everywhere gave way and made for the shelter of their breastworks.

In covering the retreat Burgoyne exposed himself as gallantly as Fraser had done. He too was the target of the deadly American riflemen: his horse was hit, his waistcoat cut by a bullet, and his hat shot through. But luckier than his subordinate he remained unharmed and succeeded in bringing off the wreck of the reconnoitring detachment.

Meanwhile Gates seems not to have stirred from his headquarters well to the rear of the American camp and completely out of sight of the action.

From the first shot to the British retreat only fifty-two minutes had passed. Over four hundred British officers and men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. Of twenty men from a single grenadier company who had marched out, sixteen together with their captain were left on the field. As usual the British had suffered heavily in officers: besides Fraser mortally hurt, Acland and Clarke wounded and prisoners, Captain Money, Burgoyne's acting quartermaster-general, had been taken. Of the artillery, almost all the horses having been shot, six of the reconnoitring detachment's ten guns had been taken and with them that gallant but testy veteran Major Williams. Both of Pausch's guns had been captured: his detachment of Hesse-Hanau artillerymen had been cut to pieces, and he himself had barely escaped by flight.

The Americans had lost hardly at all. Their blood was thoroughly up and with Arnold at their head they were ready for anything.

In the British camp the first indication of defeat had been the steady trickle of wounded men returning from the action. The officers' servants and others who had been foraging had come tumbling in when the firing began. Presently Fraser slowly appeared, barely able to sit his iron-gray with the help of an officer supporting him on either side. Finally the last of the reconnoitring troops reached the lines, a

helter-skelter mass of fugitives among whom all distinction of units had been lost. Burgoyne himself is said to have galloped into camp crying out that it must be held to the last man. If indeed he did so, he quickly recovered himself, but still his anxious look showed plainly that he feared the whole position might go.

The reader will remember that the right of Burgoyne's entrenched camp had been held by Fraser and Breymann. Westward from the North Branch the British grenadiers had been posted, and next to them the 24th Regiment, with Balcarres and the British light infantry strongly entrenched both in front and flank at Freeman's farm on the extreme right of the position. About half a mile north and a little west of Balcarres, Breymann and his German advanced corps had entrenched themselves on a little knoll, while the draw between them and Freeman's farm was held only by the spiritless Canadians posted in a couple of log cabins.

The second phase of the action, the American attack upon the British camp, was to turn upon the fact that neither the Canadians nor the three hundred of Breymann's men who had marched out that morning were now returned to their original stations. In general the survivors of the ill-fated reconnoitring detachment, hard-pressed and nearly cut off by the rebels, had naturally made for the nearest part of the entrenched lines, which was Balcarres' post at Freeman's farm.

The young Lord Balcarres was an excellent soldier. Throughout the deadlock he had surpassed Burgoyne's other unit commanders in keeping his men steadily at work strengthening his defenses. He had impressed upon his British light infantry that upon the holding of their post — and indeed the gentle knolls of Freeman's farm overlook the whole countryside to the south, east, and northeast — the safety of the army might depend.

Arnold and the Americans already engaged, following the fugitives, arrived opposite Balcarres' post and promptly attacked. Although without artillery they pressed forward through a heavy fire both of musketry and of grapeshot from the British cannon. Darting to and fro and raging like a madman, Arnold was a host in himself. It was said of him that he struck an officer of Morgan's corps with his sword

and wounded him in the head, remembering nothing of the incident afterwards and begging pardon when told of it. Under his leadership the abatis in front of Balcarres' lines was stormed and a determined attack made upon the breastworks themselves. Nevertheless their strength, together with the fact that Balcarres' light infantry had been reënforced by the survivors of the reconnoitring detachment, brought the assault to a stand. Notwithstanding the British artillery, the Americans continued a hot-fire fight at close range, sheltering themselves as best they could behind trees or stumps, or in hollows of ground within a hundred and twenty yards of the enemy.

This kind of thing, however, was little to Arnold's taste. When he saw that the assault was held, he spurred off toward the American left, recklessly galloping his horse between the two lines and therefore exposed to the fire of both. As if by a miracle he escaped unhurt.

The knoll upon which Breymann was stationed is a shoulder not unlike Freeman's farm, although a little higher and more abrupt. To the northwest, north, and east the ground falls steeply away, but toward the southwest the slope is gentle. Here Breymann had thrown up a breastwork about two hundred yards long consisting of rails piled horizontally between upright pickets. Since the three hundred lent by him to the reconnoitring detachment had not returned, he had only two hundred — one man per yard of front. Nevertheless, before Arnold's arrival no assault had been delivered although a close-fire fight was going on. From the log cabins in the draw between Balcarres and Breymann there came only a slack fire.

As Arnold reached Breymann's front, Learned's brigade was seen advancing, its leading regiment commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. Learned asked Wilkinson where he could 'put in with most advantage' and Wilkinson suggested an attack upon the feebly held log cabins in the draw. Arnold led the assault. The log cabins were cleared in an instant leaving Breymann's left exposed.

Putting himself at the head of a party of Morgan's riflemen, Arnold charged again. Breymann's two hundred gave away. Breymann himself fell. Always a tyrant to his

men, it was said of him that he had sabred four of them to keep them to their work, when a fifth turned upon him at last and shot him dead. As they retreated, the Germans fired a last volley which killed Arnold's great bay horse and broke that leg of his that had already been wounded before Quebec. An American would have bayoneted the man who fired the shot had not the dauntless little man called out, 'He is a fine fellow, don't hurt him.' Had he died there it had been well for his fame.

As he lay on the ground, Armstrong appeared with Gates' order to return to camp. A litter was made of blankets slung between poles and on it Arnold was carried back.

The fall of Breymann's redoubt laid open Burgoyne's whole main position to the victorious Americans. On the other hand, the troops were tired and the half-trained units disordered from the fighting. Worst of all it was now dusk. Accordingly the advantage was not pressed home.

It was some time before Burgoyne knew definitely that Breymann's redoubt was lost. It was already so dark that the officer who brought the news had himself believed that the men around the fires there were friends and had learned the truth only when they fired upon him. Afterwards, when on his defense, Burgoyne said he did his best both by persuasion and by positive orders to get the Germans to retake the captured hill. One of the British officers confirmed the story, but his testimony is doubtful, for he added that there were no other troops available for a counter-attack, since the whole line was engaged — which last point is certainly untrue, for in the darkness no general action could possibly have been continued.

The story told by the Germans mentions no orders from Burgoyne and implies that the slight and unsuccessful attempt on the part of the invaders to recapture the lost hill originated with Lieutenant-Colonel von Speth, of Riedesel's infantry regiment. Speth had commanded the German contingent that had marched with the reconnaissance and had retreated to Balcarres' lines at Freeman's farm. Cut to the quick by 'harsh and cutting words,' perhaps from Burgoyne, perhaps from other British officers, he decided to save the honor of the Germans by counter-attacking the rebels now in possession of Breymann's redoubt. What with

the darkness, confusion, and hopeless mixture of units he could collect only four officers and about fifty men, but with this tiny force he set out — half in anger and half in despair. A man whom they met claimed to be a Tory and said he would guide them. With the German trustfulness that had cost so dear at Bennington, Speth accepted his offer, only to find himself betrayed by being led into the midst of the enemy. Marching at the head of their little column — only half the strength of a full German company — the Brunswicker and his four officers were taken, the men escaping in the darkness.

With Speth's failure the action petered out.

Wilkinson, returning from the field, found the wounded Sir Francis Clarke upon Gates' bed resisting the efforts of the latter — who had not been on the field all day — to convert him to the principles of the Revolution. When the high-spirited boy naturally refused to yield to his arguments, Gates in anger called Wilkinson out of the room and asked him if he had ever heard ' . . . so impudent a son of a bitch.' The fact that Clarke's wounds afterwards proved mortal adds a touch of pathos to the curious and contemptible farce.

Owing little to Gates beyond the original decision to attack, but much to Arnold, the American units engaged had broken the invasion. In killed and wounded they had lost only about eighty officers and men. In prisoners alone the British and their allies had lost about two hundred and fifty. The successful resistance of Balcarres' lines and the late hour at which Breymann's Hill had been carried had saved the invaders from instant and final disaster. Nevertheless the possession by the Americans of the captured redoubt so turned Burgoyne's main position as to leave him little choice. If he would wait longer for Clinton, he must counterattack in the morning and regain the lost position — against superior numbers flushed with victory. Otherwise he must retreat.

CHAPTER XII

RETREAT AND SURRENDER

WITHIN ten days of the action of October 7 Burgoyne and his army were prisoners. This last stage of the campaign divides itself naturally into three phases: first, a retreat covering only seven miles in three days — October 8, 9, and 10 — and ending at old Saratoga, now Schuylerville; second, a pause of two days while Burgoyne, although not yet entirely cut off from retreat, nevertheless remained halted; and third, five days — October 13 to 17 — during which he found himself surrounded, decided to retreat, and finally surrendered.

Each of these phases was marked by a stroke of fortune favorable to the United States. As a result of the loose organization of Gates' army and perhaps the slackness of Gates himself in the pursuit, Burgoyne in his retreat to Saratoga might have destroyed the American detachment posted to block him there. In the event this detachment under Fellows was saved, but only just saved. Again on the morning of October 11 an attack ordered by Gates on account of his complete misconception of Burgoyne's intention and position was fortunately halted at the last moment, thus avoiding an action which seemed certain to result in a serious check. Finally, after the complete encirclement of the invaders, Gates' decision not to attack but to content himself with blockade allowed time for Sir Henry Clinton's northward operation to develop. Burgoyne learning, although not certainly or fully, of the progress of this movement in his favor, put off signing the terms previously agreed upon and signed at last only late in the forenoon of October 16.

First, then, as to the escape of Fellows. In the last chapter the reader has already been told that even before October 7 Gates had begun posting detachments of militia in Burgoyne's rear. An entrenched camp had been thrown up on some high ground north of Fort Edward to hold the road from that point to Fort George. This camp was gar-

risoned by about two thousand New Hampshire Militia under Brigadier-General Jacob Bayley. Just before the action Brigadier-General John Fellows, with about thirteen hundred militiamen from his home county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, was ordered to march up the east side of the Hudson to the Battenkill and then to entrench himself on the west side at Saratoga. Obviously the thirteen hundred by themselves could not stop Burgoyne's whole army should the latter retreat. Accordingly, Gates' calculation was either to reënforce Fellows, or himself to follow Burgoyne so closely that the latter would not be able to shake himself free long enough to deal with the Berkshire men.

October 7 destroyed Burgoyne's hope of victory. The loss of Breymann's Hill had made his position untenable. He seems never to have thought of a counter-attack in the morning, and it was well for him that he did not, for Gates had ordered Lincoln and the American right to advance during the night. With these fresh troops so close to him, and with his own lines none too heavily manned, for Burgoyne to have detached troops for a counter-attack upon Breymann's Hill would have been to risk total disaster. Accordingly he determined upon retreat. During the night the invaders struck their tents and before daybreak they withdrew north of the Great Ravine. The Americans were vigilant. At daybreak they lost no time in occupying the abandoned position. Lincoln, drawing up his command across the river meadows and on the edge of the bluff, offered battle.

Meanwhile Fraser was dying. Baroness Riedesel, who had expected him with the other generals to dinner that day, received him in the little house in which she had been living. He was put to bed and his wound dressed. He was told that it was mortal. Through the night he lingered in agony, exclaiming often, 'Oh, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!' They read to him the prayers for the dying, and about eight o'clock in the morning he died.

One could pity him more had it not been for the callous words spoken over the reeking scalp of Jane McCrea, 'It is a conquered country and we must wink at such things.'

Fraser's last request of Burgoyne was that he might be buried at evening in the Great Redoubt, without ceremony

and attended only by the officers of his own personal staff. Burgoyne has been unjustly blamed for waiting all day merely to honor his dead friend's wish before retreating farther. The truth is that his new position behind the Great Ravine was strong. Had Gates that day attacked it in front, the British commander would have been well pleased. Also a retreat begun under cover of darkness was far less likely to be harassed by the enemy.

Knowing that Burgoyne must go, Gates too was satisfied to play his usual waiting game. Accordingly, although from Lincoln's attitude the British expected a general American attack, nevertheless October 8 passed without heavy fighting. There was some cannonading. Burgoyne's Tories and his German riflemen skirmished with the American outposts back and forth among the birches of the Great Ravine. But the only important event of the day was the wounding of Lincoln by a sniper. With both Arnold and Lincoln gone, Gates was thus left without a subordinate above the rank of brigadier. During the day Burgoyne sent Lieutenant-Colonel Sutherland of the 47th to reconnoitre northward up the west bank of the Hudson.

At six o'clock Fraser was buried. Contrary to the dead man's wish, Burgoyne, Phillips, and Riedesel were present. It was a calm and beautiful evening, but the Americans, ignorant of the purpose of the gathering, cannonaded the burial party. Several of their shots struck close enough to throw dust upon the officiating chaplain. Most eighteenth-century English army chaplains seem to have been a sorry lot, but this one — the Reverend Mr. Brudenell — had stuff in him. He went on reading the solemn Anglican service and Burgoyne afterwards honored him by telling the House of Commons that his voice never faltered.

The reader has been told that Burgoyne had already decided to retreat. To do so meant abandoning his hospital with over four hundred sick and wounded, but for this there was no help. With Ticonderoga more than sixty miles away, his troops could not possibly carry on their backs provisions for such a journey. Accordingly he must slow down the pace of his march so that the boats with his supplies could keep abreast of him by rowing against the current of the river. Had he been prepared for what the

soldiers of the time considered the most desperate of measures, he might have abandoned his artillery as well as his hospital. By so doing he could in one way or another have used the artillery horses to carry food and might have made better time. But although he afterwards wrote to Clinton that from October 7 on he already believed all lost, nevertheless he still continued to cling to his guns.

One asks in vain his reasons for such a decision and indeed for his conduct throughout the following days. It may have been that, after cherishing so long and with such determination the hope of victory over the increasing obstacles before him, the defeat of October 7 had so cast him down as to disturb his judgment. His letter of September 23 to Clinton shows him still confident of success and contemptuous of Gates. If, indeed, as a local tradition says, he had committed the folly of spending the night of the 6th over his cards and liquor with Balcarres, and on top of that had had little rest during the night after his defeat, then he must have been physically unstrung.

Whatever Burgoyne's condition and state of mind, that of his army is obvious enough. They were dead beat. Through the seventeen days of the deadlock the persistent harassing tactics of the despised rebels had sapped them physically and morally.

Meanwhile the movements in Burgoyne's camp had convinced the American command that the invaders meant to retreat. In such a situation a competent commander at the head of a well-organized force would have closely beset his enemy and, if unable to do more, would certainly have pursued vigorously at daybreak. In the event while a better man than Gates might have done more than he actually did, nevertheless his hands were tied by the defective organization of his improvised army.

Rations were issued to the American troops for four-day periods and an issue was to have been made on October 7. Probably, with the usual wastefulness and improvidence of soldiers, the men had quickly used up most of what they had and consequently had fared badly toward the end of the ration period. During the action of the 7th no fresh supplies had been issued; the internal economy of the camp had simply stopped. In the first excitement of victory the troops

had hardly noticed this and on the morning of the 8th they had hotly followed up Burgoyne's withdrawal behind the Great Ravine. But now as the second day of their fast closed they must be fed. There seems to have been no attempt to bring the supplies forward to the troops. Perhaps there were no means of doing so. Instead the whole army was ordered back to camp, a mile and a half to the rear. Worse still, so cumbrous was the process of issue that the command was faced by the prospect of spending the entire following day there occupied merely in drawing and cooking provisions!

Meanwhile here were Fellows and his thirteen hundred militiamen on the west bank of the Hudson at Saratoga, only seven miles from Burgoyne and directly across the line of retreat which that commander and his whole army must take. Since the tedious process of rationing promised to hold Gates' main army at Bemis Heights throughout the Thursday, October 9, and since the organization and staff work of that force was obviously not equal to a night march, Burgoyne would therefore have all Thursday and part of the Friday as well in which to destroy Fellows before the latter could be reënforced by Gates. Moreover, until the evening of the 8th at the earliest neither Gates nor any one on his staff seems to have given Fellows a thought.

The situation was saved by the slowness of Burgoyne. In the first instance that slowness was certainly due to the necessities of the case and the fatigue of his men. Since Sutherland had not yet returned, the commander of the invasion was compelled to begin his retreat without knowing whether his road was clear. Furthermore, for the first four miles of that retreat the road which he must follow ran close under steep bluffs from which, for all he knew, the rebels might attack his column in flank. He must also consider the chance of a rebel attack upon his rear.

For the retreat Burgoyne formed his army as follows: the remaining Indians and Tories with Captain Fraser's company of Rangers as usual formed the advanced guard followed by Riedesel and the German troops. Next came the 9th and 47th regiments, then the heavy artillery and army wagons, and finally the rest of the British contingent. The British advanced corps, now under Balcarres, acted as rear

guard. The orders were to leave the camp-fires burning and move off quietly. The advanced guard marched at nine, Riedesel at ten. The bulk of Balcarres' command did not leave until eleven and his last units not until nearly four in the morning. Behind them in the darkness the retreating invaders could see the lighted lanterns carried by the officers of the American right wing as they rode to and fro in front of their formed-up troops. Nevertheless not a shot was fired.

During the march Sutherland returned. He had reconnoitred Fellows' detachment. Their fires were burning brightly, but their guards, if any were set, were so slack that he had been able to circle completely around them without being discovered. Sutherland was eager to seize the opportunity. Let Burgoyne, he said, permit him to push on rapidly with his own 47th regiment. These last numbered some two hundred and fifty. Nevertheless, with them alone he promised to surprise and destroy Fellows' unsuspecting and unsoldierly thirteen hundred.

Burgoyne refused permission. Perhaps, with his extended column, he feared losing control of his army should he allow still further dispersion. Moreover, since he had decided to attempt a regular retreat he knew that he must soon halt to allow the bateaux to come up.

About two in the morning the opportunity for a halt came. Riedesel and his lumbering Germans, marching at the rate of a bare mile an hour, had gone four miles and reached Dovecote, now Coveville, where for the first time the road leaves the flats beside the river and cuts across a gentle spur of the higher land. Accordingly Burgoyne sent forward to Riedesel the order to halt on this first piece of favorable ground. The German was astonished. He was thinking, not in terms of bateaux and provisions, but of the desperate plight of the army, and in the event he was right. Worn out by fatigue and sleeplessness and supposing the halt was for only a few minutes, Riedesel entered his wife's travelling coach, sat down beside her with his head upon her shoulder, and in an instant was fast asleep. He slept three hours.

It began to rain in torrents. Unit after unit slowly dragged itself up, hindered by the confusion into which the long column of baggage wagons had fallen.

Less than three miles away Fellows' farmer soldiers snored unmolested round their fires or waked only to curse the rain.

Day broke about five o'clock and still Burgoyne made no move to go forward. About nine the last units of the British advanced corps, now the rear guard, appeared, and still the army remained halted. Fifty or sixty Germans slipped away and deserted in a body. Most of the bateaux came up and Burgoyne had provisions issued. Under the pouring rain he caused the remaining cannon to be ranged and counted. Parties of rebels could be plainly seen moving up the east bank of the river. Sniping at the outposts and against the bateaux tended to increase. But only at four in the afternoon did the army again move forward. By this time the road was a sea of mud, so that the orders for the troops to do their utmost to help forward the army wagons were issued in vain. Team after team stuck fast and was lost.

Meanwhile a party of three hundred from Gates' army, finding means to keep their powder dry in spite of the rain, skirmished from time to time with the British rear. Afterwards it was said that had Burgoyne kept his head they might have been taken prisoner, but this was not done and their intervention helped to delay the retreat still more. Every now and then parties of militia would waylay a few of the heavily laden boats struggling upstream against the current of the river. Once such a boat was seized, its captors would rush on board it like wolves for the plunder it contained. The crews, however, seem to have been taken prisoners according to the rules of war. On some of the captured boats women were found, tired, ragged, and frightened creatures who were allowed to go free.

The October day was closing as Burgoyne's van neared Saratoga. The tired men, dragging themselves heavily forward through the mud, could see the homespun figures of Fellows' men as these last went splashing across the Hudson — for at this point the river was fordable — and took up a new position on the opposite shore. During the day a letter from Gates' headquarters had at last reached their commander telling him of Burgoyne's expected retreat and suggesting that the Berkshiremen post themselves east of the

Hudson. The invaders were played out. Except for the uprights and sleepers the bridge over the Fishkill had been destroyed, so that those of them who crossed that creek were compelled to wade.

Although the men had been for three days continuously under arms, either in action or in expectation of an attack, nevertheless their discipline might have kept them going had their commander so ordered. But Burgoyne too was tired. He saw before him the imposing Schuyler mansion and the comfort and shelter which that great house promised to himself was too much for his determination. Leaving Hamilton with the 20th, 21st, and 62d south of the creek as headquarters guard, he gave the order to halt and himself took refuge inside. While he dried himself within, his wretched men threw themselves down on the soaking ground too tired to cut wood and make fires. Even to-day, after the invention of rubber, for troops to march and still more to lie down in the rain is uncomfortable enough. A hundred and fifty years ago, although the officers had oilcloths of the sort known to the contemporary yachtsman as an oilskin or slicker, the men had no waterproof garments whatsoever. They had only their greatcoats.

The Baroness Riedesel at least had a fire beside which she and her children lay down upon some straw. To her came Phillips, an old friend of her husband's ever since the Seven Years' War. She asked him why the army did not continue its retreat while yet there was time, saying that her husband had pledged himself to cover such a retreat.

'Poor woman,' answered Phillips, 'I am amazed at you! Completely wet through, have you still the courage to go farther in this weather? Would that you were only our commanding general! He halts because he is tired and intends to spend the night here and give us a supper.'

Indeed, the charge of self-indulgence is only too well proved against Burgoyne. The thirty carts which carried his personal baggage from the lakes to the Hudson are eloquent.

During the retreat an incident occurred which, although it had no effect upon the campaign, was nevertheless picturesque enough in itself to deserve a word. The gently

bred Lady Harriet Acland, far gone in pregnancy though she was, asked and received Burgoyne's permission to go over to the enemy to join her wounded husband in his captivity. Accordingly she set off in a boat attended only by Brudenell, the chaplain. The American sentry whom she hailed — very probably an Irishman — hearing her voice thought it that of a ghost. When at last the officer of the guard appeared he too very properly saw fit to hold her for examination. Nevertheless he made her as comfortable as the cabin which served as guard-house permitted and she was next day allowed to go to her husband.

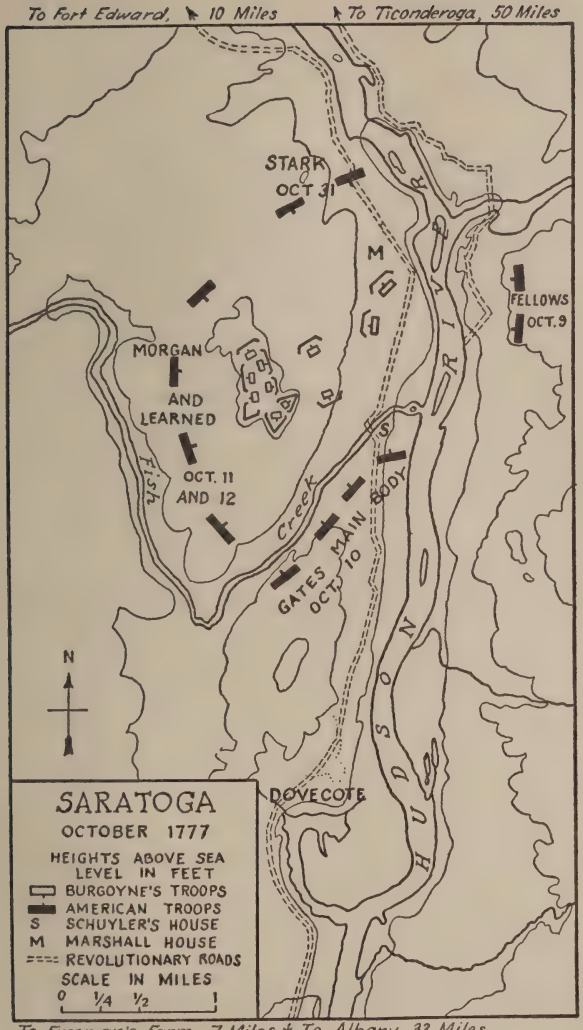
When day broke on Friday, October 10, Fellows was not yet out of danger. Although Burgoyne's slowness had tided him over the worst of his peril, and although he had been reënforced during the 9th and now held a strong position on the heights east of the Hudson with that river between himself and the invaders, nevertheless there was still time for the latter to attack him. Had Gates on that Friday morning promptly broken camp and pushed northward after Burgoyne, then Fellows' isolation would have lasted only a few hours. In fact Gates' army, after spending all Thursday in issuing and cooking rations, was not yet ready to move. Moreover, it was still raining. The shameful fact is that Gates did not march until afternoon, his van reaching Fishkill about four.

Nevertheless all day Burgoyne left Fellows unmolested. In the first place the reader has already been told that the Berkshiremen's ground was strong. The bluff on which they stood rises steeply nearly two hundred feet above the river. Fellows' numbers were now three thousand. To attack him the invaders must ford and he had two guns which could have played upon them while struggling to hold themselves against the current. Burgoyne seems not to have known either the extent or degree of practicability of the ford. Moreover, he could not count on Gates' remaining quiet, and therefore dared not risk an attack by the latter on his rear while engaged with Fellows in front. Since his position at Saratoga was strong, it seemed both easier and safer to hold it with the bulk of his force while with the rest he prepared a crossing farther to the north.

Accordingly he sent Sutherland with the six battalion companies of the latter's 47th regiment, also the 9th, some Canadian volunteers, and the artificers of the army, to march up the west bank of the Hudson toward Fort Edward, about twelve miles to the northward. Of all the British units the 47th and the 9th had so far been the most lightly engaged. When they should reach the neighborhood of Fort Edward, their mission was to bridge the river at some favorable spot under the direction of Twiss of the Engineers, who accompanied them.

Meanwhile, to cover Sutherland against possible attack from Gates, Burgoyne settled himself in the Saratoga position. Most of his British troops and his remaining Tories he posted on the southern part of the heights north of the Fishkill, where the monument now stands. Most of his Germans were stationed northeastward from them and north of the present village of Schuylerville. The hundred-odd Canadians and the German riflemen were pushed forward to the westward of the other Germans, and the remainder of the diminished German advanced corps formed a connecting link between the German main body and the British on the heights. The artillery park occupied a little rise on the flats east and a little south of the German main body. The position was covered on the east by the Hudson and on the south to some extent by the Fishkill. Unlike the Bemis Heights–Freeman's Farm position, it had the great advantage of much open ground affording a clear field of fire and a favorable terrain for the close-order tactics of regular troops. Not only were the river meadows under cultivation, but also a broad strip northward from the Fishkill and a considerable patch westward from the German main body. Except for this patch the ground to the westward was wooded, but only thinly so. Moreover, Burgoyne had the advantage of reoccupying the works thrown up by his British troops while posted there on September 13 and 14, and may have been able also to use the breastworks thrown up by Fellows on the 9th.

Defensively Burgoyne's ground was strong. Paradoxically enough its very strength was to hurt his chances by making him reluctant to leave it. Strategically and with reference to the campaign as a whole, it was as bad as bad


To Fort Edward, 10 Miles
To Ticonderoga, 50 Miles
STARK
OCT 31
MORGAN
AND
LEARNED
OCT. 11
AND 12
FELLOWS
OCT. 9
Fish
Creek
GATES
OCT 7
TO MAIN BODY
HUDSON RIVER
DOVECOTE
N
SARATOGA
OCTOBER 1777
HEIGHTS ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN FEET
BURGOYNE'S TROOPS
AMERICAN TROOPS
S SCHUYLER'S HOUSE
M MARSHALL HOUSE
REVOLUTIONARY ROADS
SCALE IN MILES
0 1/4 1/2
To Freeman's Farm 7 Miles
To Albany, 33 Miles

could be inasmuch as he still had the Hudson between him and retreat. Moreover, he was now ten miles farther removed from any help which might come from the southward. Worst of all was the shortage of supplies. The most impregnable position is of little use to a starving army as Burgoyne's soon must be.

At last some time in the afternoon, Wilkinson says at four and Riedesel at two, Gates' van appeared. The American commander-in-chief had allowed Burgoyne over thirty-six hours' start and notwithstanding the latter's slowness was now reaching Saratoga more than eighteen hours after him. Nevertheless Gates' arrival, however tardy, put Fellows out of danger. Since Burgoyne had already decided in the morning that the Berkshiremen's position on the bluff overlooking the ford was too strong to justify an attack, now that the American main army was at hand ready to fall upon his rear should he attempt such a move, it was reasonably certain that he would not try it. After two days and a night of uncertainty and peril, Fellows was saved.

Out of the situation which saved Fellows, the next episode, the halting of Gates' intended attack on the morning of Saturday, October 11, developed with lightning speed.

As Gates approached, Hamilton withdrew his three regiments across the Fishkill. Since the Schuyler mansion south of that creek might give cover to a hostile attack, Burgoyne had it burned. Orders were given also to burn the wooden meeting-house on the Albany road half a mile to the southward, but the men detailed to do the job allowed themselves to be scared away by the threats and muskets of a handful of country folk so that the building was saved. On Gates' arrival the fire of a few of his light pieces was enough to scatter Burgoyne's working parties engaged in unloading the bateaux at the river-bank north of the creek. The concentrated fire of the British heavy artillery, however, soon forced the American gunners to limber up and withdraw. The blowing-up of one of their ammunition wagons was greeted with a cheer from the British regiments.

The departure of Sutherland's detachment was reported to Gates. Having held his hand so long, the bespectacled old general was now of a mind to be bold. He jumped to the conclusion that Burgoyne's main body was moving north-

ward leaving only a rear guard to be sacrificed in delaying his own pursuit. The idea was reasonable enough in itself. It was based upon that admirable military maxim that when in doubt as to the movements of one's enemy one should assume that he will act with good judgment. What Gates supposed Burgoyne to be doing was exactly what the latter should have done. Nevertheless Gates' proposed move, based as it was upon insufficient information, was playing directly into Burgoyne's hands.

As we have seen, the main body of the invaders instead of moving northward was strongly posted north of the Fishkill. Even to-day after a century and a half of deforestation a distinct haze overhangs this part of the Hudson during the early morning hours. In 1777 except on rainy days this haze amounted to a thick fog which melted away only when the sun was high in the heavens. Advancing blindfold through this fog the Americans would be unable to reconnoitre. When it should lift they would find themselves face to face with Burgoyne's main body strongly posted on commanding ground and favored by an open terrain such as the European regulars had not yet enjoyed in any action of the campaign. From the first chapter the reader has already learned how indispensable was open ground for the exact formations and close-order volleys of the professional armies of the eighteenth century. Let it here suffice that under such conditions irregulars who might be able to put up a good fight among woods would be scattered like dust.

Had Burgoyne merely proposed to stand where he was with only the troops still present on the ground, even then his position would have been strong enough to enable him to turn back his assailants with heavy loss. Worn down as his army was, he still had his two chief assets, first, the ability of his disciplined regulars to defeat even a far more numerous body of the improvised troops of the rebels should the latter engage them on ground suitable to their close-order formations, and, second, the fire of the twenty-seven guns remaining, exclusive of mortars, out of the forty-two pieces which he had insisted upon dragging with him through the frontier wilderness.

Moreover, Burgoyne on his side had penetrated Gates' intention and — gambler that he was — was even recalling

Sutherland. The latter had arrived opposite Fort Edward, which was occupied at the moment only by about two hundred Americans. Although the local commander, a Colonel Cochrane, ordered a number of fires lit so that Sutherland might think himself opposed by a considerable force, the Britisher had seen through the ruse. Reporting to Burgoyne that the fort was weakly garrisoned, he had set his artificers to work to bridge the river. On receiving Burgoyne's order to return to Saratoga, he did so with his five hundred-odd British troops leaving only his Tories and a handful of Indians to cover the artificers and their half-finished bridge.

By one of the ironies of which history is full, Burgoyne was destined not to profit by his just estimate of his adversary's plan. After his persistence in holding his ground throughout the deadlock and after his slow and half-hearted retreat, his instant grasping of this last opportunity for victory was to bring him no good fortune. Indeed his withdrawal of Sutherland was to bring him nearer to his ruin by narrowing still more the closing doorway to his retreat. Gates, on the other hand, who had courted disaster, was to be saved by the prudent initiative of his subordinates.

Wilkinson tells us that, on returning as was his custom from inspecting the outposts for the night, he reached the rude cabin which served Gates as headquarters and found the latter at eleven o'clock still awake. The commander-in-chief showed him an order written out during the young adjutant-general's absence. It was for the whole army to attack at dawn. Morgan with the advance was to follow the edge of the bluffs while the main body was to move up the highroad near the river.

At this point, if indeed he has told us the truth, Wilkinson's forwardness served his country well. He objected that Gates had no certainty of Burgoyne's retreat, that the fog would make reconnaissance impossible, and that if the enemy were still in force in their strong position it might be disastrous to attack them. With all his faults Gates was not above taking advice even from so boyish a subordinate. Although still firm in his belief that the enemy had retreated, nevertheless he listened to Wilkinson and ordered the latter to rise early, reconnoitre, and bring back word.

At daybreak through the usual fog the army advanced, Morgan keeping to the edge of the bluffs and the main body moving along the flats according to orders. Morgan was the first to cross the creek, which he did about three quarters of a mile southwest of the ruins of Schuyler's house and somewhere near the present site of the Victory Mills. A little more and he would have blundered against the British infantry. Fortunately, however, some instinct made him doubt whether Burgoyne had indeed retreated. Accordingly after sustaining some loss in driving in a British picket, he halted. At this point Wilkinson appeared riding forward through the fog. He found Morgan uneasy as to his position with the creek in his rear, but uncertain what to do because of his ignorance of the ground. Wilkinson, on the other hand, knew the region well through his experience of it during Schuyler's August retreat. He therefore advised Morgan to incline to the left so that he could not be pinned against the Fishkill in case of an attack by superior numbers. At the same time he promised to support the riflemen with two brigades from the main body. To this end he galloped back to Gates, who gave the necessary order. Wilkinson, returning, found Learned acting in command of his own and Patterson's brigades, brought both brigades across the Fishkill, and assigned them a direction which had they continued their march would have brought them full upon the British main body.

While this was going on, Nixon's and Glover's brigades were preparing to cross the Fishkill lower down near its mouth. Although the men of a captured British picket reported the main body of the invaders still in position, nevertheless the movement was continued. Nixon, being senior to Glover, was first to cross. Glover was about to follow him when he saw a single British soldier fording the creek from north to south. Under examination the man said that he was a deserter, that Burgoyne's main body had not moved, and that even the detachment sent toward Fort Edward had now returned. Threatening the fellow with instant death if he lied, Glover sent him off at a gallop under escort to Gates, who was as usual well in the rear. At the same time he halted his brigade and sent forward to Nixon, suggesting that the latter should recross the creek. A Ger-

man deserter appeared who confirmed the story of his British comrade. Nixon halted. At this point the fog suddenly lifted, revealing Burgoyne's whole army in position and under arms. They promptly opened fire with small arms and artillery upon Nixon's men, whereat the latter scurried back in disorder to the southern bank of the Fishkill.

Meanwhile Wilkinson, who had been buzzing about, was concerned for Learned. A recent standing order prescribed a general advance in case of a hostile attack upon any one point. Accordingly the adjutant-general feared lest Learned, hearing the firing near the river, might involve himself in a disadvantageous action against the British farther to the west. He therefore galloped back to Learned, whom he found resolutely advancing up the steep slope toward the enemy entrenched upon the heights where the monument now stands. Straining and in fact exceeding his authority as adjutant-general, Wilkinson told the old brigadier that he must retreat. Learned objected that Wilkinson could show no order from Gates and that the standing orders were to attack. 'Our brethren,' said he in the Biblical language so familiar to eighteenth-century New England, 'are engaged upon the right.' To his credit Wilkinson persisted. Several field officers of Learned's command chimed in to the same effect and at last Learned gave the order to retreat. The British, who had been watching with shouldered arms, fired upon his men as they began to draw off, but inflicted only slight loss.

It was not much more than twelve hours since Gates' arrival had at last saved Fellows, and with the retreat of Nixon and Learned Burgoyne's second opportunity had slipped away. Burgoyne afterwards referred to it as '. . . one of the most adverse strokes of fortune in the whole campaign.' Meanwhile at the approach of a small body of Americans the Tories and Indians guarding Sutherland's artificers had run away so that the unfinished bridge was destroyed.

The rest of the 11th passed without incident except for the capture or destruction of most of the British bateaux. With the arrival of the bulk of the American artillery the nature of the ground made it impossible for the invaders to cover them. Their capture considerably improved

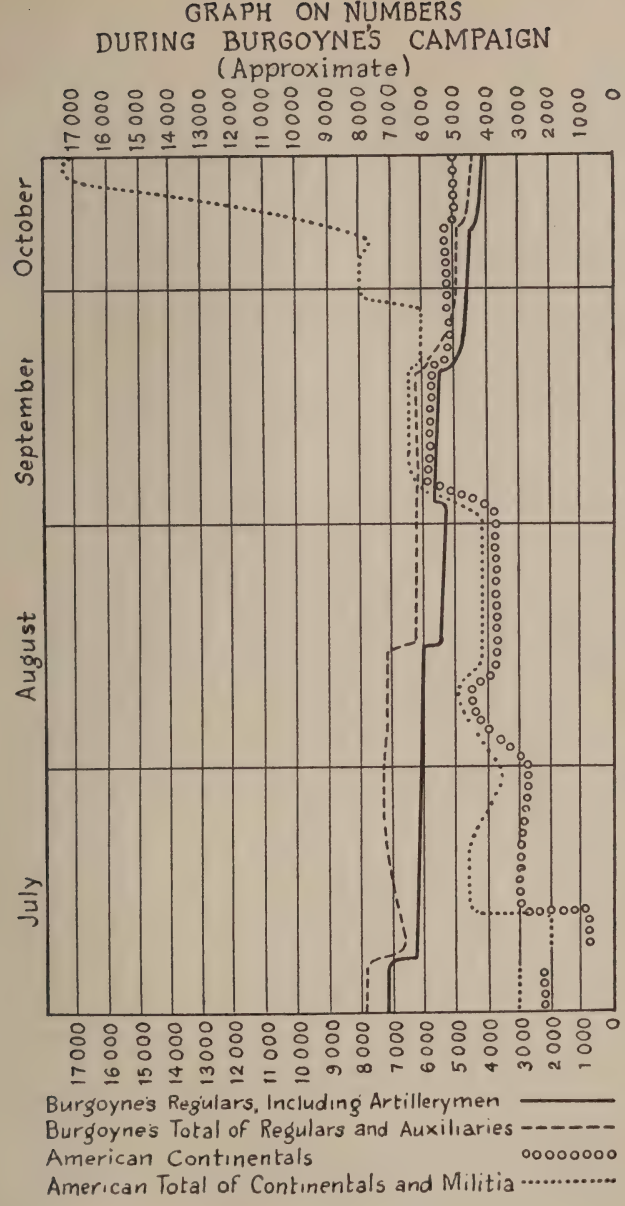
Gates' position, as it increased his available means of transferring troops to and fro across the river.

In the evening Burgoyne consulted with Phillips and Riedesel and laid before them the unfavorable state of affairs. Riedesel dryly remarks that both major-generals understood the situation quite as well if not better than the commander-in-chief. The latter went on to say that it was now impossible to attack and cut through the enemy. Riedesel proposed to abandon the baggage and move northward up the west bank of the Hudson to a point about four miles north of Fort Edward. Here, apparently a little below the present site of Glens Falls, there was known to be a ford. Strangely enough Burgoyne could not yet make up his mind to give up his guns and baggage, so that nothing was decided.

Next day, the 12th, Gates took measures to invest Burgoyne more closely on the west. Morgan, who had remained north of the Fishkill, was now reënforced by Learned's brigade and by certain Pennsylvania units. On the northwest, however, the invaders were not yet surrounded.

At three in the afternoon Burgoyne summoned not only Phillips and Riedesel, but also the two brigadiers Hamilton and Gall. Again he went over the situation. They were almost surrounded by an enemy greatly superior in numbers estimated at fourteen thousand west of the Hudson alone. The loss of the bateaux had deprived them of the means of building a bridge over which to retreat, leaving only the ford at Fort Edward and the other ford above that point as possible ways of escape. To follow up the right bank of the Hudson into the Adirondack wilderness promised little, as no one except small parties of Indians had ever been known to reach Ticonderoga by that route. The provisions would not last beyond the 20th and there was neither rum nor spruce beer. On the other hand, prisoners and deserters agreed in saying that Sir Henry Clinton had taken Fort Montgomery.

Burgoyne then laid before the council five proposals. First, to stand fast and await events. Second, to attack. Third, to make a formal retreat taking with them both artillery and baggage, to repair the bridges as they went, and


GRAPH ON NUMBERS
DURING BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN
(Approximate)
17 000
16 000
15 000
14 000
13000
12 000
11 000
10000
9 000
8000
7000
6000
5000
4000
3000
2000
1000
0
October
September
August
July
Burgoyne's Regulars, Including Artillerymen
Burgoyne's Total of Regulars and Auxiliaries
American Continentals
American Total of Continentals and Militia

to force the ford at Fort Edward. Fourth, to abandon artillery and baggage and to retreat by night. Fifth, in case the enemy moved farther to the west, to strike suddenly southward toward Albany.

The first three alternatives were quickly ruled out. Since the enemy had not attacked them at first when their position was less strongly entrenched than at present, he was not likely to do so now. At best Sir Henry Clinton was still far away. Worst of all their provisions were running low. All told, therefore, to stand fast promised little. On account of the superior rebel numbers and the chronic difficulty of reconnaissance, it was out of the question to attack. The loss of the bateaux and the position of the enemy made a formal retreat impossible.

Oddly enough the three Britishers, Burgoyne, Phillips, and Hamilton, were inclined to consider the fifth proposal — that is to strike for Albany should Gates extend his left. While admitting that Gates' dispositions did not as yet offer an opening for so wild a scheme, still they wanted to play with the idea.

Against such folly Riedesel argued strongly. Upon his insistence it was determined to abandon the artillery and baggage and retreat by night, carrying six days' provisions on the men's backs.

To this end it was necessary first to distribute the provisions. If the issue could be completed by ten o'clock that night, then it was agreed that the retreat should begin at once. There was also some talk of scouting to find out whether a four-mile start could probably be gained before the move was discovered. Exactly at ten Riedesel sent word to headquarters that, among the German troops at least, all was ready. Among the British it may have been impossible to have the provisions issued in time; the fact is uncertain. The scouts may have reported that the rebels were so posted as to be able promptly to discover any move that might be made. At all events, headquarters replied to Riedesel that the retreat was postponed.

In the small hours of the night the Americans closed the gap. Troops were ferried over on rafts from the mouth of the Battenkill to the west bank and a battery thrown up. By another one of the abundant ironies of the campaign it

was Stark who commanded there. Thus this man, full of the sour factionalism of New England at its worst, had not only the extraordinary run of luck which turned the tide against Burgoyne at Bennington, but also the opportunity of completing the investment of the invaders. To this day a steep little knob of land in the neighborhood is known as Stark's Hill.

In the morning Burgoyne and his army found themselves at last surrounded. Although it was only the fourth day through which they had held their present ground, they were nevertheless beginning to feel the hardships of a siege. The camp reeked with the stench that rose from the bodies of cattle dead for want of forage. There was hardly a spot within the lines that was not exposed to the rifles and cannon of the rebels. Every one from Burgoyne down was worn out. Anburey speaks of the commander-in-chief's anxiety and agitated bearing. After the strain of the deadlock, the defeat of October 7, and all that had since occurred, organization and morale were alike breaking down. The remaining auxiliaries were deserting right and left and the effective rank and file of regular infantry were now reduced to about thirty-five hundred of whom less than two thousand were British.

The Baroness Riedesel has left a vivid picture of the state of affairs. Finding that no provision had been made for feeding a number of wounded British officers, she first gave them all she could from her own little store and then scolded Burgoyne to his face for permitting such neglect — all of which he took meekly enough. Again, when she took refuge with her children in the long narrow cellar of the house known to-day as the Marshall house and there tried to do something for a few of the wounded, her refuge was invaded by gangs of able-bodied skulkers seeking shelter from the cannonade.

In this strait Burgoyne consulted Skene. 'You have brought me to this pass,' he said, 'now tell me how to get out of it.' 'Scatter your baggage, stores, and everything else that can be spared, at proper distances,' Skene replied, 'and the militia will be so busy plundering them that you and the troops will get clean off.'

The cynical advice had merit, for always and everywhere

the revolutionary militia were tireless plunderers. On the 12th Gates had had to get out an order saying that he himself had seen '. . . so many scandalous and mean transactions committed by persons who sought more after plunder than the honor of doing their duty, that it was his unalterable resolution to have the first person . . . thereafter . . . detected in pillaging . . . tried and punished with the utmost severity . . . .' Nevertheless Burgoyne had no mind to try so forlorn a hope as Skene suggested.

Failing some desperate stroke, such a situation as that of the surrounded and exhausted army could have but one issue.

On the 13th, indeed an unlucky day for England, Burgoyne called in council not only his generals, but also his field officers and even the captains commanding corps. Unanimously they decided to treat for surrender on honorable terms.

A white flag was sent to Gates, who in reply consented to receive a field officer with a message from Burgoyne. Accordingly next day Kingston, still ruddy and vigorous despite the hardships undergone by the invaders, was conducted blindfold through the American camp to Gates. To the astonishment of Wilkinson, who was present, no sooner had Burgoyne's message been delivered than Gates put his hand in his pocket, took out a paper, and handed it to Kingston, saying that it contained the terms to which Burgoyne must consent. Courteously put, they were in essence an unconditional surrender.

The fact was that Gates was bluffing. Since he was prepared to accept less than he had himself proposed, the event was to prove that by taking the initiative in negotiation he had blundered. Whereas it was the usual practice to allow the besieged to propose terms which could then be accepted, modified, or refused by the besiegers, he had given Burgoyne a chance to call his bluff and then make his own terms.

Kingston, his pride as an Englishman and an officer of regulars all on edge, could hardly be persuaded to deliver Gates' proposals. Again blindfolded and on his way back with Wilkinson as his escort to the American outposts, he talked of nothing but the pride and spirit of Burgoyne's army, the feats performed by only six British regiments at

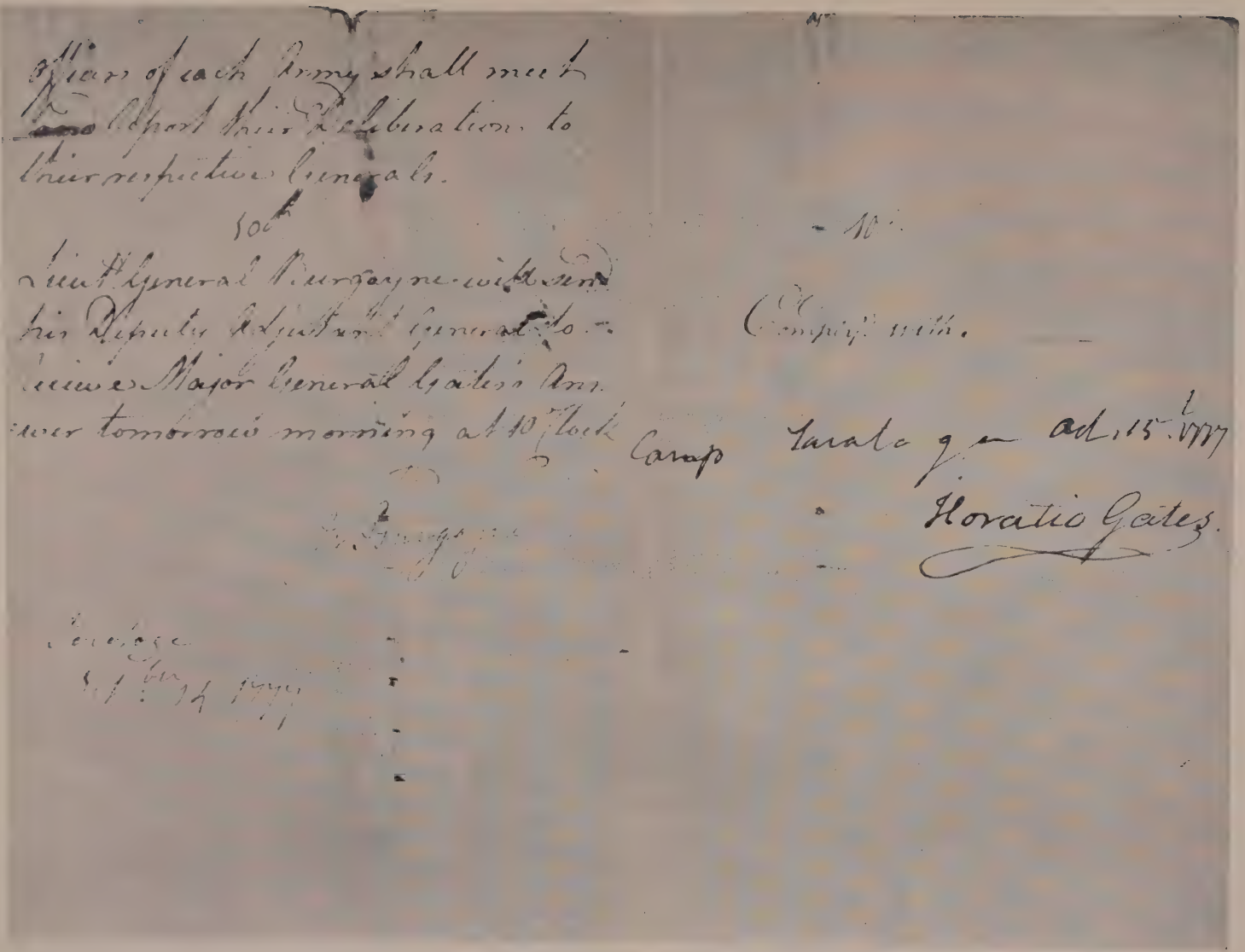
Minden, and so on. Meanwhile an armistice until sunset had been agreed to.

On Kingston's return, Burgoyne reconvened the large council of the day before. Greatly to the satisfaction of the commander-in-chief, who still persisted — against all reason — in hoping against hope, that body unanimously refused Gates' terms. Accordingly at sunset Kingston was sent back to the American camp with Burgoyne's written refusal and a new set of proposals from the latter.

The wording of Burgoyne's rejection of Gates' terms is characteristic of the grandiloquence and theatricality of the man. Gates having remarked that the retreat of the invaders was cut off, Burgoyne insisted that his army '. . . however reduced, will never admit that their retreat is cut off while they have arms in their hands.' To Gates' stipulation that, since some British officers had broken their parole, any of Burgoyne's officers who might be caught after attempting to do so would be closely confined, he answered, 'There being no officer in this army under, or capable of being under, the description of breaking parole, this article needs no answer!' To the article which prescribed that the army from Canada must ground arms within their lines, he replied, '. . . sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment they will rush on the enemy determined to take no quarter.'

Beside the face-saving stipulation that the troops be allowed to march out with the honors of war before laying down their arms, the essence of Burgoyne's counter-proposals was that he and his army, instead of surrendering themselves prisoners of war, were only to surrender their arms and would themselves be allowed freely to return to England '. . . upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest' — an issue so favorable to the unhappy invaders that both Riedesel and Digby say they did not dare hope that Gates would consent to it. Like Gates in his first proposals, Burgoyne was bluffing and like Gates again he was prepared to come down. The armistice was to be continued until ten o'clock on the following day, Wednesday, October 15.

In the morning great was the surprise of the besieged to receive Gates' signed assent to Burgoyne's counter-



GATES'S ACCEPTANCE OF BURGOYNE'S PROPOSED TERMS OF SURRENDER

proposals. The American commander had stipulated but one thing. It was that the capitulation must be finished by two o'clock in the afternoon and that the troops should leave their entrenchments and lay down their arms at five.

After Gates' leisurely procedure, so great a show of haste on his part gave Burgoyne furiously to think. Quickly he decided that the reason for such conduct must be that Sir Henry Clinton was coming up the river.

If this were so, then the thing to do was to gain time. Kingston was accordingly sent off once more with a message to Gates of which the gist was that, although '. . . the foundation of the proposed treaty . . .' was now '. . . out of dispute,' nevertheless its completion would necessitate a longer time than that mentioned by Gates.

Again Gates agreed. Representatives with full powers were named on both sides; Wilkinson and a militia brigadier-general named Whipple for Gates, Sutherland and a Captain Craig, both of the 47th Regiment, for Burgoyne. They met between the lines and remained together until eight in the evening. Articles of capitulation following closely Burgoyne's proposals, but in certain details even more favorable to the army from Canada, were drawn up and signed by all four.

About eleven at night, on returning from his usual rounds Wilkinson found at headquarters a letter addressed to himself and signed by Captain Craig. It told him that with the exception of a single word Burgoyne agreed to and concurred in everything that had been done. The latter, however, refused to admit that the treaty which had been signed was one of 'capitulation' and insisted that this word be changed to 'convention.' The letter closed with an apology for troubling Wilkinson so late. It spoke of the desirability of promptly winding up of '. . . a treaty which seems to be the wish of both parties and . . . may prevent the further effusion of blood between us,' and begged for an immediate answer.

Since the change from 'capitulation' to 'convention' made no real difference whatsoever, Gates' consent to the change was promptly returned. Gates and Wilkinson then lay down to sleep believing that all was over.

In surmising that Gates' sudden desire for haste was prompted by the movements of Sir Henry Clinton, Burgoyne was correct.

The preceding chapter left Sir Henry on October 8, the day on which he had cleared the last defenses of the Highland barrier. The reader will remember that, although there was now no other obstacle but distance between the British and Albany, and although Putnam in his mind's eyes saw them already approaching that town, Sir Henry himself had no such intention. He was delighted with his own success in the Highlands. He was also somewhat concerned at the recent messages received from Burgoyne. On the other hand, he continued to refuse Burgoyne's repeated requests for orders and advice. Furthermore, he felt that he himself had been bold beyond the limits of prudence. The idea of launching his little force upon Albany — a hundred miles away — never entered his head. Indeed in his letter of September 12 to Burgoyne, the last which that commander had received or was to receive from him, he had expressly spoken of his own limited numbers and his concern for New York.

Now in consequence of Burgoyne's repeated messages, although their confident tone had been such as to conceal from him the peril of the army from Canada, nevertheless Sir Henry Clinton was beginning to see that the situation required still another effort at coöperation on his part. He was in no hurry. Houssaye remarks of Wellington's leisurely intention, as late as June 15, 1815, only three days before Waterloo, of supporting Blücher: '... like a true Englishman, in his own time, at his ease, and without the slightest risk of compromising the safety of his own army in the interest of the common cause.' Just so, although with far more justification, Clinton intended to act.

On the 8th, while Burgoyne's army was still in position behind the North Branch, Sir James Wallace of the Navy was already examining the rebel obstacles known as the 'Chevaux de Frize' in the river near Constitution Island and was reconnoitring up the broad stretches of the Hudson to the northward. On the 9th a Captain Scott came from Burgoyne. Although his message was no more than a repetition of those already received — that is, that lack of pro-

visions would soon force the Northern Army if not supported to retreat to Canada — nevertheless it moved Clinton to reply that if Burgoyne on hearing of the fall of the Highlands should determine to push for Albany, he himself would do everything in his power to communicate with him. To that end he determined to send a detachment northward.

Still he made no haste. On the 10th, while Gates was at last overtaking Burgoyne stationary at Saratoga, Sir Henry was actually returning to New York. It was true that the officer he had left in command there had been taken ill and it was also true that his presence permitted him personally to superintend the embarkation of a convoy of provisions intended for Burgoyne at Albany should the Northern Army win through. At the same time this failure to push matters shows how complete was the misunderstanding of Burgoyne's true situation into which the latter's own messages had led him.

On the 11th, apparently after returning from his first reconnaissance, Wallace passed the Chevaux de Frize with an armed schooner, a small brig, two row galleys, and a 'musqueto fleet' of smaller craft, to reconnoitre still farther up the river. On the 13th word was returned from him that as far as Esopus all was clear. Accordingly not until that day, as Burgoyne was already offering to surrender, did Sir Henry give orders for seventeen hundred men to embark for the northward. Worse still, since the transports from New York failed to reach the Highlands on that day, the embarkation could not be begun before the day following, nor was it completed in time for the movement to begin before the 15th.

Subtracting certain units about fourteen hundred strong, originally left at New York, but now ordered to the Highlands, Sir Henry still had at New York and its extensive outlying posts certainly not much more than thirty-five hundred regulars and perhaps nearer twenty-five hundred. In the Highlands after the departure of the seventeen hundred there would be left about twenty-three hundred. So dangerous a dispersion, leaving all three units weak, was forced upon him by the terrain and by the nature of the war. In America the British commanders were chronically short of supplies and must always allow for the sudden

appearance of a swarm of rebel militia. To cut the garrison of New York too low was to risk the destruction of the chief dépôt of British stores on the continent. To leave the Highlands too weak was to imperil the retreat of the force sent to help Burgoyne should that force fail to strike hands with the army from Canada. As matters stood, assuming the northward move to be necessary, Sir Henry Clinton must run great risks justified only by the complete British control of the water.

The commander of the seventeen hundred was Vaughan. The senior naval officer present was Sir James Wallace. Their orders were to '. . . proceed up Hudson's river, to feel for General Burgoyne, to assist his operations, and even join him if that general required it.'

On the 15th Vaughan and Wallace moved. Although they had some trouble in working their way through the Chevaux de Frize, nevertheless they must have had the luck to have a strong southerly breeze behind them, for that day they made over thirty miles and anchored some six miles below Esopus, now Kingston, New York.

Upon the American commanders the threat of some such move as Vaughan's had an effect out of all proportion to the small numbers actually employed and the delay in launching the blow. It seems that a courier starting from some point just north of the Highlands and riding hard up either bank of the Hudson might expect to deliver his despatches in Albany — ninety-odd miles to the northward — on the third day, and might on the fourth day reach Gates' camp near Saratoga, thirty-odd miles farther on. Accordingly, while Burgoyne's fate hung in the balance Gates could have no news of the tardy movement of Vaughan and the seventeen hundred. All he had to go on were his own fears of what Sir Henry might do, together with the gloomy estimates of the situation already sent him by Putnam and Governor Clinton, the American commanders on the spot.

Nor was it to be expected that the American commanders would be quick to realize how feeble were Sir Henry's means of aiding Burgoyne and how disjointed were his operations with those of that general. In the first place, it was scarcely to be believed that Howe would reduce the garrison of New York as low as he had actually done. Accordingly it was

natural to overestimate the numbers of that garrison. That Sir Henry, could he do so, was likely to make some move to help Burgoyne was as clear as day. We have already seen Gates, as early as October 5 and therefore within forty-eight hours at most of the news of the coming of Sir Henry's reënforcements, writing to Hancock his conviction that 'General Burgoyne's principal hope of getting to Albany is General Clinton's forcing the pass of the Highlands.'

I repeat that with all his shortcomings Gates' judgment was far from contemptible.

No one on the American side could tell that every message received from Burgoyne lulled Sir Henry into a false security as to the former's real situation. Nor could any one guess that of all the messengers sent northward in reply only he who bore Sir Henry's letter of September 12 had reached or was to reach Burgoyne.

Immediately after the forcing of the Highlands the discouragement of Governor Clinton and Putnam was to be expected. They saw everything in the light of their own local defeat. Given their exaggeration of the enemy's numbers it was reasonable to suppose that enemy preparing to make for Albany. Moreover, when the loss of the Highland passage was known at Albany the authorities of that town feared when they thought of their own weakness, of the stores assembled there, and of the numerous local Tories.

The cumulative effect of all this fell upon Gates. To his credit it did not submerge him. He ordered a regiment of Continentals to march on Albany from distant Fort Stanwix, in which quarter the friendly Oneida Indians were now thought sufficient to prevent surprise. He designated Gansevoort, the successful defender of Fort Stanwix against St. Leger, to command the Albany district. But he insisted that most of the work must be done by the local militia and he had firmness enough to detach none of his own Continental troops.

At the same time, although he would not let his hand be forced by the gloomy forebodings of Putnam or the fears of the Albanians, nevertheless he permitted his judgment to be warped by them. Had he been one of the great captains whose peculiar gift it is to preserve their sense of fact

throughout the anguish of a doubtful campaign, had he possessed even the stolid self-control of a Grant or a Joffre, he would have permitted no move of his to betray his anxiety to Burgoyne. Instead, as we have seen, on Wednesday, October 15, by his unwisely sudden acceptance of Burgoyne's counter-proposals and especially by the demand for haste which accompanied that acceptance he had permitted his enemy, even at this eleventh hour, to hope once more. On top of his first blunder in attempting to bluff Burgoyne into unconditional surrender and then allowing his bluff to be called, this second error was enough to jeopardize everything.

Gates had the less excuse inasmuch as he had that day received a letter from Putnam written on the previous Saturday, October 11, in a far more hopeful strain than before. Putnam had at last discovered something of his exaggeration of the enemy's numbers. He now wrote to Gates that Sir Henry could not have more than three or four thousand, and that Gates would therefore be able to meet him. Meanwhile Putnam himself was calling a council to decide whether to join his colleague at Albany or attack New York.

Probably on the 15th Gates had also received a still more important letter from Governor Clinton, enclosing Sir Henry Clinton's 'Nous y voici' letter to Burgoyne quoted in the last chapter. This had been found in a hollow silver bullet of which the two halves could be screwed together. The spy who carried it had swallowed it when captured, and when a severe emetic had made him vomit it up he had swallowed it again so that the Governor had had to threaten to have him immediately hanged and cut open, before he would throw it up once more. The essence of the Governor's letter was that from Sir Henry's captured note it was evident that the latter was '. . . by no means confident of a junction' (that is, with Burgoyne).

On that Wednesday night as Gates at last slept, confident that by the mere verbal change of 'capitulation' to 'convention' he had finally clinched the business, a Tory from the southward reached Burgoyne's camp. Although what he said was only hearsay, it was nevertheless enough to revive

Burgoyne's naturally sanguine spirits. It was that Sir Henry Clinton had not only taken the Highlands, which was true, but had also reached Esopus eight days before and was probably now at Albany, all of which was false. The man added of his own knowledge that he had seen bodies of troops marching southward from Gates' camp.

We have seen that Burgoyne had already heard of Clinton's success in the Highlands. On the strength of the Esopus story together with that of Gates' detachments, he again called his officers in council. Few of the latter, however, were of his mind. Most of them believed the case hopeless. Even the staunch Riedesel was soaking himself so deeply in wine that his faithful body-servant told the Baroness he feared that the general was doing so because he dreaded falling into captivity and was therefore tired of life. A majority of fourteen to eight voted that Burgoyne could not honorably withdraw from a treaty which he had promised to sign and which had already been signed by his accredited representatives. The same majority voted that in point of expediency it was not worth while to throw over the advantageous terms offered by Gates on the hearsay evidence of a man whom no one knew. A majority of about two thirds gave their opinion that the men would not behave well if attacked.

Hoping against hope, Burgoyne refused to be bound by these votes. In order to gain time, on the morning of Thursday, October 16, he sent a message to Gates saying that he was informed that the latter had detached a considerable force and by so doing had lessened the numerical superiority which had in the first place persuaded Burgoyne to negotiate. He therefore 'required' that two of his officers be allowed to go and see for themselves whether Gates' superiority still existed.

Among the American command this message was received with mixed feelings. In the first place, it caused not only surprise but anger. The troops Burgoyne's Tory had seen marching northward had been only a few hundred New York militia whose term of service had expired and who had therefore like true militiamen made off without leave. So impudent a request as that of allowing two officers to count his numbers was too much for the patience even of Gates.

Moreover, as Wilkinson pointed out, the thing was an insult to the Americans' understanding.

On the other hand, while Burgoyne's sudden change of front by no means dismayed the besiegers, it certainly disconcerted them. In the first place their troops were widely scattered. Burgoyne, like Gansevoort at Fort Stanwix, possessed interior lines and it would be difficult to reënforce quickly any part of their ring which he might suddenly attack. Furthermore, their men's morale had been softened by hope of obtaining a surrender without more fighting. Finally, the same rumor of the burning of Esopus which had come to Burgoyne had also reached them. All told, therefore, they were most unwilling to have the negotiation fall through.

Wilkinson volunteered to take back Gates' answer and presently stood before Burgoyne, Phillips, and Riedesel. It was a strange scene and one typical of the Revolution; a boy colonel not twenty-one, innocent of uniform as were most of the American fighting men below the rank of general, dressed in a plain blue coat and looking the soldier only thanks to the cockade in his hat and the sword at his side, confronting three veterans of the Seven Years' War in their elaborate regimentals, all of them soldiers before he was born.

In Gates' name he told Burgoyne that the American commander 'condescended' to inform him that no violation of the treaty had taken place, that Burgoyne's message was therefore inadmissible, and the latter must now say definitely and at once what he meant to do. Burgoyne grew eloquent on the subject of his duty to the King his master. Wilkinson cut him short. Burgoyne still refusing to sign, it was agreed that the truce should end in an hour and Wilkinson — feeling most uncomfortable as he himself frankly admits — started back for the American lines.

In reality, however, as we have seen, the majority of Burgoyne's officers were as anxious as was the American command to have the convention signed. They felt they could no longer depend upon their men who were faking sick right and left. Throughout the camp the stink of dead horses and cattle was worse than ever. The proud and passionate Phillips had said to Riedesel that not for ten thou-

sand guineas would he come again to Saratoga, for his heart was broken.

Accordingly Wilkinson had gone only a few hundred yards when Kingston came running after him and called him back. Burgoyne asked for two hours in which to consult his officers. Wilkinson consented, reported back to Gates, and posted himself near the ruins of Schuyler's house to wait anxiously for the answer of the invaders.

In Burgoyne's camp a last council was held. In spite of Gates' pledge that no detachments from the American army had been made, Burgoyne was still determined not to sign the treaty on the consideration of the point of honor alone. He still insisted that great exertions and great endurance in point of provisions might yet save the army. The same arguments as before were again gone over. Once more the majority of the council insisted that the men were no longer in a mood for desperate enterprises. Even a victory, so the officers said, could not save the army, as there were not provisions enough to subsist the men either in an advance or retreat. Moreover, without the convention the rebels were likely to massacre every Tory. It was true that of these last not many were left. They and the remaining Indians had been deserting as fast as they could. Despite all arguments Burgoyne still refused to yield and Sutherland went sorrowfully off to tell Wilkinson that the truce must end.

Wilkinson as usual represents most favorably his own conduct of the interview. According to his account he replied gayly to the downcast Sutherland that it was certainly a great pity for the invaders that the convention was not to be signed. He then read to the Englishman Craig's letter of the previous evening, of which the key sentence was the promise that 'With the single alteration of this word [that is, 'capitulation' to 'convention'], lieutenant-colonel Sutherland and myself will meet you at the stipulated time to-morrow morning with the fair copy signed by general Burgoyne.'

Sutherland said he had not known of this letter and anxiously asked Wilkinson to give it to him. Wilkinson refused, saying that he intended to keep it as evidence of the bad faith of a British commander. The Englishman hastily broke in, 'Spare me that letter, Sir, and I pledge you my honor I will return it in fifteen minutes.' Divining that his

interlocutor meant to use it as an additional argument with which to persuade Burgoyne to sign, Wilkinson gave him the letter. At once Sutherland set off for the British camp on the run and continued running as far as Wilkinson could see him.

As he watched out of sight the second British colonel he had seen running about that morning, a peremptory order came from Gates to break off negotiations if the convention were not ratified at once. Wilkinson sent back word that he was doing his best and would see his chief in half an hour.

Against Burgoyne's determination the Craig letter proved the last straw. He yielded and signed.

Sutherland was prompt. Presently Wilkinson saw him returning with Craig. When they came up, the latter handed over the ratified copy of the convention and all was decided.

No sudden and decisive stroke had brought about the disaster, but a gradual and at first unnoted accumulation of separate blunders and misfortunes each one of them insignificant in comparison with the result at last achieved. Even after Howe and Germaine's enormous initial blunder, Burgoyne had still had every prospect of success. On leaving Canada the keenest observer could have found little to criticize except for the defects of the transport service, the delay in requisitioning horses, and the greenness of the wood which had gone into the hastily assembled little Canadian carts for the baggage. The famous fortress of Ticonderoga had gone down like a house of cards, but even in the full tide of this success St. Clair had saved his garrison. Most important and least noticeable of all had been the delay; Burgoyne's failure to understand that the panic caused by the fall of Ticonderoga might be limited in time, his unwise choice of the Skenesboro route, his error in attempting to advance through the wilderness with his whole army, and his insistence upon taking with him his cumbrous artillery. On the American side there had been the firmness, energy, and prudence of Schuyler. On top of this there had been the amazing run of luck which had brought about Stark's victory at Bennington compelling Burgoyne to delay still further. On top of that again there had been the retreat of St. Leger. After Burgoyne's crossing of the Hudson he had

blundered in his dispositions on September 19, in his failure to attack on September 20, and remaining in position west of the Hudson throughout the deadlock. Wantonly he had tempted Providence on October 7. There had been the delay in the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton's reënforcements. Finally in the retreat there had been the saving of Fellows, the halt of the American attack on October 11, and the delayed arrival of the doubtful news of Sir Henry's successes.

The morning of the surrender found Gates determined to show his good manners by playing the magnanimous victor. Since it was the first time in history that the son of a Duke's housekeeper had taken prisoner a British army, he proposed to rise to the occasion.

Burgoyne on his side made up his mind to rise superior to misfortune and to do his best, as one of the actors in his plays would have said, to play Gates off the latter's own stage. Probably the release from the long strain raised his spirits even in defeat. At all events, he dressed himself in the most gorgeous of his uniforms and to the simple minds of his Germans he seemed almost indecently merry.

When Wilkinson entered the British camp to make certain preliminary arrangements, Burgoyne was even ready with a jest. The occasion for it was the young adjutant-general's reply to the British commander's question as to whether the Hudson at that point was fordable. 'Certainly Sir,' said Wilkinson, 'but do you observe the people on the opposite shore?' 'Yes,' answered Burgoyne, 'I have seen them too long.'

Burgoyne then asked to meet Gates, and with his generals and staff behind him rode to American headquarters. Gates got on horseback to meet him. Burgoyne saw before him a man smaller than himself and with much less of manner, wearing no wig but only his own gray hair, bespectacled, and clad in a plain blue coat far outshone by his own gold-laced scarlet. When almost within sword's length the Englishman drew rein. Wilkinson made the introduction. Burgoyne, taking off his hat with a graceful bow, said, 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner.' To which Gates as courteously replied, 'I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency.' Phillips, Riedesel, and Burgoyne's other

generals having been presented, Gates had them to dinner, together with some of his own officers, in the cabin or rather hovel which served as his headquarters.

Gates' dinner must have been a curious scene: the rough building with his mattress in a corner laid upon boards supported by forked sticks, the rude but abundant food washed down, not with the wine and gin to which the invaders were accustomed, but with hard cider and with rum, Gates blinking through his spectacles, and Burgoyne in his brilliant uniform the life of the party, repeatedly complimenting the Americans.

Disregarding the threats of some of the New England soldiers, who said that they would put a bullet through him if he appeared, Schuyler had come to the camp. He it was who took it upon himself to receive the plucky little Baroness Riedesel and her children and gave them a meal in his tent — a pleasing incident upon which historians of the campaign have delighted to dwell.

Meanwhile Burgoyne's army were laying down their weapons. So far was Gates from wishing to humiliate the conquered that he kept his whole army back out of sight while they were piling arms. Two American officers, delegated as witnesses, may have looked on, but even their presence is uncertain.

The spot chosen for this first part of the ceremony of surrender was the meadow beside the Hudson and north of the Fishkill. In 1777 it was still faintly dimpled with the grassy remains of an old fort of the Seven Years' War. To it the invaders marched dejectedly enough. Some of the men in impotent anger broke the butts of their muskets against the ground and some of the drummers stamped their drums to pieces.

Disarmed, the army from Canada forded the Fishkill and marched off southward into captivity between the long ranks of their conquerors drawn up on either side of the road. Here again Gates was merciful. He had given orders that there should be no taunting or exultation, but that the victors should stand in silence, respecting the conquered. Moreover, even in that improvised army of frontiersmen and farmers those orders were well obeyed.

It was intended, as still another mark of courtesy to the

THE SURRENDER GROUND IN 1825
An anniversary militia review in progress

captured army, that as they marched past the American military music was to play a certain lively comic tune by which their spirits might be raised. The air in question had been written by a British surgeon serving in America during the last war; its words expressed a lively but not ill-natured mockery of the motley garb of the American militiamen who had served with the British in that struggle. It bore the grotesque name of 'Yankee Doodle.'

It is impossible to recapture in words the effect of music. Indeed the very attempt to do so shows only that its author is blind to the great gulf that separates music from the art of letters. Let it therefore suffice that more than any other of American patriotic airs, 'Yankee Doodle' *is* the United States and especially the republic in arms. It has in it the reflection of the great bursts of American energy, of the American hopefulness, of the cheerful, even if challenging, swagger with which the American confronts the older societies — especially those of them whom he has from time to time suspected to be not altogether his well-wishers. And all this it began to take to itself on that sunny Friday at Saratoga.

As the army from Canada approached the American lines, a farmer of the neighborhood with his son who has recorded the incident, came close up to the side of the advancing British column. A British officer returned a civil answer to a question from the boy. Another, drawing a particularly handsome sword from its scabbard, suddenly handed it to the youngster's astonished father, saying, 'Take this, you damned rebel, I have no more use for it!'

While the prisoners defiled between the ranks of their conquerors, each party looked intently at the other. The British troops, still fine-looking soldiers despite the thick dust clinging to their white breeches and leggings which they had wet in fording the Fishkill, led the column. After them came the Germans, lumbering along under the weight of their clumsy equipment, their uniforms in rags. They brought with them an astonishing number and variety of pets, a half-tamed bear on a chain, a deer, some young foxes, and even a raccoon. A commentator dryly remarks that these were the only American things they had cap-

tured. The onlookers remarked also the large number of slatternly women who marched with them.

On their side the invaders noticed the absence of uniforms among the American soldiers. Only the generals wore them. On the other hand, they saw with respect the slender, sinewy figures of the men who stood before them in civilian homespun. Already the American of a hundred and fifty years ago was taller than the European. The prisoners noted also that among those to whom they were surrendering every musket had its bayonet. They marvelled at the strict silence in which such improvised soldiers stood, and at the close attention they gave to the commands of their officers. They were grateful for the absence of insult.

Close beside the line of march a large tent had been pitched. As the prisoners marched past, Gates and Burgoyne stepped from it. For a moment they stood side by side, in full view of both armies, looking upon the scene. An onlooker speaks of Burgoyne's greater height and of his handsome features roughened by dissipation and — more recently — by hardship. Then, by prearrangement, the two generals turned and faced one another. Without a word Burgoyne drew his sword and handed it to Gates, who received it with a courteous bow and at once returned it to its owner. Then, their little scene over, the two commanders went back together into the tent.

The high courtesy shown by the generals and by the American fighting men was imitated neither by the rank and file of the prisoners nor by the American camp followers and the onlookers who had gathered from the neighboring countryside. As the British column at last cleared the silent ranks of the American troops, many of the redcoats, now that they could do so safely, began to abuse and curse not only their own misfortunes but also the rebels, those conquerors of theirs who had so signally refrained from insulting their misfortune. At this some of the American camp followers and country people returned curse for curse. There was even a little beating on tin pans.

Over the handful of braves and squaws who had surrendered with their white allies Gates posted a guard, for the farmers were hot to massacre them. To Burgoyne he gave an escort of light dragoons, and for this too there was

need, for some of the New England men actually asked to have him in their hands for half an hour. Asked why, they said they '. . . would do him no harm, they would tar and feather him, and make him stand on the head of one of his own empty beef-barrels, and read his own proclamation.' As it was, the sentry at his tent door, formerly a prisoner in Canada, taunted him with the great things he had told the American prisoners in that province that he was about to do.

When at last he reached Albany, where he had boasted in some lost letter that he would soon make the rebels give him plenty of elbow room, a witty Irishman began shouting to the crowd, 'Now, shure and ye'll shtand back an' give Gineral Bergine plenthy ov ilbow room right here in Albany!'

So indeed he entered Albany, but not in triumph.

CHAPTER XIII

FRANCE COMES IN

SARATOGA brought France into the war and thereby established the independence of the United States. If any one doubts this and prefers to believe that our ancestors could have won through by their own efforts, he has only to consider the sequel. In the event, even after the intervention not only of France but later of Spain and Holland, the issue was long in doubt and Washington more than once feared the worst.

Before taking up the French entrance into the war, however, it is necessary to say a few words as to events in America immediately after the surrender.

Notwithstanding Burgoyne's burning of the Schuyler house at Saratoga, Schuyler and his wife received him and his suite at Albany in their brick mansion which still stands among the buildings of the city that has grown out to it and around it. It is notable that, except for the vulgar incidents described in the last chapter, the only taunt aimed at the captured general was a harmless prank played by Schuyler's nine-year-old son Philip. The child's mother, in her capacity as hostess to the captured officers, had told him to say nothing which might wound them. According to the version usually given, young Philip Schuyler, who was spoiled and something of a wag, burst in upon Burgoyne and some of the British officers with the words, 'You are all my prisoners.' According to a tradition preserved in the Schuyler family, the jest was carried a little farther. The boy, they said, jumped up and down in front of Burgoyne, shouting exultantly, 'You're my father's prisoners! You're my father's prisoners!'

Always a lover of good living, Burgoyne was slow to leave the Schuyler house, and it has a contemporary ring to hear that his ten days' stay caused Mrs. Schuyler '. . . a great deal of trouble with her servants.'

Both Sir Henry Clinton's operation up the Hudson and the British occupation of Ticonderoga were now promptly liquidated.

Vaughan and Wallace had burned Esopus on October 16. Next day, as Burgoyne was surrendering, they had sailed about nine miles farther up the river to a point near the present village of Tivoli, in Dutchess County. Probably they lay in the North Bay which the railroad embankment has since cut off from the river. Here they were only about forty-four miles from the weakly defended town of Albany. However, since they received no word from Burgoyne and not even any certain news of him, but only evil rumors, they waited. Two days passed. They shelled and burned the Livingston mansion, a few miles north of Tivoli, belonging to the great family of that name which had declared for the Revolution, and this it seems was their farthest north. They burned Livingston's Mills on the Kill known to-day as Stony Creek. Still no news came from Burgoyne and the evil rumors continued. Presently they could see Putnam's troops near them on the east bank and they believed those troops to be superior to themselves in number. So at last they decided to retreat down the river.

Indeed, with the army from Canada wiped off the board, Vaughan's move had lost its meaning and he must in any case soon have withdrawn. The question was whether Sir Henry Clinton would continue to hold the Highlands. Although that commander before leaving New York had written, 'I cannot form a hope of remaining in the Highlands,' still it is just possible that left to himself he might have done so. On the fateful day of October 17, however, he had received a letter from Howe in which the latter — unless his letter should find Clinton '. . . on the eve of attempting some material and effectual stroke' — requested that no less than three thousand reënforcements be promptly sent to Pennsylvania. Sir Henry had already destroyed Fort Montgomery and concentrated at Fort Clinton. He now recalled Vaughan, who was, it seems, already returning southward. The latter having rejoined, Clinton evacuated the Highlands on October 26, and sailed down the river to New York.

Within a fortnight the British were out of Ticonderoga as well. With not much more than five thousand royal troops remaining on the side of Canada, it was obviously unwise to garrison so remote a post. On November 20 we find Gates

writing to Governor Clinton that Ticonderoga and Mount Independence had been evacuated on the 8th of that month, the buildings 'intirely' burnt, and some hasty attempts made to destroy the other works.

With the Highlands and Ticonderoga evacuated, the British had only Howe's occupation of Philadelphia to show for the campaign. Since that occupation strategically led nowhere and since Washington's army was still in being, Howe's only chance of affecting the course of the war would have been through the moral effect of his victories. Even this was diminished by the long resistance of the insignificant rebel fortifications on the lower Delaware.

Any credit Howe might have obtained for the British cause was wiped out by the news of Saratoga. In spite of Gates' unavailing struggles, the greater part of his army was brought down to reënforce Washington, who had gone into winter quarters at Valley Forge some twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. Since Howe was content to sit still in his comfortable winter quarters, no further operations took place until well into the following year.

Meanwhile the news of Saratoga had slowly crossed the Atlantic. The sixth chapter has already told of the effect upon Europe of the fall of Ticonderoga, of the rejection by France and Spain of the exaggerated demands which Burgoyne's success had encouraged the British Government to make, and of the pause which followed that rejection. That pause was long-drawn-out. The fall of Ticonderoga had been known in Paris on September 2, and for just over two months the state of Europe remained unchanged.

Opinion in France continued to blame the Cabinet for having, as it seemed, waited too long before intervening in favor of the Americans. The opportunity appeared to have gone by. On its side, under the leadership of Vergennes, the Crown continued to hold back. Vergennes himself, doubtful whether the insurgents could stand against the double attack delivered by Howe and Burgoyne, limited himself to the modest objective of convincing Franklin and the other American delegates that their future liberty would be safe only if guaranteed by the friendship of the House of Bourbon. For the moment he set himself against entering the war.

Franklin wrote, and he and his colleagues signed, a letter to the Congress, telling them how delicately France was balanced. For the moment the absence upon the seas of the French fishing fleet and of the Spanish ships bringing back the annual Mexican tribute of bullion tied the hands of the two Bourbon powers. Nor did England on her side, despite her losses at sea from American privateers and her annoyance at the shelter given to these last in the Bourbon ports, propose to add to the number of her enemies. Franklin spoke of the spider's web of treaties that covered Europe, each one binding this or that power to come to each other's aid in case either should be attacked by a third. Blandly he added a phrase that would have delighted Bismarck, 'It is supposed to make a certain difference whether one attacks or is attacked.' For the future no man could say how the game would go. Perhaps some accident might bring war before either party desired it.

Of American events through August and September few echoes reached Vergennes. As he had done for two twelvemonths he continued to watch closely. But although, surprisingly enough, as early as the last week in August he had been able to predict that Howe was moving upon Philadelphia *via the Chesapeake*, nevertheless he seems to have known nothing that was true of events upon the Mohawk or of Burgoyne's crossing the Hudson. In all the enormous mass of his despatches even the name of the momentous skirmish of Bennington does not appear.

On the other hand, three strange coincidences, one at Berlin, the second in Spain, and the third at the French Court, marked the moment of Burgoyne's surrender.

On Thursday, October 16, as Burgoyne was at last signing the Convention, Frederick of Prussia, sitting in the completely French surroundings which he affected, was writing to Goltz, his ambassador to Louis XVI. To this man several times before he had written that the French were letting opportunity slip through their fingers. This judgment the great soldier and wicked man now repeated; to his mind the court of Versailles had waited so long before playing trumps that the favorable moment had passed.

Next day, Friday, October 17, as the army from Canada was piling arms beside the Hudson, Florida Blanca was

drawing up a memorandum for Vergennes. The Spanish Court had left Madrid and was at the Escorial. From this vast sombre building, half palace and half monastery, which the Emperor Charles V had set up among the bare windswept peaks of the Guadarrama to be a place where in his retirement he might forget the world and meditate upon God and the soul, the Spanish Foreign Minister wrote to restrain his French colleague. The familiar obstacles to a war with England rose up before him as he wrote; the desire of Charles III not to seem to follow in the train of his nephew Louis XVI, the liking of the Spanish gentry for England and their corresponding antipathy to France, the extensive trade of the peninsula with Great Britain which a war would interrupt, and the vast Spanish possessions in America which it would imperil. With all this before him, he took it upon himself a little to lecture Vergennes. His master, so he set it down, was persuaded that the Americans, unless crushed altogether by British arms, were unlikely to treat on any basis other than that of Independence. That they would be so crushed, wrote the Spaniard, not yet knowing how true were his own words, was happily improbable. From this conclusion he developed his argument that the American Commissioners should be kept in their place. Vergennes should exhort them to be aboveboard in their dealings with the Two Crowns, in public to be prudent and in private to remember the considerable sums already secretly advanced them. The Two Crowns on their side should continue to feed the rebellion with money, but cautiously and without committing themselves in advance to the payment of any fixed sum. While ardently pushing their naval and military preparations they should give the British Cabinet no cause for complaint. So Florida Blanca.

On the same day Vergennes was writing to Ossun, his old and insufficient ambassador to Spain. The Court had left Versailles and gone down to Fontainebleau for the hunting, but with Vergennes' intense application to duty he can have found little time for sport. To Ossun he complained of the arrogance of the British. 'In the pride of their former successes,' he wrote, 'they think themselves masters of the earth.' The British Ambassador to Spain had been overbearing with Florida Blanca and the latter had haughtily

sent him about his business, for which firmness Vergennes now complimented his Spanish colleague. 'British ambassadors,' he remarked, 'were much the same everywhere,' his own patience had been sorely tried. He rehearsed once more the motives the Two Crowns still had for delay, but added that on the French side these motives would not much longer hold good, for the French fishing fleet would soon be home and certain French troops, whose embarkation for the West Indies British diplomacy had been unable to prevent, were now approaching their destination.

With their arrival the French constraint would end. 'If I desire this,' he wrote, 'it is not because I desire war which I think always good to avoid.' He hoped that the American war would drag on and exhaust the English. That which he wished for the Two Crowns was only a measure of strength sufficient to keep Great Britain 'within the bounds of Justice.' 'England,' he said, 'wishes to compromise us with the Americans in order to hasten their own reconciliation with them; they wish us to treat them like outlaws and pirates, which they dare not do themselves.'

Throughout the end of October he continued to urge Spain forward, but only moderately, and Florida Blanca continued to hold back. A little ripple of misunderstanding arose between the Bourbon Crowns in the matter of their relations to the piratical Dey of Algiers. Having in South America soundly trounced the aggressive Portuguese Governor of Brazil, Madrid at last made peace with Lisbon. Although secondary enough in itself, nevertheless this circumstance marked a point lost for Vergennes, for the colonial war had increased Spain's willingness to draw closer to France through her fear lest England — always the ally of Portugal — might throw her great weight into the scale in favor of that little country. This danger past, no reason remained for a Bourbon coalition against England except the abasement of the latter, and this was an object far more interesting to France than to Spain.

On the other hand, as time went on Vergennes began to be intrigued with the continued silence of the English as to America. Obviously in that distant frontier between civilization and the wilderness British affairs were not going well.

The French Foreign Secretary was rightly unimpressed

with the string of imaginary victories reported to him by the British Ambassador at Versailles. On October 25 we find him writing to Noailles, the French Ambassador in London, 'The silence of the English Government on the state of things in America would make me think them not good, were Lord Stormont not reassuring us by all sorts of news, which he considers as certain as if he had them from his Government. Burgoyne, master of Albany, has been joined there by Clinton. General Schwiler (!) with his corps of 1500 men has laid down his arms. Colonel St. Leger at the head of the Mowauvks (!) has taken Fort Stanwick and has a clear road ahead of him to the Hudson. Howe has ascended the Susqweanah (!), disembarked in the county of Lancaster and taken the town of that name which contains Washingthon's (!) magazines.'

'All of which, Monsieur le Marquis,' continued Vergennes with sarcasm, '. . . you will estimate at its true worth.'

As October glided into November there came rumors of a check to Burgoyne.

Writing again to Noailles on November 7, Vergennes says that the thing cannot be considered certain, since the American sea captains who bring the story are not always reliable. Nevertheless, he goes on, had Burgoyne succeeded he would have spread the news broadcast. Since no such news has come, 'Perhaps one is justified in believing this expedition a failure.' At the same time the English accounts of Howe's progress in Pennsylvania themselves show that no decisive victory has been won over Washington.

Meanwhile the ship which carried the news of Burgoyne's surrender had cleared from Boston on November 1. In thirty days she was at Nantes. On December 4 Franklin and his fellow Commissioners were informed.

In the third year of the war, despite the great effort put forth by England, the despised rebels, far from being crushed, had compelled the surrender of one of the royal armies, an army small indeed in numbers but admirably officered and composed for the most part of veteran regular troops.

Upon opinion it was of greater effect than anything since Lexington. This destruction of the wise British plan to control the great inland water route from New York to Mon-

treal gave to Europe the drama of military success in the form most calculated to draw support for the victors. Here was evidence that the Americans could indeed humiliate and reduce their enemies. Here was demonstration that back from the seacoast British armies could not be maintained. Here was a pledge of the eventual success of the United States.

On December 5 the news was known everywhere. Goltz wrote to his master Frederick that at Versailles every one from Louis XVI down openly rejoiced. The fiery Spanish Ambassador Aranda, always a hater of the English, went about prophesying that Philadelphia would be the tomb of Howe. With such a mood all about him even Vergennes' admirable judgment was caught up a little into the grim exultation which he permitted himself. Still his ingrained and typically French self-restraint did not leave him. When Stormont, still ignorant or feigning ignorance of the disaster, wrote a note confirming the capture of Philadelphia, he sardonically amused himself by merely acknowledging the message, pointedly refraining from telling the Englishman the great news.

After so many months of balancing and hesitation, the Government of Louis XVI now, under Vergennes' leadership, lost not an instant. Within forty-eight hours of the coming of the news, the King, old Maurepas, and the Foreign Secretary were closeted together in the King's private compartments. For his personal correspondence Louis XVI used a blue notepaper with gilt edges. On a sheet of this paper Vergennes wrote in a few simple phrases the King's decision to recognize, already virtually to ally himself with the United States. According to the ritual of the Bourbon monarchy the young Louis XVI wrote at the foot of the document in his round hand the word 'approved.' Contrary to his custom he added the date, December 6, 1777.

The thing was done in an intimate, almost a domestic fashion reminiscent of the good simplicity of the Middle Ages. None of the three men present were outwardly brilliant. Indeed none of them except Vergennes was brilliant at all, for the King, although brave and conscientious, was slow-witted and Maurepas was already half an invalid. Vergennes

himself, with all his enormous industry and his minute knowledge of Europe, was only of the lesser nobility.

The next steps were equally rapid. On December 12 Vergennes received Franklin and his colleagues. On the 17th Gérard, the first assistant Secretary of the French Foreign Office, brought to Franklin at Passy the news that the French Crown would not only acknowledge the independence of the United States, but would support the insurrection with all the means in its power. The oldest Crown in Europe would fight side by side with the American rebels.

All that followed was only a sequel to this momentous decision. The treaty was signed on February 6. The British Government, although suspecting what had occurred, was nevertheless willing to postpone its break with France. In March, 1778, when the French Treaty of Amity and Commerce with America was published and when Noailles duly left a copy with the British Foreign Office, Vergennes told the young Ambassador to England that if the North Cabinet should try to keep the insulting news secret he — Noailles — was to hint at it in conversation! This last insult was not needed. The British Cabinet, although willing enough to let matters drag, were in no mood for humiliation. Within forty-eight hours Stormont had been summoned home. Within a month the French fleet had moved, and after two months more the first shots were fired on the evening of June 17 between a French frigate and two English vessels off Ushant.

In following the French break with England I have anticipated events in Spain. Indeed it was a chief part of the boldness of Vergennes' great decision to ally his master with America that he was willing to offend Spain by acting against Spanish wishes. No doubt he reasoned that in the long run that kingdom must find herself dragged into the war on the side of France.

If this was indeed Vergennes' calculation, it was justified only after long delay. When late in January, 1778, Montmorin, the young French Ambassador who had replaced the aged and inactive Ossun at Madrid, transmitted to Florida Blanca Louis XVI's decision to ally himself with the American rebels, the Spaniard treated him to a scene. Throwing aside the traditional dignity of his countrymen, Florida

Blanca trembled so with anger that for some time he could scarcely speak, and when at last he could do so he poured out a torrent of reproaches and prophecies of misfortune. Nor was Charles III of a different mind. More composedly than his Prime Minister but in much the same strain he solemnly told Montmorin next day how much he loved his nephew the King of France and at the same time how much he feared for Spain.

It is true that both Monarch and Minister soon came to themselves and began to bargain for the price in territory which Spain was to be promised should she follow France into the war. In particular they desired the return of Florida which England had taken from them. But at the same time they asked no better than to spin the negotiations week after week and month after month. 'The Spaniards,' wrote Montmorin to Vergennes, 'are a little like children whom one can interest only by holding up shining objects before them.'

Briefly to anticipate events, Charles III and Florida Blanca long played with the idea of mediating between France and England. Only in April, 1779, by the secret Convention of Aranjuez, did Spain consent to declare war on England should the latter reject mediation. At this point George III had an opportunity of breaking up the Bourbon Family Compact. Fortunately for the United States, the King of England stuck obstinately to the idea of bringing the rebellion to heel. Under his influence the British Cabinet flatly rejected Spanish mediation and in June, 1779, Spain made her slow entry into the war.

Meanwhile Vergennes had carried through two notable strokes of policy. He had settled the Bavarian succession and he had given his war against England the character of a struggle for the freedom of the seas.

The dispute over the Bavarian succession threatened Europe and especially France with a Continental war — the last thing in the world Vergennes wanted while engaged with England. Since there is no space here to describe the obscure and complicated quarrel, it will be enough to say that it came near involving Austria and Prussia in war without clear moral or legal right on either side. Since this was so, France was confronted with a very pretty dilemma. Outside of the hereditary dominions of Austria and the newly

arisen power of Prussia, the Germanic body was a patchwork of little independent states. Ever since the Peace of Westphalia had in 1648 put an end to the long agony of the religious wars, it had been the policy of France (jealous of her own independence in the face of the Hapsburg) to support these little states. For more than a century the thing had grown until France was recognized throughout Europe everywhere as the protector of small states against great. It was a policy naturally congruous to French interests; indeed since 1918 even the uncertain Third Republic has followed it with considerable success. On the other hand, as the reader has already learned in the first chapter, the atheist aggression of Frederick II had led the Government of Louis XVI to ally itself with the Hapsburg; Louis XVI's Queen, Marie Antoinette, was an Austrian Archduchess and a pledge of that alliance. The friendship of Austria was the chief guarantee for France of security for her land frontier during her war with Great Britain.

The skill of Vergennes found a solution. The aged Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, the mother of Marie Antoinette, was a lover of peace; he was able to play upon this trait in her character. At the same time Russia under Catherine the Great desired no increase in Austrian power. Playing his cards well, Vergennes was able to balk the ambition of the young Emperor Joseph II, Marie Antoinette's brother, by supporting the lesser claimants while still keeping the Austro-French alliance intact. The Treaty of Teschen, signed in May of '79, in the interval between the Convention of Aranjuez and the open appearance of Spain on the side of France against England, made of the settlement of the Bavarian dispute a brilliant success of French diplomacy.

At the same time Vergennes was manœuvring for the moral support of neutrals by making France the guardian of neutral maritime rights. Since England was as usual determined to use her sea power to its fullest extent, in the matter of blockade, Vergennes took occasion, in July of '78, to issue a declaration of the principles, that a blockade to be binding must be effective; that 'free ships make free goods'; third, that the right of visit and search should be rigidly limited; and fourth, that only munitions and a very few

categories of other goods should be considered contraband of war. The declaration went on to say that in the interest of all neutrals the French navy would voluntarily observe these principles for six months, after which time they would be observed only in the interest of such neutrals as would compel England to follow the same course in reference to themselves. This move was to lead in 1780 to the entrance of Holland into the war as an ally of the United States, France, and Spain, and to the formation of a League of Neutrals under the leadership of Russia to support against England the principles of Vergennes' declaration. Thus, before the end Vergennes' wisdom had united against England either the active or passive hostility of practically all the maritime trading powers of Europe.

I have already said that the intervention of the French Crown, under the leadership of Vergennes, established the independence of the United States and that if any one doubts this he need only consider the fact that, even with French and to a lesser extent Spanish and Dutch aid, the issue long remained doubtful. That this was so, however, was by no means due to any positive successes of the British over the colonists. As we shall see in a moment when we come to summarize the war from Saratoga to Yorktown, after Burgoyne's surrender no systematic reconquest of the colonies was attempted.

That the war dragged on was chiefly due to the lack of method in the operations of France and Spain. The Spaniards were hardly willing to fight at all except in piecemeal efforts to conquer British territory for themselves. The French, although politically determined upon the abasement of England rather than on the increase of their own possessions, nevertheless failed to see the war as a whole and consequently achieved results disproportionately small in comparison with the effort made. Despite the immemorial Gallic aptitude for war, the French soldiers and sailors displayed no such mastery of their trade as that of Vergennes in his of diplomacy.

With the entry first of the French and then of the Spanish navy, the decisive theatre of war was now the sea. At the same time, with the large number of British troops in America, the British Empire was weakest at its centre. In

'78 the Government of George III cannot have disposed of much more than ten thousand trained troops in the entire British Isles — if indeed it could have mustered so many. Aranda, the Spanish Ambassador at Versailles, had for years been pressing for a descent upon Ireland in the event of war. An even greater object would have been the south coast of England itself. Under Choiseul for years the Government of Louis XV had considered such a move. Detailed plans had been drawn up by de Broglie, who now put them into the hands of Louis XVI. The mere occupation of the Isle of Wight would have bottled up Portsmouth, the chief British naval dockyard, and thus gravely hampered the navy which was England's chief weapon. Nor was superiority at sea lacking. In '79 and again two years later overwhelming Franco-Spanish fleets were masters of the Channel. In '79 fifty thousand French troops were ready to embark. On both occasions, however, time was allowed to slip by and nothing was done.

Instead of concentrating all efforts against South England, the French spent most of their energy upon campaigns west of the Atlantic. Toward the end a squadron was even sent to the Indian Ocean. Moreover, in America and West Indian waters the same weakness of plan and dispersion of effort marked the French operations.

For three years after Saratoga the contrast is striking between the absence of results shown by France with her immense resources — not to speak of Spain — and the steady, definite gains previously established by Washington and his handful of men. So heavily do fundamental causes and a logical course weigh in the conduct of war.

For our purpose the remaining campaigns in North America may be briefly summarized. As the eleven months between Lexington in April, 1775, and the evacuation of Boston in March, 1776, marked the breakdown of the original British police operation, and as the campaigns of '76 and '77 constituted a systematic attempt at reconquest of the colonies, so the land operations of the four years, beginning with '78 and ending with '81, constitute a distinct phase best described as the period of worrying. Meanwhile the remark already made as to the entire war — that is, that

the decisive theatre was now the sea — remained true of the American operations inasmuch as the royal forces in the colonies were now threatened with disaster should their retreat by sea be cut off and their coast bases carried with the assistance of the Bourbon navies.

On the one hand, after Burgoyne's surrender and the consequent French intervention the British Government was no longer in a position to try to crush the rebellion by force of arms. On the other hand, that Government was by no means prepared to admit defeat and retire. Accordingly the British generals in America contented themselves with holding New York defensively, while trying to wear down the insurgents by a series of widely scattered partial operations, of which most were raids and none aimed at any strategic object of first-rate importance. Nevertheless, with the passage of time the weakening of the Revolutionary spirit gave the British policy of worrying a chance for success.

The new British strategy was put into effect by Sir Henry Clinton, who in the spring of '78 succeeded Howe as commander-in-chief of the royal forces in America. From the first an enemy of the Pennsylvania expedition which had so signally failed to end the war, Clinton promptly decided to liquidate it and return the army to New York. Various causes, chief of which was the knowledge that a French fleet superior in number to that of the British was known to be approaching the American coast, led him to choose the land route across New Jersey. Meanwhile Washington's personal ascendancy among the insurgents had sufficed to keep together the half-starved and half-frozen remnant of the Continental army at Valley Forge and had sufficed also to resist the intrigues of Gates and his friends looking to the replacement of Washington himself by the conqueror of Burgoyne. With the spring and the encouragement of the French alliance, the American army increased in number so that Washington's chances of decisively defeating Clinton were good. In the event, however, Clinton successfully accomplished his difficult task and reached New York with his army.

The strategic situation was now much what it had been in the spring of '77 with the main British army in New York, a secondary British force in Canada, and Washington's

centre of gravity in and around the Highlands of the Hudson. At the same time there were two important differences: first, that the enlargement of the war, thanks to the entry of France, would now prevent Great Britain from materially reënforcing her armies in America, and, second, that experience had at last taught the Americans that the defense of the Highlands ought to centre about West Point.

It is not without poetic justice that the national Military Academy has been maintained at West Point, for from the spring of '78 to the eve of Yorktown, virtually throughout the last phase of the Revolution, the chief business of the American army was to maintain that stronghold. Washington himself spoke of his command as 'a garrison for West Point.' With its difficult communications on the land side, its high cliffs out of reach of the guns of ships in the river below, and its position above a right-angle turn in the river which compelled the square-rigged vessels of the time to lose headway by altering their course directly under its batteries, the place was most formidable.

Strategically West Point neutralized New York. From the moment when its works came into existence the army of Sir Henry Clinton on Manhattan Island was held in a vice. The long avenue of the Hudson along which that army might have operated effectively was now tightly closed. Indeed the British were never afterward strong enough even to attempt a siege of the stronghold.

The full effect of West Point was not at first felt, for in '78 after returning to New York Clinton made no move. In '79 he had to struggle against a breakdown of the British supply system and consequently to put most of his energy into the task of feeding the men. In that year, however, with the Hudson locked against him by the new fortress, he began his new policy of raiding. From Georgia to what is now Maine small British forces made successful descents. Although each one was trivial enough in itself, yet upon a people weary of war, loosely organized, and full of local jealousies, they had a certain cumulative effect.

At the end of the year the British forces in the South were increased and an attempt to conquer Georgia and the Carolinas was made. At the same time the operations in the South must be sharply distinguished from the campaigns of

reconquest in '76 and '77. In the first place, the British numbers were small; only about seven thousand. In the second, the three Southern States were so sparsely populated that, even had they been reduced, the rebellion, although wounded, would not have been crippled. And in the third place, the terrain was such as to make conquest impossible even at the hands of a much larger force than could be spared. On the broad coastal plain between the Appalachians and the sea the little British contingents were mere specks. Most but by no means all of their engagements they won, but from the first their only chance of solid and lasting success lay in the help of the local Tories. When these last failed to come up to expectations, the game was no longer worth the candle. Despite this fact, the British continued active operations in Georgia and the Carolinas until well into '81.

In June, 1780, a French force of five thousand men reached America. A second similar body was to have followed and had it succeeded in doing so the course of the war would have been greatly changed. In the event the British sailors — whose superior boldness and initiative, combined with the favorable position of their country in the face of Atlantic Europe, went far to make up for the superior numbers of the Bourbon navies — managed to keep the second French detachment blockaded in its home ports. Meanwhile the first contingent remained so long inactive in Newport, Rhode Island, that the moral effect of their arrival in encouraging the Americans began to wear off.

In the same year, 1780, the treachery of Benedict Arnold came near giving the British a last chance of striking a decisive blow. The great part played by Arnold against Burgoyne, together with the importance of the move he contemplated, make it desirable to dwell for a moment upon the incident. The reader will remember that from the first Arnold's character had had a doubtful side. He had more than once been shabbily treated by Congress and now a court-martial, growing out of some charges made against him by the Council of the State of Pennsylvania and culminating in a public reprimand from Washington, so wounded his touchy self-esteem that the influence of a newly married, young, and beautiful Tory wife was enough

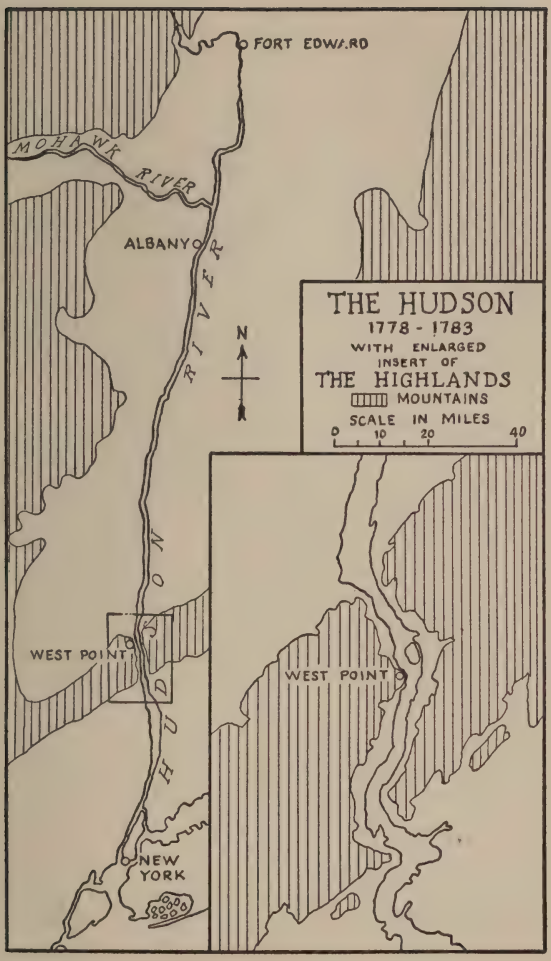
to persuade him to open a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. As to the moral bearings of his act one can say only that times of revolution often seem to blunt the sense of honor. Wellington remarked that he had never been able to understand the treachery of Churchill and others to James II in 1688 until he had himself seen the shuffling of Napoleon's marshals in the last days of the Empire.

Strategically Arnold proposed nothing less than to reopen to the British the line of the Hudson by betraying to them West Point. To this end he obtained from Washington, who loved and trusted him, the command of that fortress. The reader of the foregoing chapters needs no repetition of the unique value of the line of the Hudson. Let it here suffice that Arnold's treason if successful might have decided the war against the United States.

Meanwhile on the side of Canada Haldimand, who had succeeded Carleton, reoccupied Ticonderoga without fighting — for the insurgents no longer thought it worth while to spare any of their scanty forces to garrison that remote post. For a moment the enemy held Fort Anne and Fort George as well, both posts having been surrendered by their little garrisons. Even Fort Edward was evacuated, but was not occupied by the British. At the same time the border warfare on the Mohawk was recommenced. At first glance all this looks like an attempt to coöperate with Arnold's treason and thus to renew the great operation planned for '76 and '77, although, when one remembers the difficulty of communication between Canada and New York City in those earlier years, one is not so sure. Intentionally or not, Haldimand's moves would have fitted in admirably with Arnold's plan.

Fortune, however, defeated Arnold and preserved West Point for the United States. Arnold himself barely escaped to New York — there to seek to justify himself on the ground of the alliance of the insurgents with France, . . . 'the enemy of the Protestant faith.'

The British retained Ticonderoga throughout the rest of the war, but with their weakened forces they preferred negotiating with the Vermonters to attempting to use the fortress as a base for further operations. The fighting on the Mohawk served only to break the power of the Iroquois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Confederacy and to kindle against Sir John Johnson and the Butlers a fierce local hatred that has died away only in the memory of living men.

The opening of 1781, therefore, found the strategics of the American theatre still unchanged. On the other hand, it was becoming clear that exhaustion would soon put an end to the struggle. All parties concerned were increasingly weary of the war. The finances of the Bourbon Crowns, embarrassed as they had been from the beginning, were sinking still further under the strain. The fatigue of America has already been mentioned. In England, although the unrivaled financial strength of the country still permitted her to nourish the war, nevertheless the hope of recovering the colonies was fading. Accordingly the position was such as it is between two tired prize fighters when a single blow will decide the contest.

Skill and good fortune, together with a series of blunders by the British, enabled the French and Americans to strike such a blow at Yorktown. On the British side the story is not unlike that of '77, gross blundering by Germaine combined with a goodly share of errors committed by the commanders on the spot. In the earlier case, however, the British commander-in-chief, Howe, deserved far more blame than did Burgoyne as the leader of the secondary royal army; whereas now Howe's successor Clinton actively contributed little or nothing to the disaster.

Briefly, the combined unwisdom of Germaine and Cornwallis, the British commander in the South, forced Clinton to agree that Cornwallis with most of the royal troops in the Southern States should leave the Carolinas, where they were strongly based upon Charleston, and carry the war into Virginia, where no British base existed. In order to supply this want Cornwallis entrenched himself at Yorktown on the Chesapeake, but, since his works were of no great strength and most of all since the place was not provisioned for a siege of any length, he could hardly expect to hold out against a superior enemy should that enemy gain even temporary control of the neighboring waters. DeGrasse, with a French fleet superior in numbers to anything the British could bring against it, acting with a decision and energy seldom shown by the French admirals throughout the war,

blockaded the place. This operation had been concerted with Washington, who now slipped away from before Clinton in New York, moved rapidly to Virginia, and concentrated some sixteen thousand men, of whom about half were French, against Cornwallis in Yorktown. The latter had only about seven thousand. Completely cut off, he surrendered after a siege of three weeks, and his surrender ended active British operations in the colonies, although the Treaty of Peace which recognized the independence of the United States was not signed for another two years.

Yorktown was the child of Saratoga. I repeat that, without Burgoyne's surrender and without the French intervention of which that surrender was the occasion, the independence of the United States could hardly have been made good. After the French intervention, on the other hand, the chances of English success so fell that the surprising thing is not the final result, but rather the long delay before that result was achieved. Wars have indeed been won against odds as heavy as those against England in '78–'81, but such victories have been rare. The turning point of the American Revolution was that sunny Friday in October, '77, when Burgoyne's men piled arms beside the Hudson.

The reader will naturally desire some account of the fortunes of the captive army and of the after life of the chief actors in Burgoyne's campaign.

The essential clause of the Convention of Saratoga, that is, that the captive army should be allowed passage to England on condition of not serving again in America during the war—was never carried out. It might be pleasanter reading for an American and far more congruous with the present greatness of the United States had our ancestors made haste unconditionally to put into effect the terms which Gates in his weakness had granted. Such conduct, however, would have been out of keeping with all the circumstances of the time. The Congress was after all only an insurrecto junta. The British Government had declared the insurgents to be rebels and it was entirely possible that with rebels that Government might not keep faith.

Moreover, Burgoyne and his subordinates were themselves accused of several violations of the Convention. Of these the most certainly proved was that they had from the

first concealed a number of their flags, lyingly telling their captors that these had been burnt. Baroness Riedesel sewed the German regimental flags in a mattress and succeeded in getting them away safely and Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, of the 9th, was later rewarded by King George for having successfully hidden his regimental colors in his personal baggage. While the colors were not specifically named in the Convention, nevertheless the phrase 'public stores' in its sixth article would seem obviously to include them and the very conduct of those who concealed them shows that it was so understood. Nor was this technical violation altogether without importance in the matter of prestige. Furthermore, in November, '77, in connection with some dispute as to the quartering of the Convention prisoners, Burgoyne had been ill advised enough to write in an official letter, 'The public faith is broken.' The obvious retort to this was that if he thought so it would be well to see that he and the British would not themselves break it as soon as they had the chance.

Accordingly Congress in ratifying the Convention provided that their action should be without effect until the Government of George III should ratify it as well. Since that Government never saw fit to ratify, Burgoyne's army, or at least the dwindling remnant of it, remained prisoners until the peace, their numbers constantly diminishing through sickness, desertion, and the exchange of officers.

Burgoyne himself did not long remain in actual captivity, but was allowed in the spring of '78 to return to England a prisoner on parole. From the first he had foreseen that Germaine would try to make him the scapegoat for that minister's own bungling, and so it proved. He was denied audience with the King. His demand for a military court of inquiry was refused, although George III himself twice suggested to North that it be granted. On the ground that he was a prisoner on parole, the Ministry even tried to prevent him taking his seat in Parliament, but here precedent was too strong for them. In the spring of '79 he at last succeeded in gaining a hearing before a Parliamentary committee, and although the Cabinet suddenly prorogued the House in order to prevent that committee from reporting, nevertheless he seized the opportunity to print the testimony. Twice ordered to return to America as a prisoner of war, he twice

refused, following up his second refusal by resigning all his lucrative appointments, retaining only his lieutenant-general's commission in order to keep his military status.

On the part of Germaine and the Cabinet the whole story was one of malice and meanness. While Burgoyne's own conduct of operations had been faulty enough, nevertheless on the capital point that his orders were positive he was right and they knew it.

On resigning his appointments, Burgoyne now felt free to join the political opposition, which he promptly did. When his party came into power, he was made Commander of the Forces in Ireland and held this position for some years. Throughout the closing years of his life he continued active in Parliament and continued also to write, one of his later comedies winning the high praise even of his enemy Horace Walpole. He lived to see the outbreak of the French Revolution, dying on August 4, 1792, almost on the eve of the fall of the Tuileries. At his own request he was buried beside his wife in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, under an unmarked slab, so that the exact spot of his grave is now unknown.

Throughout his life Burgoyne had the gift of winning affection. His soldiers loved him, and as to their commanders soldiers are not easily taken in. His friends, his wife, and his mistress (to whom we shall come in a moment) loved him as well. After a century and a half he is still a living and attractive figure.

Attractive though he was, he was certainly not great either as a soldier or as a man. On this last point one wishes he had spared us certain phrases in his will. His wife, Lady Charlotte, having died during his absence in America, he took for his mistress an opera singer, Miss Susan Caulfield, whom he maintained for at least eleven years up to the time of his death. Upon her he begot no less than four bastards, one of whom later became a field marshal in the British army. In his will he left her the little remains of his property. He made an edifying confession of faith, admitting his own frequent sexual sins, and justly distinguishing between such offenses and the deeper sins of malevolence. And yet amid all this he thrust in a sentence which, however true the words may have been in themselves, a man free of cant would have avoided

like the plague. Burgoyne, remember, was dying possessed of a mistress of eleven years' standing whom he had never married, although she had borne him four children. Nevertheless he could write, 'It has been a comfort to me to hope that my sensualities have never hindered or interrupted the peace of others.'

Phillips and Riedesel were allowed to go to New York in the fall of '79 as prisoners on parole. About a year later, being exchanged, they returned to active duty.

Phillips, with Arnold for second in command, was given the command of a small force with which to ravage Virginia. This he did with his usual energy, meanwhile writing insolent letters to the insurgent commanders who oppressed him. At Petersburg in Virginia, just before his command was joined by that of Cornwallis at the end of the latter's ill-omened march northward from the Carolinas, he died of fever.

Riedesel returned to Canada, where he commanded the German troops to the end of the war. For seventeen years thereafter he enjoyed in Brunswick the considerable fortune he had saved from his pay and allowances while in America. Although he never again smelt powder, nevertheless he again took the field under Prussian leadership in 1787, commanding as lieutenant-general the Brunswick contingent of an army which suppressed the aristocratic opposition to the Stadtholder of Holland. He lived to see the beginning of Napoleon's Consulate, and died at last in 1800.

From one of the three daughters born to the Baroness Riedesel in America is descended that Count von Bernstorff who was German Ambassador to the United States when the latter in 1917 entered the war against Germany.

Most of Burgoyne's younger subordinates served against the French Revolution and against Napoleon. Some became general officers, but none is remembered.

Of the chief men on the American side, Schuyler alone was both distinguished and fortunate in later life. After his acquittal by the court-martial which tried him on the baseless charges brought against him, he resigned from the army, and for the next twenty years, notwithstanding chronic ill health, he remained almost continuously in political office. First he served in the Continental Congress, then as State Senator, and finally as one of New York's first two United

States Senators under the Federal Constitution which he and his son-in-law Alexander Hamilton had persuaded the State to ratify. To the end of his life he busied himself with the beginnings of the system of canals which was to make New York truly the Empire State. He prepared plans for a Husdon–Champlain canal along the valley of that Wood Creek which he had so efficiently blocked against Burgoyne and he was President of the company which in 1796 completed a canal from the Hudson to Lake Ontario.

St. Clair, who was acquitted with Schuyler, was steadily followed by the ill fortune that had been his at Ticonderoga. He was elected President of the last Continental Congress under the Articles of Confederation, but the honor can hardly have consoled him for the loss of his fortune. When Washington, who continued to like and respect him, became President of the United States, he appointed him Governor of the Northwest Territory — the vast district between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, but in 1791 he was defeated by the Indians, fell into poverty, lived to the age of eighty-four, saw the fall of Napoleon, and died at last in 1818.

Stark too was long-lived. He lived until 1822 persistently refusing over and over again to run for office.

Arnold got little good of his treason. He was of course hated by his former comrades. Once when serving with the British he asked a captured American officer how the insurgents would treat him if they could catch him. 'They would cut off that leg of yours that was wounded at Saratoga and bury it with military honors,' answered the officer, 'and the rest of you they would hang on a gibbet.' He was almost the only man sent out by Cornwallis from Yorktown before the trap was sprung upon that place. In England after the war, although the King tried to befriend him, he was nevertheless despised and shunned.

There is a story that he was once with George III when Balcarres entered. The King introduced them. 'What, Sire! The traitor Arnold?' said Balcarres and took himself off. Arnold challenged him to a duel, fired, and missed, whereat Balcarres walked off the ground without firing. 'Why don't you fire, my Lord?' said Arnold furiously, to which Balcarres answered over his shoulder, 'Sir, I leave you to the executioner.'

The traitor had kept by him his uniform as a Continental major-general, with a pair of epaulets and a sword knot that Washington had given him after Saratoga. On his death-bed he asked to be clothed in it, saying, 'Let me die in my old American uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever putting on any other.'

Of Gates' unsuccessful intrigues against Washington in the winter of '77–'78 I have already spoken. For a short time those intrigues had at least been successful enough to get him made President of the Board of War. Their failure was followed first by his removal from the Board and his appointment to command the forts in the Highlands of the Hudson — with strict orders from Congress to report to Washington as his commander-in-chief — and next by his retirement to his estate in Virginia. Nevertheless, as the conqueror of Burgoyne his name still stood high enough to win for him, in 1780, the command of the American army in the South. Here he made haste to commit several blunders of generalship leading up to his engagement of the enemy under Cornwallis at Camden in the northern part of South Carolina.

The American militia ran at the first fire. Shouting to his chief subordinate, the brave adventurer de Kalb, 'I will soon bring the rascals back,' Gates spurred after them, but instead of rallying the fugitives he galloped nearly two hundred miles to Hillsborough, North Carolina, leaving de Kalb on the battle-field to fight to the last at the head of the few Continentals present and fall with a dozen bayonet wounds.

As usual with Gates there was something to be said for his conduct. Every officer knows that often the best of men will not only fail completely to check a stampede, especially of raw troops, but will sometimes even be carried away themselves. It has been justly observed that the great Frederick himself cut a worse figure at Mollwitz than did Gates at Camden. Moreover, assuming that any one was able to make such speed as to overtake the flying general with news of the full extent of the disaster, then, since Hillsborough was the logical base around which to organize a new resistance, it was doubtless desirable that Gates should reach it without undue loss of time.

Nevertheless, the contrast between Gates' conduct and

the fate of de Kalb was so dramatic and complete that thenceforward, although he was for some months continued in his command, and although an official investigation cleared him of blame, his credit was ruined. After his acquittal he again retired to his estate and lived obscurely until his death in 1806. A mean, base fellow; by no means lacking a very real measure of military judgment and in early life not lacking in courage, his conceit recalls Æsop's frog who tried to swell himself up to the size of a bull.

The gleam of a single good action lights up his later years. In 1790, when about to move from Virginia to New York, he freed his slaves, at the same time providing generously that they should not fall into want. When he was near his end he set down in writing his pleasure at the increasing might of the Republic.

Wilkinson had a long, checkered, and on the whole dishonorable career. In '78, after an indiscretion of his had done much to spoil Gates' plots, he quarrelled with his former chief after a fashion reflecting credit on neither man. After the war he settled in Kentucky, intrigued treasonably with the Spaniards, also intrigued against them. In 1791 he reëntered the United States Army, again intrigued, this time against his commander-in-chief, and upon the latter's death became commander-in-chief himself, still retaining a pension which the Spaniards had given him. He was mixed up in Burr's conspiracy, but betrayed his accomplice, and for years escaped the persistent efforts of Congressional investigations and courts-martial to prove his guilt. He was even restored to command, serving without credit in the War of 1812. Dismissed from the service by President Madison, he did his best to vindicate himself in his 'Memoirs' and died at last in 1825 in Mexico City, whither he had gone as agent for the American Bible Society and also to apply for a land grant. It was not certain whether the Mexican climate or the use of opium did more to hasten his end.

In France, Vergennes until his death early in 1788 continued to enjoy the confidence of Louis XVI. Indeed after Maurepas' death in November of 1781 — just two days after the coming of the news of Yorktown to Paris — he was practically Prime Minister, although during those years the King preferred to give the official title to no one. He died

just before the first mutterings of the Revolutionary storm, having persuaded his master to summon that assembly known as the Notables, in some sort a forerunner of the States-General and therefore of all that followed. If by summoning the Notables he wished to reawaken local initiative and lessen the undue centralization of government, then indeed he planned a necessary task still to be undertaken by his country.

Ever since his death political and economic historians have quarrelled over the wisdom of his action in the affair of America, those whose chief interest is in politics pointing out the enormous gain for France and indeed for the whole continent of Europe resulting from the political separation of England and the United States; those whose concern is with finance blaming the expenses of his war with England as having hastened the Revolution. In the nature of things such differences of opinion are permanent. The latest notable historian of France, Bainville, believes that Vergennes was right.

To close this study of the decisive campaign of the Revolution without at least a word as to the consequences of that struggle would be to leave the book incomplete.

Of these consequences the first, the independence of the United States, is now after a hundred and fifty years, firmly established. Indeed for the moment it is the chief political fact of world affairs. While it is probable that the recovery of Europe will in time lessen the ascendancy of the United States over that continent, at the same time in no future that we can foresee will Europe or any of her provinces again command American action.

It is an ironical commentary upon the events with which this book is concerned that to-day England is the one foreign nation that so much as attempts to sway the American soul. Although such things are no part of history, nevertheless I give it as my conclusion that the decision achieved at Saratoga and placed beyond all doubt at Yorktown will remain irrevocable. However the English may persist in their present effort to persuade the United States to support their position in Europe, the greatest possible effect of that effort will be sharply limited.

Of the second major consequence of the American Revolu-

tion — I mean the democratic movement throughout the world — it is more difficult to speak. That movement has sometimes been considered the necessary consequence and extension of the sixteenth-century Protestant revolt; an attempt to make the individual sovereign in politics as Protestantism has attempted to make him sovereign in religion. It might also be considered a partial reaction against that revolt; a search for an ecumenical political theory to set over against the divisions or the absence of religion. Its effects have been too often confused with the increase in material well-being due to an increased command over physical nature with which democracy has nothing to do.

Of those effects, in so far as they have permeated Christendom, one is closely connected with our subject. The sudden swarmings of the American revolutionary militia, such as that in which Burgoyne was caught at Saratoga, faintly but unmistakably foreshadow the great conscript armies of the democratic era. Democracy has continued to talk peace and to make war. Wars being now not between sovereigns but between peoples, there have appeared those vast bodies in which so many million men of European stock have perished. It is perhaps a little strange that in all the endless discussion of democracy so striking a fact should have been so little noticed.

It will be enough in closing to point out how different has been the action of democracy in the United States and in Europe.

In the United States, with non-democratic tradition not firmly rooted, with the frontier always close by, and with a constantly rising level of material comfort for the masses, the successive shocks by which democracy has affirmed itself have been for the most part less violent than in Europe. On only one occasion, the important exception of '61–'65, has blood been shed in civil war. West of the Atlantic should governments based upon universal suffrage become increasingly incapable of solving the intricate racial, religious, and economic problems which confront them, then the remedy is already at hand in the extension of the powers of those formidable elective monarchies which the instinct of the American people has set up in the Presidency, the office of Governor in the States, and that of Mayor in the cities.

In Europe, on the contrary, democracy began in blood and has continued in blood. In its century and a quarter of power more men have fallen in battle than fell under all the kings. To-day despite its triumphs there are signs that the movement is waning, and if that is so, then perhaps the democratic era of revolutions and class hatred may be ending and the old continent may look forward to a happier and more stable future.

At all events, if we search backward in time for a point at which the new forces still active in Christendom began definitely to triumph, we shall find it at Saratoga.

THE END

APPENDICES

I

ON METHOD

THAT there are no footnotes in the text results from the author's idea of what history should be. Michelet, a great man whose obvious faults have been the target for a rabble of pigmies, has said in a phrase which no amount of quotation can dull that history should be a resurrection of the flesh. Unless a man can enter into the spirit of the events of which he tells, unless he can make the reader see and feel that which the actors themselves saw and felt, unless he can make the past live, his learning and industry can only heap up materials from which history may some day be written.

Accordingly the whole mechanism of learning must be swept clean out of the body of the work. Everything that interferes with vivid presentation must go. If a man wants to cite an authority or quote a passage, let him do it boldly in the text by way of parenthesis. To cram a text with footnotes so that the unhappy reader's eye must be forever casting down to the foot of the page and then up again to recover the thread is to take away the pleasure of reading. It is to jerk the interest to and fro as if in a theatre where half the lines are spoken loudly by the prompter before being given by the actors. Such goings-on are fit for a rehearsal, not for a performance. I do not say that this kind of thing is worthless; far from it, for it furnishes material, but it is the work of the truckman and the common laborer, not the mason and still less the architect.

It is true that any one following the method of true history lays himself open to attack from Dry-as-Dust on the charge of skimping his work and writing romantic imaginary stuff. In general the answer to that is that, if one wants to lie, it is as easy to lie stuffily by copying footnotes out of some one else without ever having read the books quoted. In any particular case an author who is questioned can always try to satisfy the questioner; and one who is attacked, if his preparation has been thorough, will stand a good chance of making the attacker look a fool. All

of which is a small matter compared with giving one's reader a clean, smoothly flowing text.

On the other hand, a man may wish to enlarge on his authorities with inference of his own, or he may find himself called upon to decide a point upon which authorities contradict one another. In such a case it is a kindness to the reader to tell him that one has felt forward where it was impossible to see clearly or picked one's way across a bog of statement and counter-statement. Hence the appendices to this book.

II

ON NUMBERS

THE high importance attaching to the factor of numbers in war is obvious enough, and is nowhere more clearly shown than in Burgoyne's campaign. On the other hand, the civilian often fails to grasp the difficulty of precise statement in the matter even when a considerable body of record is available — and this although the difficulty in question is familiar to all soldiers. A few words are therefore necessary in explanation of the graph and of the figures in the text.

In general the difficulty arises from the surprisingly large number of ways in which the 'strength' of an army may be stated, and from the vagueness of what seem full and exact figures. Thus the ration strength, the combatant strength, or the strength in bayonets may be given. As to vagueness, consider the figures given in casualty returns as 'wounded' and 'missing' after an engagement. Some of the men so designated will of course never return to duty. Others, on the contrary, will return; if wounded, they will fully recover from their wounds; if missing, they will soon turn up. Therefore the figure for permanent casualties, which is the essential thing, will always be smaller and often very much smaller than that obtained by adding together the killed, wounded, and missing. At the same time it will always be larger than the killed alone.

In every age there are also particular difficulties to be guarded against. In the eighteenth century with which we are here concerned the figure usually given is that of effective rank and file. This includes only the effective privates and corporals of infantry present for duty under the immediate orders of headquarters. It excludes all the non-combatant services, all musicians, sergeants, and commissioned officers, and all artillery personnel. It also excludes as 'absent on command' men who may be clean outside the theatre of the campaign or may represent detached bodies actively and closely coöperating with the main body.

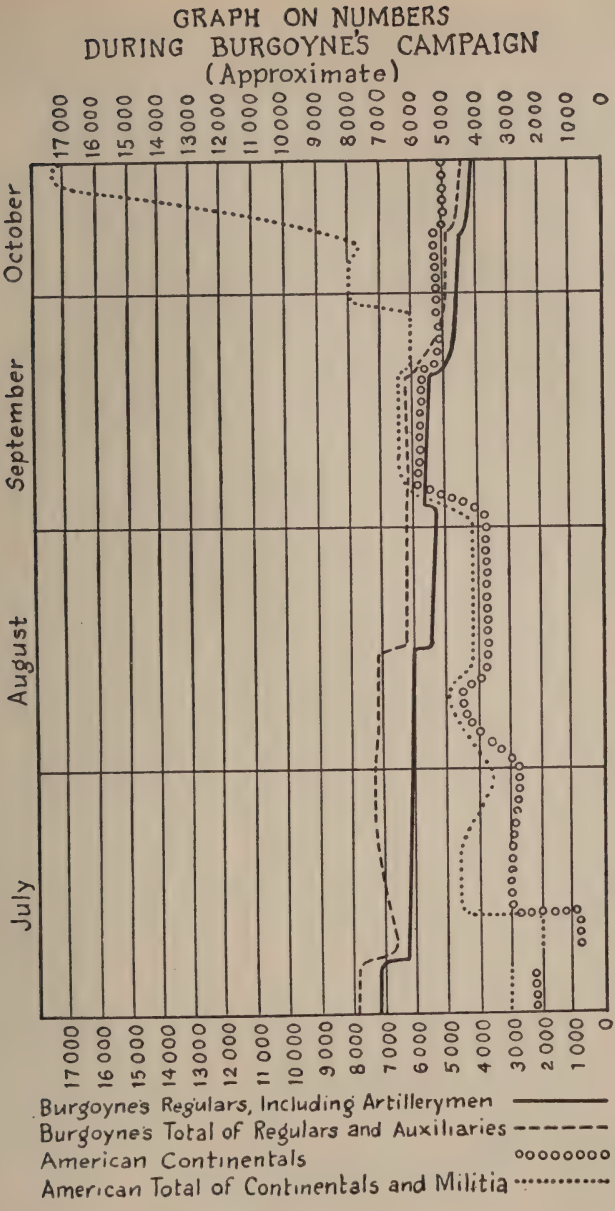
Historically the practice of estimating the strength of a force in terms of its infantry 'rank and file' had been justified because

it gave the bayonet strength. Musicians carried side arms only, and formerly all sergeants had carried not musket and bayonet but a halberd; that is, a short spear or pike with an enlarged head often so designed as to make it serviceable as a cutting as well as a thrusting weapon. About a generation before the American Revolution, however, the creation of the 'flank companies' of grenadiers and light infantry and the arming of both their officers and sergeants with musket and bayonet instead of the halberd had raised the bayonet strength of British regiments slightly above that of the 'rank and file.' Soon after the outbreak of war it appeared that the halberd was next to useless under American conditions and also that both sergeants and officers could be made less conspicuous targets for rebel sharpshooters by giving them muskets. Accordingly we find orders for various units going on American service to arm both sergeants and officers accordingly. The halberd did not altogether go out of use, for Lossing saw the head of one which had been found on one of Burgoyne's autumn battlefields. Nevertheless the reader should remember that the British figures given for rank and file are less than those of bayonet strength or even for enlisted bayonet strength; in the American armies the halberd seems never to have been carried.

Given the effective rank and file of a force, in order to come close to its effective combatant strength it is necessary merely to add a percentage worked out by a rough rule of thumb. Examination of the detailed returns given in the 'State of the Expedition,' Eelking's 'Riedesel,' Parliamentary Registers, etc., usually gives sergeants and musicians together as from 9 to 13.5 per cent of the infantry rank and file, and officers as from 4 to 5 per cent. Therefore 17.5 per cent of the effective rank and file must be added to give the effective combatant strength.

Conversely, given the total effectives of the infantry of a force, about 14.8 per cent must be subtracted to find the effective rank and file.

For the American troops, as one would expect, the percentage of officers, non-coms, etc., is larger. The returns in Wilkinson and the Gates Papers give a total combatant strength found by adding about 28 per cent of the total rank and file. Conversely, if one treats the total combatant strength as 100 per cent, then one must subtract 21.8 per cent to get the rank and file. All figures in the graph are rank and file present fit for duty.


GRAPH ON NUMBERS
DURING BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN
(Approximate)
17 000
16 000
15 000
14 000
13000
12 000
11 000
10000
9 000
8000
7000
6000
5000
4000
3000
2000
1000
0
October
September
August
July
Burgoyne's Regulars, Including Artillerymen
Burgoyne's Total of Regulars and Auxiliaries
American Continentals
American Total of Continentals and Militia

For Burgoyne's numbers at the opening of the campaign we have four lists which check with one another either exactly or within small margins of error as follows:

	State of the Expedition			Fonblanqui	Digby
	Burgoyne's Narrative (July 1 effectives) pp. 8, 10	Appendix XI (July 1, including sick?), pp. xxvii, xxviii	Kingston's Evidence (July 1 effectives) p. 74	pp. 487–88	(July 1 effectives) p. 201
British infantry	3724	3724	3576		3252
German infantry and dragoons	3016	3016	2919		3007
Total regular infantry and dragoons.....	6740	6740	6495		6259
British artillerymen.....	245	257	257		
British recruits serving as artillerymen....	150	154	154		
Total British serving as artillerymen....	395	411	411		
German artillerymen.....	78	100	100		
Canadians		148	148	148	145
Provincials, i.e. American Tories	250	?	83	?	?
Indians (about).	400	?	300–400	503	500
Total auxiliaries	650	?	631	651	645
Total British, including artillerymen.....	4119	4135	3987	4135	
Total German, including artillerymen....	3094	3116	3019	3116	
Total regulars..	7213	7251	7006	7251	
Grand Total..	7863	7399 (Exclusive of Indians and Provincials)	7637 (Assuming Indians at 400)	7902	6904 (Exclusive of artillerymen)

If we assume that in Fonblanque and Digby the handful of Tories are lumped in with the Indians whose dress Burgoyne's Tories seem to have copied, then the only odd thing to be noted is that Digby is over 300 below Kingston as to British infantry effectives and at the same time is nearly 100 above his as to the Germans. Since Kingston was Burgoyne's adjutant-general, I have preferred his figures. Comparing Kingston and Digby with Appendix XI and Fonblanque, it should be noted how high was the sick rate even thus early in the campaign.

As to the numbers of the Germans, the greater part of the difficulty raised by Colonel Rogers in his notes to Hadden (lxxvii–lxxviii) disappear upon examination of the detailed figures given in Stone's translation of Eelking's 'Riedesel' (pp. 191–92) and in Lefferts (p. 262). It is true that (page 102) Eelking contains at least one inconsistency besides an obvious misprint. Nevertheless a critical examination of the evidence available results in a figure not far different from that given in Fonblanque and in Appendix XI.

For the American numbers at Ticonderoga, Wilkinson gives a detailed return of the Continentals as of June 28, which is substantially corroborated by the St. Clair Papers. The number of militia is identically given by various authorities.

Detailed figures of the British and German losses at Hubbardton and Fort Anne are given in the Gates Papers (case 7, No. 58), supplemented as to Fort Anne by Lamb. Let it suffice that for the two engagements together the permanent losses in rank and file were approximately 12 Germans and a little over 50 British.

As far as the graph is concerned, the entire American force at Hubbardton may be subtracted, for it seems that both Hale's and Francis' regiments were wiped out as organizations, and it is certain that Warner's regiment did not rejoin the main army (which alone is represented in the graph) until a few days before the surrender, if then.

The garrison left behind by Burgoyne at Ticonderoga is given in Appendix XI as 462 British, 448 German; total rank and file of regulars, 910. It is not certain whether this figure includes artillerymen of whom some must have been left. In any event the effective regulars must have been reduced to a little over 6000. Obviously it does not include auxiliaries. The sick and deserters during July must be estimated from the September figures. The Indians and Tories who joined at Skenesboro can be

fixed within small limits of error by critical examination of Appendix XI, Burgoyne's narrative, and Kingston's evidence, all in the 'State of the Expedition.' They may safely be set at about 600 Tories and 100 Indians. This would make 500 Indians and 682 Tories, who with the 148 Canadians (assuming that no great number of these last fell sick and none were left at Ticonderoga) would make 1330. Probably the actual figure was around 1300.

Schuyler's numbers during July and the first half of August are fixed by his own letters identically quoted by different writers. The force detached by him for the relief of Fort Stanwix numbered, according to Wilkinson, about 800 Continentals who left the main army August 11.

The Bennington episode appears in the graph only in so far as Burgoyne's permanent losses were a reduction from his strength, and as the 500 or 600 detached by Schuyler under the command of Lincoln with orders to join Stark, although they did not reach the latter until after the action, nevertheless remained out until September 29. However, the figures and estimates differ so widely one with another that a brief discussion is necessary.

Of the three forces present that day, Stark's, Baum's, and Breymann's complete figures are available only for Breymann's. On page 256 of Vol. I of Stone's translation of Eelking's 'Riedesel' the table on page 440 (although given as representing Baum's command) must be that of Breymann.

As to Breymann's permanent losses, in view of the fact that no transportation was available, practically all those listed as wounded must have been walking wounded who soon returned to full duty. On the other hand, the large number of prisoners listed by Stark make it probable that very few of those listed as missing ever returned.

For Baum's Germans we have, on page 255 of Vol. I of Stone's translation of Eelking's 'Riedesel,' the table on page 441.

Here the only doubtful point is whether these figures include the 50 chasseurs mentioned in Baum's letter of August 12 ('State of the Expedition,' p. xxxvii), as having been sent after the rest of the detachment started. The 51 men from Barner's light battalion look as if they might be the chasseurs in question, but it is not certain.

The aggregate of Baum's other units is variously given. Burgoyne's letter of August 20 to Germaine ('State of the Expedition,' p. xxii) gives, including the Germans who are put at 200, a

Composition of the Corps	Effective Condition				Killed				Wounded				Missing				Total Losses			
	Officers	Non-officers	Drummers	Privates	Officers	Non-officers	Drummers	Privates	Officers	Non-officers	Drummers	Privates	Officers	Non-officers	Drummers	Privates	Officers	Non-officers	Drummers	Privates
Grenadier battalion	10	24	15	284	1	1	..	13	1	5		23	4	4	3	65	6	10	3	101
Light battalion (Von Barner)	11	27	10	240	1		..		4	2	1	28	1	7	1	57	6	9	2	85
Hesse-Hanau artillery	1	2		18		1	..	3	1	1		3					1	2		6
Total	22	53	25	542	2	2	..	16	6	8	1	54	5	11	4	122	13	21	5	192

Composition of the Corps	Original Effectives						Returned to the Army	Permanent Losses
	Officers	Non-coms	Musicians	Soldiers	Servants	Total	Soldiers	
General staff	1					1		1
Dragoon regiment	15	28	6	171	14	234	6	228
Grenadier battalion	1	2	2	20	1	26	1	25
Rhetz regiment				2		2		2
Riedesel's regiment	1	1	1	17		20		20
Specht's regiment				16		16		16
Barner's light battalion	2	5	1	51	2	61	2	59
Hesse-Hanau artillery	1	1		12		14		14
Total	21	37	10	289	17	374	9	365

total of 'about 500.' Since this differs materially from Riedesel's detailed figures for the Germans who actually marched with Baum, I have preferred to follow Riedesel (Vol. I, pp. 262–63, note) throughout Chapter VIII. On this basis the 90 additional Tories who joined Baum just before the action must have raised his total numbers to about 750 rank and file.

Stark's numbers are even harder to estimate. In the first place, before the arrival of his New Hampshire brigade at Bennington the stores there were guarded by Vermont militia whom Burgoyne's informants put at 400. They seem to have been there for some time, the men of the countryside probably serving turn and turn about. The figure 1492 of Stark's brigade includes both non-coms and officers. Judging from the percentages of Wilkinson's returns, less than 1200 and perhaps not more than 1100 of them were rank and file. The official roll of the brigade (G. G. Benedict, in Vol. V, p. 116, New York State Historical Association) shows 1532 of all ranks. Ninety-six Vermonters also enlisted under Stark. On the other hand, in what was obviously an easy, go-as-you-please outfit, even though no hard service had been done, nevertheless a fair proportion of sick and deserters was to be expected. Two and perhaps three of Stark's twenty companies were absent.

Warner's men, the militia from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and local men from the near-by parts of Vermont and New York State, are still to be considered. Warner's numbers

seem fixed at 150 Continentals and 200 Rangers (Vol. V, pp. 115–16, New York State Historical Association). For the Berkshire men there are no figures. In September and October under Gates they were at least 1300. Cut this in half and you still have 650. Had the detachment to which Parson Allen belonged been an inconsiderable reënforcement to Stark, then the fact would almost certainly have been remarked. Allen's conduct in bearding Stark is far more explicable if he himself was one of a good-sized body. There are no figures for the late comers among the local men, although Nelson Gillespie (New York State Historical Association, Vol. V, pp. 97–103) says: '. . . at least 150 men from Cambridge, White Creek and Hoosac were under arms . . .' and this does not include local Vermonters.

Finally there is the information which reached Baum on August 12 that the rebel force already at Bennington, i.e. Stark and the original militia guard, numbered from 1500 to 1800. Assuming the correctness of this, then the addition of Warner's 350 would give totals of from 1850 to 2150. Moreover, these figures are exclusive of the Berkshire contingent and the local late comers.

All told, therefore, the statement in the text of Chapter VIII that Stark's total rank and file were probably over rather than under 2000 would seem fully justified.

Since the imperfection of our knowledge of Burgoyne's numbers during September and October will compel us to refer back to these Bennington losses, let us go into details, so far as they relate to the British and the Germans. In the first place, the high figures given by Stark — about 200 dead and 700 prisoners, 900 in all — make it morally certain that they include not only rank and file but all ranks. For Breymann's losses we have definite figures: dead, 2 officers, 2 non-coms, 3 rank and file of artillery, 13 rank and file of infantry, total 20: missing and presumably prisoners, 5 officers, 15 non-coms and musicians of infantry, 122 rank and file of infantry, total 142. Riedesel tells us that out of Baum's original German force of 374 of all ranks — of whom 14 were artillery — only 9 private soldiers returned. Since the original rank and file numbered 280 — of whom 12 were artillerymen — this makes a total permanent loss of 365 of all ranks, 344 total enlisted and 280 rank and file — of which last 268 were infantry and cavalry. Lincoln's letter of July 18 to the Massachusetts Council of Safety (Caleb Stark's 'John

Stark,' p. 133) says that exclusive of commissioned officers — and perhaps exclusive of wounded soldier prisoners, although this is not certain — 37 British soldiers and 398 Germans were prisoners.

From the foregoing data Burgoyne's permanent losses in regulars at Bennington can be fixed within small limits of error. Since of the single British company, numbering around 50 rank and file for the total enlisted strength of perhaps 55, 37 'soldiers' were prisoners, it seems safe to assume that a corresponding number in the proportion of 2 for every 7 prisoners were killed. Reducing this to rank and file, it seems safe to say that 35 rank and file (i.e. rank and file in the eighteenth-century sense, exclusive of sergeants and musicians) were prisoners and 15 were killed, thus wiping out the company.

For the Germans we can estimate as follows: Subtracting the 137 enlisted prisoners taken from Breymann from the enlisted total of German prisoners given by Lincoln as 398 gives us a remainder of 261 of enlisted prisoners taken from Baum.. Of this 261 about 15 per cent, i.e. about 40, would be sergeants and musicians and the remaining 220-odd rank and file. Applying to these figures of 40 and 220 the general proportion of 2 dead for every 7 prisoners gives an estimated number of just over 70 for Baum's total enlisted dead, of whom over 60 would be rank and file.

Accordingly the combined permanent losses in rank and file of Burgoyne's regulars at Bennington were about as follows: British, 14 dead and 35 prisoners; Germans, 76 dead and 342 prisoners. For the Germans, exclusive of artillery, 72 and 331, in round numbers 70 dead and 330 prisoners are not far out.

Incidentally the large number of prisoners proves beyond all question the lack of determination with which Burgoyne's two detachments fought. The 550-odd prisoners taken from Baum represent nearly 70 per cent of that unhappy officer's command.

In addition to the figures of 200 dead given by Stark, we must remember that a number of Baum's Tories undoubtedly dispersed to their homes, and that few of the surviving Indians engaged seem to have long remained with Burgoyne. The text statement that the operation cost Burgoyne between 800 and 850 of all ranks, of whom over 450 were rank and file of regulars, would seem fully justified.

In the operations on the Mohawk there seems to be no dis-

agreement as to the numbers of the garrison of Fort Stanwix or of the force under Herkimer.

On the other hand, it is impossible to establish definitely the numbers of St. Leger. The only fixed points are the 200 rank and file of British regular infantry designated in Germaine's original order, and the 40 rank and file of artillerymen mentioned by Hadden. Of the 342 chasseurs designated in Germaine's order only one company were present and at full strength a German chasseur company numbered 100.

For the Royal Greens, Butler's Rangers, and the Canadians there are no figures. The Royal Greens seem to have been recruited up considerably above the figure of 133 given in Germaine's order; Marks (I, 536) says they amounted to 200. Gordon says that the Canadians were organized as a single company and Lamb confirms this, adding that the same was true of Butler's Rangers. These statements, however, mean little in dealing with irregular forces.

For the total of St. Leger's white troops Digby estimates 'near 700,' and Lamb says 'near 800.' Mr. John A. Scott, of the 'Rome Sentinel,' Rome, New York, who has spent much time on the original authorities of the Mohawk operation, has pointed out to me that St. Leger's orders for July 17 and 18, reprinted in Sir John Johnson's orderly book, which specify provisions and ammunition for 500 men, are in no way decisive of the numbers of any part of the force to be supplied.

As to the Indians, Claus' letter, reprinted in the Oriskany Centennial Book, says that the Indians were '. . . upward of 800.' Cruikshank's 'Butler's Rangers' says that there were 200 from the Seneca tribe alone.

All told, therefore, the text figures, 700 white men and 1000 Indians, cannot be considered certain.

Returning to Burgoyne and the main army, Kingston's evidence gives Burgoyne's September 1 effective rank and file of regular British infantry as 2635, adding that 300 more joined on September 3. The effective Germans on September 1 he puts at 1711, thus giving a total of about 4650. Both of these figures obviously exclude the gunners. That for the Germans presumably included the 80 remaining dragoons.

At this point we find ourselves involved in a difficulty, for after all the losses of September and October the surrender returns in the Gates Papers put the Brit sh infantry rank and file

at 2658, including 129 officers' servants who are included in the July 1 return as rank and file, and should therefore belong in the September 1 return of rank and file as well, leaving an impossibly small margin for the losses of the autumn. Worse still, the German rank and file of October 17 — exclusive of officers' servants who never seem to be carried as rank and file in the German returns, and in this case exclusive of artillery as well — nevertheless numbered 1738, which is 27 more than Kingston's figures! We know from Eelking's 'Riedesel' that the battalion companies of the 47th British Regiment, together with the entire German regiments of Rhetz and Hesse-Hanau, were absent guarding the line of communications during the end of August and the beginning of September. Both of these German regiments and six battalion companies of the 47th crossed the Hudson with the army and shared in the last phase of the campaign. But on the other hand, it is obviously impossible that Kingston can have omitted anything like the full strength of these three regiments from his September 1 figure, for at the surrender the former absentees jointly numbered nearly 1000, rank and file, and even though they were not severely engaged during September and October they must have lost some men by sickness and desertion. Therefore, if we say that Kingston's September 1 figures are 1000 too low, we involve ourselves in the following absurdity: Subtracting the Ticonderoga garrison from the July 1 figures gives 5830. Subtracting from 5830 the combined losses at Bennington and Hubbardton — 512, we get 5318, which cannot be far out. But to add 1000 to Kingston's September 1 figure of 4346 leaves us absolutely no margin for permanent losses from sickness and desertion during July and August, which is out of the question.

In this very perfect dilemma one can approximate to the truth only by taking the surrender returns as a basis and working backward from them with the aid of such separate bits of information as can be found regarding the autumn losses. Our knowledge of these losses is so fragmentary as to make this a fumbling and uncertain method, but we can do no better. The reader must therefore consider the September figures as distinctly arbitrary both in the graph and in the text of the book and the August and October figures as only slightly less so.

The detailed surrender returns are as follows:

State of the British Troops at the Convention the 17th October, 1777

	Officers Present						Commissioned					Staff					Sergeants and Drummers		Rank and File				
	Lieutenant General	Major General	Brigadier Generals	Dep. Adjut. General	Aides-de-Camp	Majors of Brigade	Lieut. Colonels	Majors	Captains	Lieutenants	2nd Lieutenants & Ensigns	Chaplains	Adjutants	Quarter Masters	Surgeons	Mates	Sergeants	Drummers	Fit for Duty	Sick in Hospital Camp	Musicians	Batmen	Total
Staff	1	1	1	1	3	3																	
9th	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1	5	8	6	1	1	1	.	.	19	20	315	68	8	20	411
20th	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	5	8	3	.	1	1	1	1	22	15	315	33	1	18	367
21st	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	4	7	4	1	1	.	1	1	23	21	303	83	8	18	412
24th	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	7	8	7	.	1	.	1	1	24	19	350	57	7	26	440
47th	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1	4	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	18	14	314	7	9	12	342
62d	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1	6	7	3	1	.	.	1	1	24	17	190	59	3	25	277
Canadian companies of grenadiers and light infantry	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	5	14	.	.	.	.	1	.	21	22	310	25	.	10	345
Lieut. Nutt of 33d Detachment, doing duty with the artillery	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	.	95	.	.	.	95
Royal Artillery	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4	1	9	.	.	.	1	2	7	7	173	29	.	10	212
Total	1	1	1	1	3	3	4	6	40	59	36	4	5	3	7	7	162	135	2365	361	36	139	2901

Liste de la Force du Corps des Troupes Allemandes, le jour de la Convention le 17me d'Octobre 1777

	Major General	Colonels	Lieut. Colonels	Majors	Capitaines	P. Lieut.	Lieut. en Second	Sous Lieut. & Enseignes	Adjutants	Quartier Maîtres	Dumoniers	Auditeurs	Chirurgiens Majors	Ecrivains	Tamb. Maj. & Hautbois	Prévots	Bas Officiers	Chirurgiens	Tambours	Soldats	Valets
C. Etat General	1	.	.	.	4	1	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	1	.	.	7	1	.	.	17
Regt. des Dragons	.	.	.	.	1	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	2	.	2	24	5
Regt. des Grenadiers	.	.	.	.	1	4	3	.	.	.	.	.	1	.	1	1	18	2	11	207	21
Regt. de Rhetz	.	.	.	1	4	2	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	35	3	11	313	30
Regt. de Riedesel	.	.	.	1	4	3	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	38	4	11	345	35
Regt. de Specht	.	1	.	1	3	3	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	33	3	13	303	34
Bat. T. L. de Barner	.	.	.	.	1	3	2	.	.	1	.	.	1	.	.	.	15	3	7	135	14
Regt. de Hes-Hanau	.	1	1	1	4	3	5	3	.	.	1	.	1	.	7	1	41	2	17	411	26
Artillerie de Hes-Hanau	.	.	.	.	1	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	1	3	54	6
Total	1	2	1	4	23	21	24	11	3	4	4	4	6	4	23	6	197	19	75	1792	188

On the British return, Kingston may have excluded the batmen — i.e. officers' servants — from the rank and file, thus keeping down the paper strength. Subtracting from 2365 the 268 gunners gives 2097, which is only 192 out from the avowedly hasty figure of 1905 given by Kingston as taken at the time the surrender was decided upon. The difference is, of course, to be accounted for by haste and from skulkers and malingerers who quickly recovered when they found they were going into captivity instead of having to fight.

On the German return the corresponding difference of 144 between 1594 and 1738 (this last figure having been obtained by subtracting the 54 artillerymen from the total rank and file of 1792) is due to the same causes.

As to the surrender return number of Burgoyne's auxiliaries, a so-called 'General Return' of his army in the Gates Papers (case 8, No. 110) gives the 'Canadian Establishment' as 830 — a figure quite out of line with all our knowledge on the subject. Moreover, the figures given in this General Return for regulars — 2139 for the British and 2022 for the Germans — do not check with the detailed returns just given. Wilkinson — in a return which also gives 2139 as the effective rank and file of British regulars and 1957 of Germans — is the only one to give a detailed surrender return of the auxiliaries. He puts their number at 405, which is far more probable than 830.

Working backward from the surrender returns to Burgoyne's autumn numbers and losses, Wilkinson (p. 284) says that on October 9 fifty or sixty Germans deserted in a body. The sick and wounded abandoned in Burgoyne's hospital when he retreated do not figure directly in the graph, since we do not know when they ceased to figure as effectives. They are put by Eelking's 'Riedesel' (Vol. I, p. 167) at 800, by Lamb and Stone at 460, and by Neilson at 400. Brandow says the British killed, wounded, and missing on October 7 numbered about 700; Stone says the Americans took 200 prisoners. Other than the foregoing inconclusive scraps, I have been able to find nothing on the invaders' autumn losses.

For Burgoyne's losses on September 19 we have certain detailed figures in Kingston's testimony in the 'State of the Expedition.' Kingston says that in the whole action the British lost over 500, that the four regiments of the 'British Line' (i.e. the 9th, 20th, 21st, and 62d, composing the centre column) went into

action 'little more' than 1100 rank and file — a surprisingly low figure — and lost in rank and file about 76 killed, between 240 and 250 wounded, and 28 or 30 missing, and prisoners. Their supporting detachment of artillerymen numbered 48, of whom 36 were killed or wounded. Commenting on this, Wilkinson says Kingston told him at Albany that the invaders had lost over 600 that day and the extra hundred may well have been Germans and auxiliaries. The figure of 1100 may perhaps be explained by supposing that the British left behind heavy baggage guards.

In figuring the proportion of wounded permanently lost to the effective strength, the present-day calculation for mobile warfare is that one out of ten men wounded becomes a permanent casualty. Given eighteenth-century weapons, defective sanitation, etc., one would suppose a higher rate, say one in seven. This guess is confirmed by our only scrap of evidence, which is from Lamb, who tells us that of the British wounded at Fort Anne (whom we know from the Gates Papers to have numbered twenty-one rank and file) three died and the others were all fit for duty in a fortnight.

As to the numbers with which Burgoyne crossed the Hudson, there is a measure of agreement. Wilkinson, writing to St. Clair at the time (St. Clair Papers, Vol. I, p. 443), says both armies numbered about 6000. This figure of 6000 is confirmed on page 133 of Von Eelking's 'German Allies.' Fortescue says 5700, 5000 regulars and 700 auxiliaries; but these figures are distinctly on the low side and I am myself convinced that even 6000 is low.

For Burgoyne's auxiliaries during the first part of September, Appendix XI of the 'State of the Expedition' puts the Indians as of September 1 at 90, and Kingston's evidence gives the 'Provincials' — i.e. American Tories — at the same time, as 680, of whom some were without arms. Kingston also says that the Provincials were never more numerous than at this time, a surprising statement in view of the general agreement among many sources as to the desertions from their ranks after Bennington. It is possible, of course, that some individuals deserted and others joined. For the Canadians it is necessary to calculate. On July 1 they numbered 148, and the surrender return given by Wilkinson puts them at 99. In any event their numbers were so small that we cannot be far out in putting them at 125. All told, therefore, from September 1 to 15 Burgoyne's auxiliaries must have numbered about 800.

For the American numbers during the first part of September, we know from a letter of Arnold's in the Gates Papers that he rejoined the main army soon after the 1st with 1200. The additional 400 were men who had been ordered up from Peekskill to the Northern Army, but had been diverted to the Mohawk. According to a September 3 return given by Wilkinson, the effective rank and file of Morgan's riflemen numbered 331. A contemporary letter of Wilkinson's, reprinted in the St. Clair Papers and confirmed by Wilkinson's text, says that on September 19 both armies numbered about 6000, and we have already seen that this is substantially correct for Burgoyne's. On the other hand, Gordon, who was closely in touch with Gates, puts (Vol. II, p. 551) the latter's force at about 7000. On account of Wilkinson's position as Gates' adjutant-general I have preferred to follow him in spite of his untrustworthy personal character. For the American losses on September 19 Wilkinson gives a detailed return.

Throughout the deadlock and until just before the surrender the curve of American numbers rises steeply. Indeed, since these reënforcements compelled the surrender of Burgoyne's dwindling force, to indicate them is one of the chief reasons for the graph.

Gordon (II, 553) says that Lincoln rejoined on September 29 with 2000 militia. For October 4 Wilkinson gives a detailed return of Gates' army. Brandow puts the American losses on October 7 at 150 including both killed and wounded.

For the grand total of Gates' October 16 numbers I have preferred his signed return printed on page lix of the 'State of the Expedition' to the return in the Gates Papers (case 8, No. 113), for the latter leaves out a number of the units mentioned in the former. On the other hand, for Gates' total of Continentals my figure of 5000 (far less than that usually given) is derived from the latter studied in the light of Wilkinson's October 4 and other returns.

Exactly what force was originally left by Howe to Clinton at New York is hard to determine. Howe himself claimed to have left 'about 8500,' but it seems uncertain whether this meant only effective infantry rank and file exclusive of artillery, cavalry, militia upon Long Island, and sick. On the other hand, Clinton himself, writing to General Hervey on September 16, says that he had only 4000 regulars (of whom half were foreigners) together with 3000 Provincials — i.e. American Tories. Also after the

coming of his long-awaited reënforcements, which he himself puts at 1700, although Fortescue's figure of 3000 better harmonizes with Clinton's own letter to Hervey and with his October 1 return, still that return shows just under 7000 effective rank and file of regular infantry and about 1300 Provincial infantry.

I do not pretend to have perfectly solved the intricate problems presented by the subject. Virtually all discussion of numbers in war is subject to a considerable margin of doubt. Nor will I weary the reader with an account of the different methods I have used except to say that the most serviceable has been that of calculating the average strengths of the infantry companies of particular units after engagements and of company strengths throughout the army in general. Suffice it to warn the reader once more of the baffling difficulties so often underlying apparently straightforward figures.

III

LOCALITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN

The localities of Burgoyne's campaign are for the most part well established. For any features not shown in the sketch maps in the text the reader is referred to the one-inch to the one-inch maps issued by the Geological Survey, United States Department of the Interior.

At Ticonderoga on the west side of the lake, except for Mount Hope and Mount Defiance, all the ground covered by the fortress is and has been for a century in possession of the Pell family, who now own the greater part of Mount Independence as well. The present owner, Stephen H. Pell, has excavated and admirably restored much of the old French stone fort. In a single particular he tells me that the restoration has been found to be in error: the roof of the west barracks (now rebuilt and used as a museum) was not steeply sloped and covered with red tile as it is to-day, but was nearly flat and probably of shingles covered with sod as was the custom in early American fortifications in order to prevent their being set on fire by assailants. The earthwork of the old French lines is well preserved, as is the dry stone breastwork on the land side of Mount Independence. This last follows the military crest very cleverly so as to avoid leaving dead ground in its front, showing that its trace was laid out by a competent military engineer, probably Kosciusko. As might be expected, no trace is to be found of the works on Mount Defiance, except certain holes drilled in the rock near the summit. These were probably used to peg or pin down foundations of wooden gun platforms or palisading. Nor is it possible to follow the wagon trail which led to the top. The present path passes over a number of little ledges of rock, which are nothing to a man on foot, but would have bothered wheeled vehicles and could easily have been avoided by trifling détours. On the Mount Independence side the strips of marsh should be carefully noted. That which extends southward from the mouth of East Creek (not shown on the one-inch map) added greatly to the defensive strength of the position by narrowing the front which could be attacked on the landward side. That on either side of East Creek from its mouth to a point

more than three miles farther up preserved St. Clair's retreat by land inasmuch as it would have compelled Riedesel to a wide circuit before the latter could have cut him off. Above this last belt of marsh East Creek is negligible as a military obstacle.

It should be remembered that there is hardly an obstacle worse than deep marsh, for in it a man can neither walk nor swim.

The 'Plan of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence,' photographically reproduced in the text (not the sketch map), is taken from a colored map owned by Mr. Pell. It is uniform in style with the maps in the 'State of the Expedition' and seems to have been prepared under Burgoyne's supervision, but for some reason it was not inserted in that book.

The exact trace of the road from Mount Independence to Hubbardton is not certain. The earlier road eastward from Ticonderoga left Lake Champlain at Hand's Cove, marked to-day by the mouth of the creek which flows into the lake north of the present Larrabees Point, and followed the line Shoreham–Whiting–Sudbury, reaching Revolutionary Hubbardton, now East Hubbardton, from the north. This was the road followed by Arnold and Ethan Allen in '75 and no other then existed. In '76, however, a new road or wagon track was cut through to the new fortress of Mount Independence and this was the road followed by St. Clair in his retreat. Burgoyne's frontispiece-map (where it is marked 'New Road cut by the Rebels') seems to suggest that in general it followed the present road west of and parallel to the southern branch of East Creek, curved eastward somewhere between Wilcox Hill and Howard Hill, and then followed the present road north of Bresee, Roach, and Austin Ponds. Various finds by the family of Miss Mary E. Giddings, Town Clerk of the village of Hubbardton, have located Fraser's bivouac for the night of July 6.

Thence the Revolutionary wagon track followed the trace of no existing road, but a strong local tradition, backed both by Burgoyne's frontispiece-map and by his map of the fight, maintains that it reached the field of the skirmish of July 7 from the northwest by way of the high notch, now disused, between the D and the T of the word Hubbardton on the Castleton sheet of the one-inch map.

Burgoyne's map of Hubbardton fight is the worst of those printed in the 'State of the Expedition.' This is natural enough, for probably no British engineer ever saw the place; there seem

to have been few competent map-sketchers among eighteenth-century British infantry officers, and even the infantry officers (except for a prisoner guard) left the spot on the second day after the action. The drainage — and therefore the relief — shown cannot be reconciled with the actual terrain. Accordingly the events of the action must be located by careful study of the ground itself plus the traditions preserved by Lossing which date from a time when all mature persons in the neighborhood could remember having talked with contemporaries of the fight. The monument marking the spot on which Colonel Francis fell definitely fixes that important point, for it was put up in 1827 within fifty years of the action, which was accordingly well within living memory.

From its mouth at Skenesboro (now White Hall, New York) to its sources near Fort Edward the valley of Wood Creek has been transformed by deforestation, which has dried up the swamps, and still further modified by the works connected with the now abandoned Hudson–Champlain Canal and its greater successor, the present Barge Canal. Burgoyne's map shows the old road from Skenesboro to Fort Edward leaving the valley of Wood Creek at a point a little south of Fort Anne and thence following the higher ground to the westward exactly as the State road (which goes via the present village of Kingsbury) does to-day. Accordingly, of the forty bridges and causeways Burgoyne found himself obliged to construct, all the causeways and practically all the bridges must have been north of the point in question, known to-day as Baldwin Corner. His causeway over two miles of morass was probably near the present villages of Comstock and Dewey Bridge, from two and a half to five miles northeast of Fort Anne.

In connection with the skirmish near Fort Anne it is curious to note that the bare hill or rather knob of solid rock on the right bank of Wood Creek east and a little north of the present village of Fort Anne has the name of Battle Hill. Burgoyne's map makes the road north and northeastward from Fort Anne follow the left bank precisely where it runs to-day. Neilson and Lossing definitely locate the action on the left bank, in which case the hill on which the 9th Regiment took refuge would have been one of the three which overlooked Wood Creek from the northwest. Since I can find no trace of any other action having taken place near Fort Anne, it remains a puzzle why the hill on the right bank should have got its name.

The existence of a road west of Lake George, not shown in Burgoyne's map, and the evidence as to the use of that road by a part of his army in the campaign have seemed important enough to warrant discussion in a separate appendix (IX).

The localities around Fort Edward have been carefully studied and minutely recorded by Bascom, who finds it 'altogether probable' that the spot at which Jane McCrea was killed was east of Broadway, in the present village of Fort Edward, and also a little south of the present Jane McCrea monument, which has been placed west of Broadway. Bascom also gives a description of the Duer house which Burgoyne used as headquarters at Fort Miller and of the settlement there.

On the Mohawk the map of Fort Stanwix and its neighborhood is based upon that by Flurey reproduced in Vol. I of the elder Stone's 'Life of Brant.' Those who wish to compare Flurey's data with the present state of the ground, the streets of Rome, New York, the Barge Canal, etc., are referred to the map opposite page 160 of John A. Scott's recently published 'Fort Stanwix and Oriskany.' The data for the sketch of Oriskany I owe to Mr. W. Pierrepont White, president of the Oneida Historical Society, whose many kindnesses are further acknowledged in the Acknowledgments. The contours are as usual from the one-inch map.

Burgoyne's map shows that the route successively followed by Baum and Breymann to the field of Bennington ascended the valley of the Battenkill from near its mouth to the present site of Greenwich, New York, thence followed the general line of the present road from Greenwich southeastward to Cambridge, New York, thence descended the valley of the Owl Kill to the Hoosick River, and from the mouth of Owl Kill followed the general line of the present road up the right or northern bank first of the Hoosick and then of the Walloomsac to the battlefield. The battlefield itself is not marked on the one-inch map, but can be easily located by the bridge over the Walloomsac which at this point runs from northeast to southwest. This bridge and the neighboring road bridge at White Creek station, about a mile to the eastward, seem to be precisely where their eighteenth-century predecessors were. The hill on which Baum had his main redoubt may be located with reference to Hill 956 on the border line between the townships of White Creek and Hoosick, a mile and three quarters east from the junction of that boundary with the

present State line between New York and Vermont. Baum's hill is the 780-foot shoulder southeastward from Hill 956. The contours of the one-inch map hardly give an adequate idea either of the strength or weakness of Baum's position. On the one hand, they seem to suggest that his hill is commanded by Hill 956 far more than it really is. Also, being twenty feet apart, they do not give the very definite little escarpment from which the dragoon redoubt looked down on the flat country to the northwest. On the other hand, no one who has failed to walk over the ground would imagine how completely the convexity of the slope down to the Walloomsac cut off Baum at the summit from any possible view of his detached posts in the valley below. Baum's dispositions are taken from Burgoyne's map. Stark's dispositions against Baum, together with the sites marking the ebb and flow of the running fight against Breymann, are from Hiland Hall's map as reproduced by Channing on page 277 of Vol. III of his 'History of the United States.'

The bridge of boats on which Burgoyne crossed the Hudson was about five hundred yards north of the mouth of the Battenkill and therefore about a hundred yards north of the present bridge which connects the village of Clark's Mills with the western bank of the river.

After crossing the Hudson, the Albany highroad over which Burgoyne advanced for some seven miles from Saratoga to Wilbur's Basin at the mouth of the Great Ravine seems to have followed the present road. If north of Dovogat, now Coveville, it left the river plain and cut across somewhat higher ground as the road does to-day, then that circumstance would go far to explain Burgoyne's halt in the small hours of October 9 in his retreat from Freeman's Farm. There for the first time in his retreat he would feel relatively secure, being no longer so decidedly commanded by the bluffs to the westward.

Complete understanding of the Bemis Heights–Freeman's Farm terrain has been made difficult by the deficiency of the existing maps and the consequent difficulty in reconciling them with each other and with the ground itself. To this day no good contour map of the position exists. Indeed I have been able to find no contour map at all except the one-inch, which, as we shall see in a moment, is by no means altogether satisfactory. Another fruitful source of misunderstanding is the series of changes in the position of the roads.

With the exception of the one-inch map and of Brandow's all the existing maps fall into two distinct classes. Either they descend from Neilson's map, in which case they are hazy as to the details of Burgoyne's position and entrenchments, and furthermore give no idea whatsoever of the important ground between Breymann's hill and Balcarres' position at Freeman's Farm, or else they descend from Burgoyne's maps, which give none of the details of the American works and seriously misrepresent their general line.

Taking the representatives of these maps in their order; the crude draftsmanship of Neilson's map has perhaps prevented its receiving the consideration it deserves. It has, however, been copied by Lossing and — with a few additions not always happy — by Stone. As to the position of the roads Neilson shows both the old line of the river road along the bank of the Hudson and also the new road following the hundred-foot contour along the foot of the bluffs in a straight line from Wilbur's Basin to the foot of Bemis Heights. West of Breymann's hill he makes the road northward from Fort Neilson run at least a quarter of a mile west of where it does to-day, and between this road and the river road he gives only the more southerly of the two present transverse (i.e. east and west) roads.

Burgoyne's maps (for he gives two, one of the action of September 19 and the other of the position during the deadlock together with October 7 and October 8) are beautifully drafted and colored. They give some indications of the thickness of the woods here and there and they show the extent of the clearings. Since they cannot be expected to show the subsequent alterations in the line of the roads, and since their treatment of the water courses is inconsistent, not only with more recent maps, except Brandow's, but also (to a lesser extent) with the actual terrain, they are misleading guides for field work if not supplemented by Brandow and by the one-inch map. Furthermore, since the invaders before their surrender could not even reconnoitre the American main position and had little opportunity to do so after the surrender, their idea of it was sketchy and inaccurate. On the other hand, they make a real effort to show the confusing tangle of gullies between the Great Ravine, i.e. the brook emptying into Wilbur's Basin, Freeman's Farm, and Breymann's hill. Burgoyne's maps have been blindly reproduced on a smaller scale by Fortescue. They seem also to have been the basis for the second-

rate maps given by Fiske and Carrington. Their data, especially as to the transverse roads, have been built into the maps which Greene reproduces from Avery's 'History of the United States and Its People.' These last, however, suffer from the vagueness with which they show relief and from having too faithfully copied the drainage of the one-inch map.

Brandow's map gives correctly the positions of both armies and makes a real effort to represent the terrain. Were it contoured, it would be even more satisfactory, but unfortunately it uses hachures. As to the roads, however, it is inferior to the Avery–Greene maps, for it shows only the present roads and the old river road, together with slight indications of the routes of Fraser and of Burgoyne's centre column on September 19.

The only contour map of the position seems to be the one-inch, which is far from clear as to the Great Ravine–Freeman's Farm–Breymann's hill region. Now that the State of New York has taken over most of the battlefields, it is much to be desired that a good contour map shall be made.

Turning to the ground itself and comparing it with the various maps, the road westward from Swords House and its southern fork, as far as the Great Ravine and then down to the mouth of that Ravine at Wilbur's Basin, exist and are shown on the one-inch map exactly as shown by Burgoyne. The western fork seems to have run more southerly than its present successor, but before either that fork or Fraser's movements of September 19 can be plotted with certainty, a good large-scale contour map of the position will have to be drawn. The transverse road found and followed westward by Burgoyne's centre column after crossing the Great Ravine ran between the two present transverse roads, its line following the top of a nose northward of the upper part of the North Branch. Burgoyne's map shows the road northward from the Neilson house curving far more to the southwest between that house and its crossing of Mill Creek than does its successor to-day, but this may have been due to ignorance of the ground near Gates' position. The crossing-place was exactly where it is now and that is the important point. The road followed by Riedesel to Freeman's Farm, although shown on the one-inch map as ending near the eastern edge of the Mill Creek–Great Ravine plateau, is found to be still in use as a farm road as far as the western edge of that plateau, and as a wagon track through the fields as far as the North Branch. In this

neighborhood the entrenchments dug by the British line and held by them throughout the deadlock can be clearly traced for a considerable distance. Elsewhere both British and American breastworks seem to have disappeared either through ploughing or because they were made of wood which soon rotted away.

To walk over the ground with the 'State of the Expedition' and the one-inch map in hand is to convince one's self that the knoll held by Balcarres on the right of the reconnoitring expedition of October 7 cannot have been other than that which is found a good half-mile west and only a few degrees north of the point at which the present State road, following at this point the old road, crosses Mill Creek. There is another slight swell of land midway between that knoll and the road, but, since it is distinctly lower than the knoll and has no western escarpment whatsoever, it fits neither with Burgoyne's map nor the logic of the situation. Accordingly, as the knoll held by Acland and the grenadiers on the left just east of the road is unmistakable, we may regard as definitely settled the important point that the position taken up by Burgoyne's reconnoitring detachment of October 7 was dangerously weak through an undue extension of front.

Of the older markers standing on the battlefield only that which designates Mill Creek as 'The Great Ravine' is obviously and seriously in error, for it is definitely established that the Great Ravine was not Mill Creek, but that which descends to Wilbur's Basin. Also the old stone marker which claims to mark the spot where Fraser fell seems a little doubtful. From Burgoyne's map as well as from the logic of the situation itself one would have had him killed more to the north. On the other hand, since no spots are more firmly marked by tradition than those upon which important people were killed in battle, it is always dangerous to disregard tradition upon such points.

The new markers put up by Dr. Flick, the New York State historian, and his assistants seem uniformly excellent. The restoration of Fort Neilson, however, is admittedly doubtful. The only documentary evidence for putting up so high a building as the recently built block house, seems to be the little sketch of a barn shown on Neilson's map and labelled 'log barn' by Stone in his copy of that map. Moreover, the present building is fitted with an overhang not shown on the Neilson–Stone map, and such a construction would obviously have been far

more appropriate to Indian warfare than for a work intended for defense against a European army furnished with artillery.

No difficulties appear as to the terrain in and around old Saratoga, now Schuylerville. Burgoyne's map checks closely both with Brandow's and with the one-inch. One would be glad to know the average depth of water in the Fishkill before the dams and other engineering works connected with the Victory Mills were in existence, but it seems that it was fordable at most points. Above ground the Marshall House seems to have been rebuilt or at least considerably altered, but the cellar is as it was when the plucky Baroness Riedesel took refuge in it.

The localities of Clinton's operation in the Highlands are clear enough from a comparison of the one-inch map with that given by Stedman. The trail over the Timp is still in existence and can be followed without serious difficulty if one is willing to take pains in locating one's self on the one-inch map as one goes along and to cast about for a few hundred yards in each direction at the forks south of the crest. These forks seem to be old logging-roads, doubtless used for getting out the timber when the railroads burned wood. Northward from the crest of the Timp all is plain sailing. Signs mark the site of Fort Montgomery, although no trace either of its works or those of Fort Clinton seems to remain. A tablet marks the spot at which Campbell's column crossed Popolopen Creek.

IV

THE LEGITIMACY OF BURGOYNE

THE gossip of his day seems to have made Burgoyne the bastard of a Lord Bingley, for Horace Walpole, much as he disliked the General whom he calls 'Burgoyne the pompous,' 'Pomposo,' 'Hurlothrumbo,' etc., would hardly have written positively that this was so unless it was generally believed. As it is, in writing to the Reverend William Mason on October 5, '77, he says flatly, 'He is a natural son of Lord Bingley.' What, then, was the foundation for this statement?

In the eyes of the law Burgoyne was legitimately born, for his mother was a married woman and her husband acknowledged the future General as his child. Moreover, he may perfectly well have been really the son of his legal father from whom his mother seems never to have been separated. Fonblanque, who wrote for Burgoyne's grandchildren (themselves the daughters of one of the General's own bastards) and built his book upon family papers to which they gave him access, calls the whole story a piece of idle gossip traceable only to the loose tongue of a jealous woman. He quotes a letter tending to prove that the woman in question was Lady Bingley, that she was an unlovable and spiteful person, and that the General's beautiful mother always had a good reputation.

Since Fonblanque wrote, the evidence collected by the tireless Colonel Rogers seems to show that the gossips had some reason for believing Lady Bingley's story. In the first p'ace, it is admitted in the letter quoted by Fonblanque that Burgoyne's father was a spendthrift who went through the fortune brought him by his wife. Rogers goes to show that the elder Burgoyne was in debt to Lord Bingley, for the latter's will forgives the debt. After providing for the testator's only legitimate child, a daughter, and for a bastard daughter openly acknowledged by him, the will bequeaths to Mrs. Burgoyne four hundred pounds a year for life and a country house with all its plate, jewels, and other contents also for life, and makes the future General heir to the whole estate should the two daughters just mentioned die without issue. . . . It is true that Burgoyne was Bingley's godson,

but why was he preferred before other godsons who were Bingley's acknowledged kinsmen? And why the very generous provision for Mrs. Burgoyne immediately following that for the bastard daughter whom he openly acknowledged? It therefore seems quite possible that Lord Bingley was Burgoyne's real father.

V

CHARLES LEE'S PLAN

THE text makes no mention of Charles Lee's plan in connection with Howe's decision preparatory to the campaign of '77 and with the subsequent movements of that commander because I do not believe Howe to have been influenced by it.

It is true that after his capture on October 13, 1776, Lee feared for his life and therefore secretly turned traitor to the extent of suggesting a plan of British operations for '77 and that that plan called Howe's attention to the Chesapeake, representing that both Maryland and Pennsylvania were full of Tories and of neutrals who would come over if the war were brought to their doors.

On the other hand, Lee's plan expressly told Howe that the capture of Philadelphia would have little effect upon the war, and recommended instead the occupation of Annapolis in Maryland and of Alexandria in Virginia on the right bank of the Potomac River near the present city of Washington.

Having myself experienced the fierce tides in the lower Delaware which led Howe's naval officers to advise quitting that river and trying the Chesapeake, I am more than willing to believe that these tides and not Lee's plan at all persuaded Howe to move by the Chesapeake as he finally did.

VI

THE BRITISH INTENTION PERMANENTLY TO HOLD THE HUDSON

In recent years, undeterred by the fact that their contention would make out both the American and British commands to have been unanimously composed of fools, certain writers have contended that the British could not effectively have held the Hudson line. With this contention I have dealt in the text.

In this connection, however, it is a little surprising to note that such an authority as Channing, basing himself on the fact that Germaine's order to Burgoyne speaks only of a junction with Howe and not directly of a permanent occupation of the Hudson Valley, assumes that no such permanent occupation was intended. Such an assumption, which goes counter to the logic of the whole strategic situation in America, would require strong documentary evidence in its favor before being considered at all.

The only direct evidence I have been able to find is on pages 181–84 of Dr. O'Callaghan's notes to Burgoyne's orderly book. Quoting in part a letter of Dr. Asa Fitch, Dr. O'Callaghan says that Mrs. McNeil (who was captured with Jane McCrea) was a great talker who said that she owned several houses in New York City and assigned them as billets to several of Burgoyne's officers when they should reach that town. For what it is worth, this looks as if Burgoyne's officers expected to march for New York.

On the other hand, the logic of the situation in favor of a permanent occupation is powerfully and directly confirmed by Major-General Robertson's evidence before the House of Commons, reprinted in 'Detail and Conduct of the American War,' and is also confirmed by Anburey.

Robertson was a major-general and Germaine's chief witness against Howe before Parliament. He had served no less than twenty-four years in America, had been under Howe in the campaign of '76, and had been left in command in New York by Clinton when the latter attacked the Highlands in '77. His testimony over and over again speaks of getting and keeping possession of the Hudson. Moreover, neither by Howe himself nor any other of those who cross-examined him was any attempt

made to show that this was not the original British plan from which Howe diverged in order to attack Philadelphia. Robertson also speaks of keeping a garrison in the Highland forts.

In the face of his testimony it is impossible to deny that the original British plan of reconquest turned upon a permanent occupation of the Hudson Valley. Consequently, since it has never been disputed that Burgoyne was sent from Canada in order to carry out this original plan (from which Germaine unwisely permitted Howe to go astray), the wording of Germaine's order to Burgoyne makes no difference. That Burgoyne considered moving on New England and coöperating with the British troops on Rhode Island merely shows that he thought the rebellion as a whole might collapse, in which case only local police expeditions would be required.

While Anburey is in no sense an official witness like Robertson, nevertheless, since his letters were published within twelve years of the surrender, we may be certain that he is expressing the belief of Burgoyne's officers upon so capital a point as the object of the campaign. On page 15 of Vol. II he says, speaking of the proposed junction with Howe, 'By the junction . . . we should have been in possession of the North River . . . a few redoubts, with the assistance of our shipping, would have preserved the entire possession of the river.'

VII

THE AMERICAN FLAG AT TICONDEROGA AND FORT ANNE

THE reference to the American flag at Ticonderoga is from Digby, who says merely, 'We had a full view . . . of their works lines etc and their flag of Liberty displayed on the summit of the Fort.'

Mr. Telfair Minton, a gentleman who has made a close study of the history of the American flag, tells me that the expression 'flag of Liberty' almost always means the so-called 'Grand Union flag,' which resembled the present flag in so far as it had the thirteen alternate red and white horizontal stripes to symbolize the union of the thirteen states, together with the blue canton in the upper corner next to the staff. It differed from the present flag in that the canton, instead of stars, bore the British Union Jack of the day — that is, the red Saint George's cross of England set off with a white border to show the color of its original field and superposed upon the old national flag of Scotland with its blue ground and white saltire or Saint Andrew's cross. This earlier British Union Jack did not carry the red saltire of Saint Patrick, which was added only later after the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland. I have assumed in the text that the flag mentioned by Digby is the Grand Union flag.

Curiously enough, Digby speaks of an American flag, captured by the 9th British Regiment in their action near Fort Anne, as '. . . a flag of the United States, thirteen stripes alternate red and white, (with thirteen stars) in a blue field representing a new constellation.' Now Congress had only authorized the stars in June, a few weeks before, and the change was not generally given out until the following autumn. Therefore, in order to follow Digby we must assume, given the slow travel of those days, that some one in the garrison of Fort Anne either had had advance information of the flag to be adopted or that some word of the recent change had rapidly leaked out so far to the north and had been as rapidly acted upon. The brackets in the above quotation suggest that Baxter, Digby's editor, added three words to Digby's original text, but the point is unimportant, since the word 'con-

stellation' can mean nothing but stars. If, as Baxter himself says in his introduction, the journal '. . . is not an original kept during the campaign, but a compilation made by the author, undoubtedly, as he says, for the partial eye of a friend,' then the difficulty can be resolved by merely supposing a small lapse of memory on Digby's part; he certainly became familiar with the starry flag later and may well have confused it with its prototype the Grand Union flag. On the other hand, Digby's own words in the opening sentence of his preface are, 'My chief design in committing the following passages to paper was with a view of hereafter bringing to my memory, (when a dull hour presented itself), some incidents which have happened in the course of the Campaign 1776 and 1777.' This does not necessarily mean that he wrote it later. There are many dull hours on active service. Furthermore, the form chosen, that of dated entries instead of a running narrative, strongly suggests a journal or diary kept up from day to day, or at least the taking of notes to be worked up. If, besides the sentence quoted, Baxter had other reasons for believing that journal was not kept during the campaign, he has not told them to us. At any rate, Digby is altogether wrong about the Fort Anne fight, for he says that the Americans were '. . . defeated with great loss.' Since, on the contrary, the 9th lost prisoners, had to retreat, and was saved from surrender or annihilation only by the Americans' ammunition giving out, it is hard to understand how they could have captured and brought off the American colors. All told, therefore, there is doubt as to Digby's story of the Fort Anne flag.

Into the disputed question of whether the starry flag was flown at Fort Schuyler during its siege by St. Leger I have not chosen to go.

VIII

HALE'S REGIMENT AT HUBBARDTON

As to Hale's regiment at Hubbardton I have followed the reasoning of Hadden's industrious editor Colonel Rogers, for no contemporary account states that Hale was encamped nearer to the advancing British or indeed says anything at all about the respective positions in which the three regiments of the American rear-guard camped.

It is known that the American rear-guard was surprised very early in the morning while cooking and eating breakfast. Francis' and Warner's regiments nevertheless resisted bravely and were on the point of defeating Fraser, who was saved just in time by the coming of Riedesel. When at last Francis' regiment broke, Warner, the commander of all three regiments of the rear-guard, lost all self-control and furiously cursed them. We hear nothing of Hale's men having taken part in the fight nor of anything said by Warner when they retreated. Accordingly, it seems probable that Hale's camp was nearer to the British and was the first struck. Further, it seems morally certain that Hale was the colonel who after the action surrendered himself and a certain number of men (Anburey says 230, and Hadden, who seems more likely to be right, says 70) without firing a shot. It seems equally certain that the British detachment to which the surrender was made was the party sent out by Fraser to bring in cattle for food. Far from pursuing the Americans, Fraser threw up log breastworks in expectation of an attack and would not have weakened himself by any other detachment except this one necessitated by the hunger of his men.

On the obscure subject of whether Hale personally failed in his duty, and if so to what extent, Colonel Rogers has collected a considerable body of evidence tending to prove that his misconduct, if there was any, was not of a gross and flagrant sort.

Colonel Nathan Hale must not be confused with the other Nathan Hale who was captured by the British and hanged by them as a spy.

IX

THE ROAD WEST OF LAKE GEORGE

The road west of Lake George is nowhere mentioned by Burgoyne in the 'State of the Expedition,' nor shown in the frontispiece-map of that book. Neither is it mentioned by Hadden, the frankest of the diarists, who went by Lake George and speaks of nothing but boat transport.

On the other hand, it appears both in the map of Lakes Champlain and George in the Holster Atlas, and in the Holland-Pownall map of 1776 ('The provinces of New York, New Jersey, with part of Pennsylvania and the province of Quebec.' Drawn by major Holland, surveyor-general of the northern district in America. Corrected and improved from the original materials by Governor Pownall M.P.). Furthermore, Holden's 'Queensbury' (p. 453) says that Burgoyne's '... draught horses, carts and cattle were ... forwarded up the west side of the lake by a road leading through Indian Hollow, that had been cut through the wilderness during the last years of the French War.'

This is exactly the sort of thing which would be remembered by local tradition. Hadden's evidence is merely negative. Burgoyne's silence on the point is very possibly to be explained by the fact that to have spoken of this road would have made it harder for him to defend his use of the Skenesboro–Wood Creek route. I therefore conclude that the road still existed in 1777 and was used.

X

JANE McCREA

Of the two versions of the death of Jane McCrea: (1) that she was killed by the Indians, (2) that she was accidentally killed by the bullets of an American party pursuing her and the Indians who had captured her, I have adopted the first.

The second seems first to appear in print in Lossing's 'Field Book.' It was derived in 1848 from a Mrs. Finn, the granddaughter of Mrs. McNeil, who was captured with Jane and was with her when she was killed or until a few minutes before. It seems to have been already repeated by Mrs. McNeil in her old age to a Judge Hay and is followed by the younger Stone and by Baxter, the editor of Digby. It has been held to have been supported by the state of the skull when the body was dug up for reburial, for since the skull is said to have been unbroken she must have been only shot and not tomahawked.

On the other hand, Lossing's version is that Mrs. McNeil was not present at the killing and only learned of it later in the British camp from the story told by the Indians. Gordon's contemporary account, together with the manuscript of Dr. Asa Fitch reproduced in Bascom's 'Fort Edward Book,' agree that Mrs. McNeil originally supported version (1).

Now as to the evidence in favor of (1). Gates, in his propaganda letter to Burgoyne, gives the girl's death at the hands of the Indians far more space than any other Indian atrocity. Wilkinson fails to suggest a doubt of the story's truth. Had there been doubt, Gates had plenty of other atrocities upon which to dwell. On the contrary, to heighten the pathos of his account he throws in the detail that the girl was dressed in her bridal finery.

Still more important is the line taken by Burgoyne. He boldly lies by denying the other Indian atrocities with which Gates sweepingly charges him. As to Miss McCrea, he not only admits that the Indians killed her, but goes on to say that he had compelled them to hand over the murderer, had confined him, and proposed to execute him, releasing him only because he had come to believe that a pardon would be more affective in preventing

such outrages in future — his real reason being, as the Earl of Harrington said before Parliament ('State of the Expedition'), that the Indians threatened to desert in a body. Fonblanque tells us that five years later he did some favor for a brother of the murdered girl, Captain McCrea, endorsing his letter as from the '. . . brother to Miss McCrea who was murdered by the Indians in the campaign of '77.' Of the four British diarists, Hadden was absent under General Phillips helping to get the artillery across Lake George. The other three, Anburey, Digby, and Lamb, all speak of the murder as a matter of common knowledge in the British camp.

Gordon's testimony I have already mentioned. He is also supported by Andrews.

On the American side we have the story of Arthur Baker as repeated to Neilson's parents and confirmed by his son Caleb Baker to Neilson himself; that is, that from the fort he saw the Indians 'shoot her from her horse.' This version has since been attacked on the ground that intervening woods must have prevented any one in the fort from seeing anything at all — a point which it is to-day impossible either to prove or disprove. For what he is worth Baker supports (1). The same may be said of Wilson's 'Life of Jane McCrea' in which there is much that appears doubtful. Its general conclusion is that which I have adopted. The Fitch manuscript reproduced by Bascom also supports (1), as does the Standish application for a pension reproduced by Holden in the New York State Historical Association's Proceedings of 1912.

The decisive point here is the attitude of Burgoyne and the opinion of the British camp as reflected by the diarists. It is hardly possible that the Indians began by denying the murder and that he carried his known contempt for them so far as to refuse to believe their story and to seize one of those who had captured the girl as the murderer. Such a story is so wildly improbable as to be ruled out of sober history. He had so strong an interest in supporting version (2) — had he ever heard of it — that it seems unbelievable that he did not do so. How effective it would have been to retort to Gates, 'your own people fired wild and they themselves, not my Indians, killed her.' Indeed, in view of the plentiful accusations and denials of atrocities from 1914 to 1918 and in view of Burgoyne's own unblushing lie in denying all other murders by the Indians except that of Jane

McCrea, one would not have been surprised had he invented something like version (2) out of whole cloth. Had Mrs. McNeil at the time believed any such thing, she was General Fraser's cousin and in a position to make herself heard. At the very least the British commander might have taken the line, so well worn by the Germans in the recent war, and said simply '. . . the facts are uncertain.' His attitude puts beyond reasonable doubt, not only his own belief that the Indians had killed her, but also that the truth was so well known that it would have been useless to deny it. At the inquiry which he held he had the Indian witnesses before him and could cross-examine them. It is therefore very difficult for us to-day to go behind his verdict.

Except for Mrs. McNeil, all the American testimony — Standish, Baker, those who informed Gates as well as those later consulted by Wilson and Dr. Fitch — agrees with the opinion of Burgoyne and that of the British camp.

Furthermore, what we know of the small number of the Americans at the fort, together with the low morale of the whole army at the time and their unwillingness to face the Indians, makes it unlikely that any pursuing party was sent out.

Finally, Holden remarks that a general knowledge of Indian scalping customs makes it improbable that they would scalp a prisoner whom they had not themselves killed, and it has never been denied that the scalp was brought to Burgoyne's camp and shown there.

Against all this there is nothing but the doubtful evidence of old Mrs. McNeil — not her original story as retold in 1787 by Gordon, who says she then held to the murder version, but that which she finally changed to and repeated many years afterward — Dr. Fitch says forty years — to Judge Hay. All accounts of her agree that she was a tall talker — Dr. O'Callaghan in his notes to Burgoyne's orderly book reprints a letter which reflects this vividly.

Altogether, then, it seems certain that Jane McCrea was killed by the Indians.

If we try to go beyond this and determine her movements shortly before her death, the details of exactly why and how she was killed, we find nothing but chaos. The nearest thing to a fixed point seems to be Fitch's evidence that the skull was smashed in as if by a tomahawk. Of course, this would by no means prove that she was not shot as well.

XI

ARNOLD'S PRESENCE IN ACTION SEPTEMBER 19

I BELIEVE that the evidence is in favor of Arnold's presence in action September 19.

This is denied by Wilkinson, Gates' adjutant-general, who in a letter to St. Clair, dated September 21, says, 'General Arnold was not out of camp during the whole action.' In his 'Memoirs,' the fullest contemporary account of the campaign, Wilkinson returns to the charge and makes the still more sweeping statement 'that not a single general officer was on the field of battle the 19th of Sept. until the evening when General Learned was ordered out.' Gordon says, 'Arnold's division was out in the action, but he himself did not head them; he remained in the camp the whole time.' Whether Bancroft had any additional evidence is not clear; since he does not speak of it, but mentions only Wilkinson and Gordon, it is fair to assume that he merely followed them. Surprisingly enough, Channing decides definitely against Arnold's presence.

The evidence in favor of Arnold's presence is summed up by Isaac Arnold, who seems to have overlooked nothing except a reference in Eelking's 'Riedesel.' Todd's more recent biography adds nothing except the general statement that Arnold's presence on the field '. . . is too well established by . . . eye witnesses to admit of cavil.' If he had any new eye witnesses it is a pity he did not trot them out. Isaac Arnold's case rests chiefly upon letters written to Schuyler just after the battle by Colonel Richard Varick and by Colonel Henry Brockholst Livingston and preserved in the Schuyler Papers. Livingston wrote on September 23, 'He [Arnold] is the life and soul of the troops . . . to him alone is due the honor of our late victory.' On September 25, when Arnold had proposed to leave the army, Livingston again wrote, 'To induce him to stay, General Poor proposed an address from the general officers and colonels from his division, returning him thanks for his services, and particularly for his conduct during the late action.' On the 22d, Varick wrote, 'Arnold has all the credit of the action.' After the surrender he wrote from Albany,

'During Burgoyne's stay here he gave Arnold great credit for his bravery and his military abilities; especially in the action of the 19th, whenever he speaks of him and once in the presence of Gates.' Isaac Arnold also cites Neilson, who speaks of Arnold's presence as '. . . well known at the time . . .' and '. . . confirmed by a number who were present. . . .' Varick, Livingston, and Neilson are corroborated by an article in the 'Magazine of American History' for May, 1878, in which the author attributes to Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, who commanded a New York regiment in the fight, the statement that '. . . after he had left his parade and was marching towards the enemy, he received his orders from General Arnold.' Stedman, a better authority than Gordon, says, '. . . the enemy were led to the battle by General Arnold, who distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner,' and Andrews says much the same thing. Of Isaac Arnold's two references to the 'State of the Expedition,' the important one from Burgoyne's narrative beginning, 'Mr. Arnold . . . advanced without consultation with his General . . .' is irrelevant because it concerns not September 19, but October 7, and the other from Captain Money's evidence, while it may possibly concern September 19, is doubtful at best.

In such a case of flat contradiction one can only consider the character of the witnesses and the chances of their being correctly informed.

Before discussing Wilkinson's character, however, it is worth while to point out a curious remark in his text. He reproduces Arnold's letter of the 22d to Gates including the following, 'You desired me to send Colonel Morgan and the light infantry and support them; I obeyed your orders; and before the action was over I found it necessary to send out the whole of my division to support the attack'; which clearly implies that Arnold had been directing the action. In order to weaken or destroy this implication, Wilkinson remarks in a footnote to the opening clause of the passage quoted above, 'This is incorrect in fact as the orders went in detail from Headquarters,' and then goes on to beg the question by adding, 'though it is not known what conversation passed between the Generals.' Obviously he began his sentence with the idea of belittling the part played by Arnold and then seems to have been struck by the fact that, if Gates and he himself had really gone over Arnold's head and ordered units of the latter's division about without reference to him, it would have

been not only an extraordinary breach of military practice and courtesy, but also one that would certainly have been brought up again in the Arnold-Gates quarrel as another grievance of Arnold's. Since nothing was ever said of it by Arnold and his friends, we can be reasonably certain that he and Gates talked over what was to be done, and from the characters of the two men Arnold himself probably suggested the arrangements that were made. Wilkinson's inconclusive remark clearly shows bias. At most it only scores a 'talking point' against Arnold.

Furthermore, his account of Arnold and Gates at evening in front of Gates' headquarters listening together to the distant firing may well be explained by supposing Arnold to have ridden in from the field to ask for reënforcements. Certainly his description of Arnold's impatience ending in the explosion, 'By God, I'll soon put an end to it,' and his galloping off toward the fighting, only to be restrained by a messenger from Gates, does not read as if Arnold had been off the field in his tent all afternoon.

Nevertheless, if we knew nothing of Wilkinson except from his own account of the campaign, his evidence alone, together with his position as adjutant-general, would be decisive. Unfortunately for his memory we know a good deal more than that. Even he himself admits that within a few weeks of the surrender he, Gates' precocious darling (he was only twenty), had quarrelled bitterly with his chief, each one accusing the other of grave personal bad faith. On top of this, he seems to have spent his life in elaborately betraying first the country he was supposed to serve and at the same time those with whom he was conspiring. To read his life is to be reminded of the contemporary politician whose reëntry into public life was greeted with the remark, 'Ah, and whom is he betraying now?' The best that can be said of him is that he was a doubtful, shady fellow.

In contrast with Wilkinson, both Livingston and Varick seem to have been honorable gentlemen. Both had distinguished careers and held many offices of trust. Livingston, whose family name is one of the greatest in New York, rose to be a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. On September 19 he was serving as Arnold's personal aide. It is impossible that he should have been mistaken as to Arnold's whereabouts, so that if his evidence is to be thrown out it must be on the ground that he deliberately lied; whereas Wilkinson, after his first interview with

Morgan at the beginning of the action, does not claim to have been away from Gates' headquarters from which the actual fighting could not be seen. Even admitting that a rascal may sometimes be telling the truth and that honorable men may sometimes find their pens running away with them, still, when it is a question of Wilkinson's word against Livingston's and Varick's, surely the two last are to be believed.

Why Channing takes Wilkinson's side I cannot imagine. Surely the argument from partisanship — that is, that Gates and Schuyler were rivals, that after Schuyler was relieved Varick and Livingston attached themselves to Arnold, who then became the head of the anti-Gates party, and that therefore their evidence is to be ruled out — this argument, I say, is capable of being turned either way. Granted that Varick and Livingston were attached to Schuyler and Arnold and hated Gates. By the same token Wilkinson was attached to Gates and hated Arnold.

The other American witnesses are Neilson and Colonel Van Cortlandt. It is true that Neilson's remark is not specific. Nevertheless, the fact that his father's farm was within the American position and that his father served as guide to the American troops and brought up his son on the field and, as it were, in the atmosphere of the battle, ought to count for something, and so should the remark attributed to Colonel Van Cortlandt.

Among the general historians Gordon stands alone against Stedman, and Andrews. I admit that I cannot entirely share the low opinion of Gordon expressed by Dr. Libby in the American Historical Association's Annual Report for 1899. Gordon corresponded continually with Gates and some parts of his account of the campaign seem to me excellent; for instance, in his treatment of the siege and evacuation of Ticonderoga it is clear that he has read closely the record of St. Clair's court-martial. In the present case he claims to have talked with Brigadier-General Glover and with Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. All that can be said is that in general Stedman is considered a better authority and that General Poor was not actually engaged on the 19th nor was Colonel Brooks until evening.

Among the Germans there is a sentence in von Eelking's 'Riedesel' which Isaac Arnold seems not to have seen. It says that some American deserters said that the Americans '. . . were

commanded on this occasion by General Arnold.' Probably von Eelking took it from Riedesel's journal, which was his main source, although from time to time he seems to have slipped in bits from other writers. Of course it is possible to take it as meaning only that the American units engaged were from Arnold's division — a fact not in dispute. On the other hand, it seems a little more probable that the deserters meant what they said; that is, that Arnold actually exercised the command.

Of the secondary authorities both Marshall's and Washington Irving's 'Lives' of Washington agree that Arnold was present on the field as do Botta, Lossing, Fiske, Woodrow Wilson, and Fortescue. Colonel Carrington, who believed in Arnold's presence and has discussed the matter at length, quotes also Dawson, Tomes, and Hall.

When the evidence, although abundant, is at all balanced, it is proper to use the argument from probability. Given Arnold's character as expressed by his entire life, it is clearly most improbable that he should have remained idle in camp on September 19. In April he had galloped thirty miles to volunteer for the fight at Ridgefield. In August he had volunteered again to drive St. Leger from before Fort Schuyler. The very day before — September 18 — he had been out skirmishing with the enemy. And now Wilkinson and Gordon ask us to believe that when his whole division was hotly engaged within a mile of him, when the musketry of both sides and the cannon of the enemy could be plainly heard in camp, he sat still and did nothing! It is true that the argument from probability must never be pressed too far. Did no other good accounts exist, such a story would have to be believed, for history is thickly dotted with astonishing and even miraculous events, of which there is no way to be rid except by ruling out the value of human testimony altogether. But since other better and more numerous witnesses contradict the improbable story, it must go.

All told, therefore, I conclude that Arnold exercised command and was present on the field September 19.

XII

THE DATE OF FELLOWS' LETTER TO LINCOLN

The version usually given of the saving of Fellows is based upon pages 280–82 of Volume I of Wilkinson's 'Memoirs.' Wilkinson, writing nearly forty years after the event, claimed for himself the credit of perceiving Fellows' danger and of sending on his own responsibility the order which authorized and suggested the retreat of the latter to the east bank of the Hudson. The 'Memoirs' say that this order was sent on the evening of October 8, so that Fellows received it on the morning of the 9th. They cite — accurately enough except for the matter of the date, to which I shall come in a moment — Fellows' letter to Lincoln by which Gates' Headquarters in the person of Wilkinson was reminded of the Berkshiremen's existence, and they quote Wilkinson's reply in full, dating both letters October 8.

While it is probable that this date is the correct one, nevertheless it is possible that this important letter of Wilkinson's was not written until the 9th, and if this is true then the loose organization and haphazard staff methods of Gates' headquarters are obviously raised to a superlative degree.

In the first place, if Wilkinson's letter was indeed written on October 8, then how did it happen that the margin of time by which Fellows was saved was such a narrow one? After all, the Berkshiremen were within ten miles of Gates' headquarters. If Wilkinson's letter was really sent off on the evening of the 8th, it seems that it should have reached them early in the morning of the 9th. Fellows' letters in the Gates Papers prove him to have been justly apprehensive because of his own small numbers and exposed position across Burgoyne's path. In any case the logic of the position would have been for him to cross the river and set about entrenching his new and safer post as soon as he received Wilkinson's letter. And yet, although Burgoyne did not move north from Dovecote — that is, Coveville — until four o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, nevertheless Fellows' men forded the river only as the advance guard of the invaders approached. Burgoyne, in his letter of October 20 to Germaine ('State of the Expedition,' p. li), says, '. . . at our arrival near Saratoga, a

corps of the enemy . . . were discovered throwing up intrenchments on the heights but retired over a ford of the Hudson's river at our approach . . .' and in this he is borne out not only by Neilson, but also by the 'Memoirs' of Wilkinson himself.

Of course in such a case the argument from probability alone would mean little. It so happens, however, that it receives a certain measure of support from the Gates Papers. In case 8, No. 55, is the original of Fellows' letter to Lincoln, exactly as quoted by Wilkinson except for the date. The corner of the letter on which the date originally stood has been torn off, and on the newer bit of paper which has replaced it is written, not October 8, but October 9. Number 46 in case 8 is another letter from Fellows addressed to Gates and dated October 8, indeed, but this letter is not the same as that in Wilkinson's text.

In view of the unfortunate mutilation of the first letter and the perfect agreement of all that remains of its original with Wilkinson's copy, I conclude in favor of October 8 as the probable date of Wilkinson's order to Fellows, but with a margin of doubt because of the argument from probability plus the unknown hand which wrote in the date October 9 on the torn letter.

XIII

THE DATE OF THE BURNING OF ESOPUS

SINCE both Stedman and Gordon, together with a number of other writers who have followed them, say Esopus was burned on October 13, instead of October 16 as in the text of Chapter XII, and since the point is of importance with regard to the situation at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, I give briefly the evidence on which the text date is based.

That evidence is twofold; in the first place, it is to be found in the George Clinton Papers printed by the State of New York in 1900 and referred to in the Bibliography. Volume II refers several times to the matter so as to leave no question as to the fact. For instance, on page 444 there is a letter from Governor Clinton to Gates, dated Kingston, October 16, which says that the enemy are in the act of landing to attack the place. Several other letters dated in the preceding days show that, although the town was expecting an attack, nevertheless that attack had not been delivered on the 13th.

Furthermore, there is the evidence of the unpublished Sir Henry Clinton Papers recently acquired by the William L. Clements Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The kindness of Mr. Clements and of Dr. Randolph G. Adams, who is now at work upon the manuscripts, has furnished me with a photostat of a document entitled 'Copies of Letters and Messages etc which passed between Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton and Lieutenant General Burgoyne between the 10th of September and the 23rd of October 1777.' This document is signed at the end by Sir Henry and is abundantly annotated in the margin in his hand. It gives a complete sequence of the dates of Vaughan's movement as they are given in my text.

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